Price $3.00

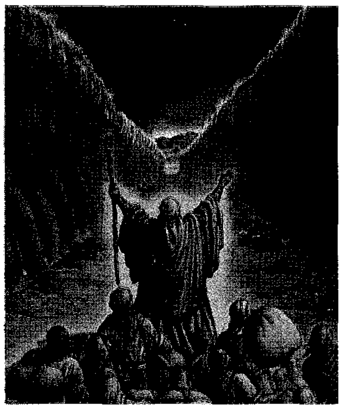
THE NEW YORKER

Nov. 8, 1999

Danuta Dabrowska-Siemaszkiewicz

#BXBCMCJ****CAR-RT SORT**C030
#ABE0240C092 1#648312 0X

NEWS
DEC 20 99
YE02
BETSY AMBER
240 E CHESTUT ST #0239
W CHESTER PA 19380-2726



+

+

Washable suede: By far the greatest mirac

The parting of the Red Sea? Cloning? Pleas

be worn in the rain. You can get mud on i

it in the dryer. You can touch it up with a

©1999 Eddie Bauer. The Eddie Bauer logo is a registered trademark of Eddie Bauer, Inc.

=

f all time. Except, maybe, for the push-up bra.

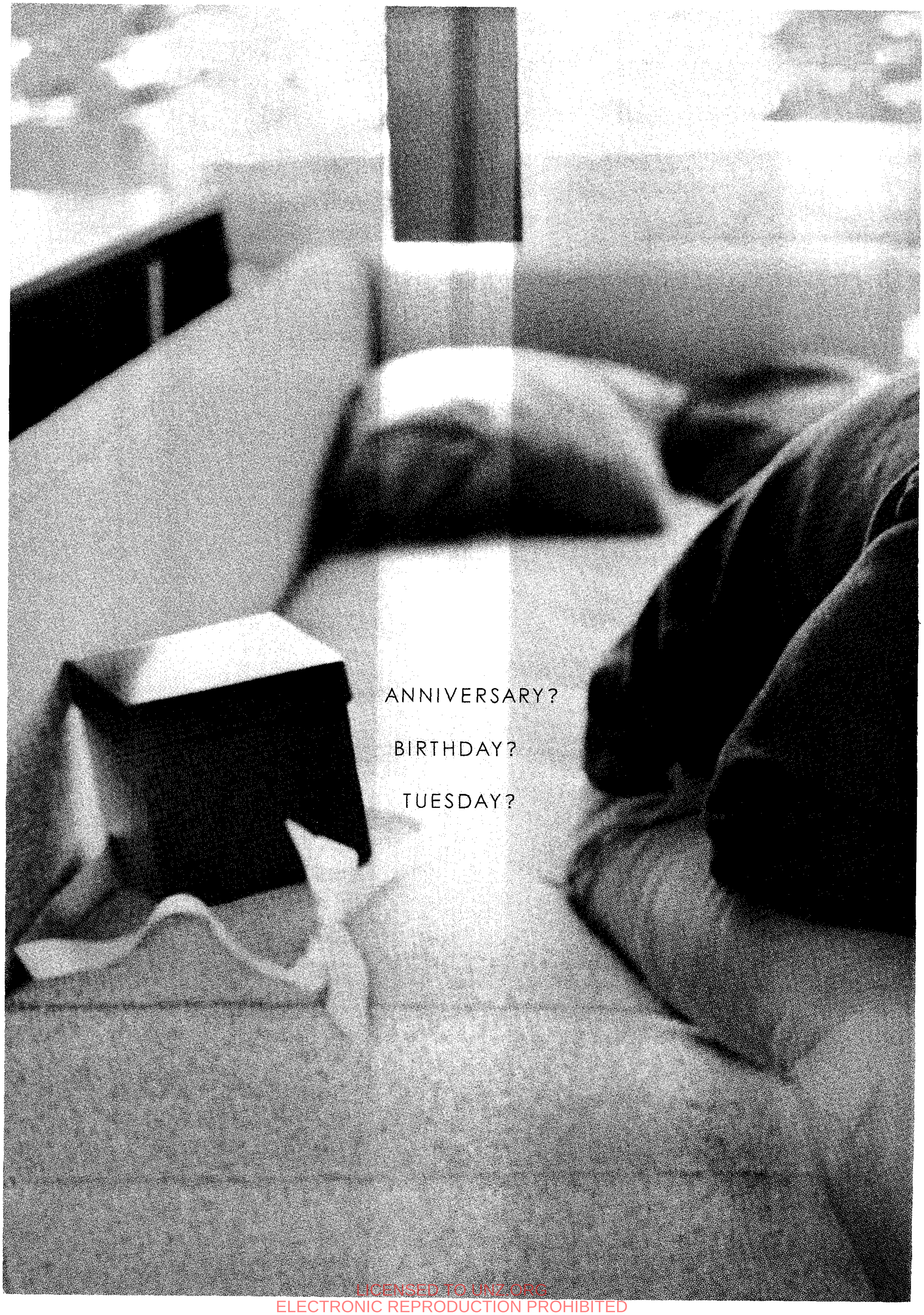
ur women's washable suede jacket can

ou can throw it in the washer. You can throw

on. Washable suede: a '90s kind of miracle.

Eddie Bauer®

www.EDDIEBAUER.com

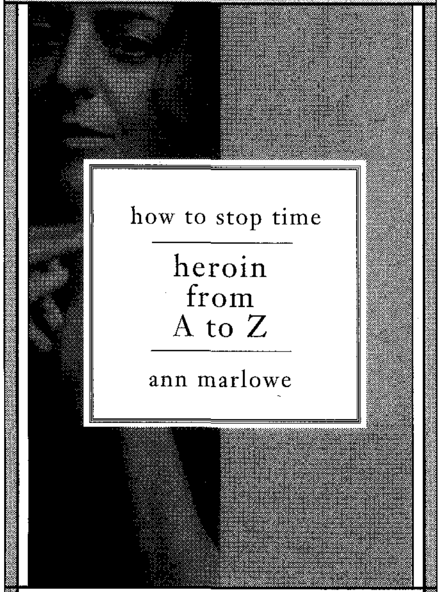

ANNIVERSARY?
BIRTHDAY?
TUESDAY?

redENVELOPE
GIFTS ONLINE

www.RedEnvelope.com · AOL Keyword: RedEnvelope

[illegible] mark and logo are trademarks of RedEnvelope, Inc.

"ONE OF THE MOST RUTHLESS LITTLE BOOKS PUBLISHED IN RECENT MEMORY"
-GQ



HOW TO STOP TIME
HEROIN FROM A TO Z
ANN MARLOWE

"A very impressive book, all the more so because of its remarkable calm and restraint after such a terrifying experience."
—Penelope Fitzgerald

"Voices don't come any cooler....Engaging and smart." —*Salon*

"Ann Marlowe is a meticulous encyclopedist of the pharmacopeia, a stone-cold dissector of youth's follies, a relentless moral essayist and a secret poet. Her book burns as it goes down one's craw, and it keeps burning in memory."
—Luc Sante

WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD
BASIC BOOKS www.howtostoptime.com
A Member of the Perseus Books Group

THE NEW YORKER

NOVEMBER 8, 1999

THE MAIL 7

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 8

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29
Comment Ken Auletta on radio's lost message.
Et cetera George W.'s Yale report card; Julia Child brings back fat.

DEPARTMENTS
Letter from Teheran We Invite the Hostages to Return . . . . *Robin Wright* 38
Iran's revolutionaries lighten up.

Shouts & Murmurs Miffed . . . . *Bruce McCall* 48

The Political Scene It's Only Money . . . . *Elizabeth Kolbert* 50
But does anyone know what Steve Forbes really wants?

ANNALS OF PARENTHOOD Sleeping with the Baby . . . . *John Seabrook* 56
Why the author decided to defy the experts.

PROFILE The Furniture Philosopher . . . . *Lawrence Weschler* 66
A struggle with Parkinson's unleashes a genius for design.

FICTION "The Hill Bachelors" . . . . *William Trevor* 80
The solitude of men.

THE CRITICS
Books Cameron Crowe's "Conversations with Wilder". . . . *John Gregory Dunne* 88
Briefly Noted 92
The Theatre "The Dead" . . . . *John Lahr* 96
Conversations Sam Peckinpah . . . . *Pauline Kael* 98
The Current Cinema "The Insider," "Rosetta" . . . . *David Denby* 102

POEM "QE 2" . . . . *Mark Levine* 70

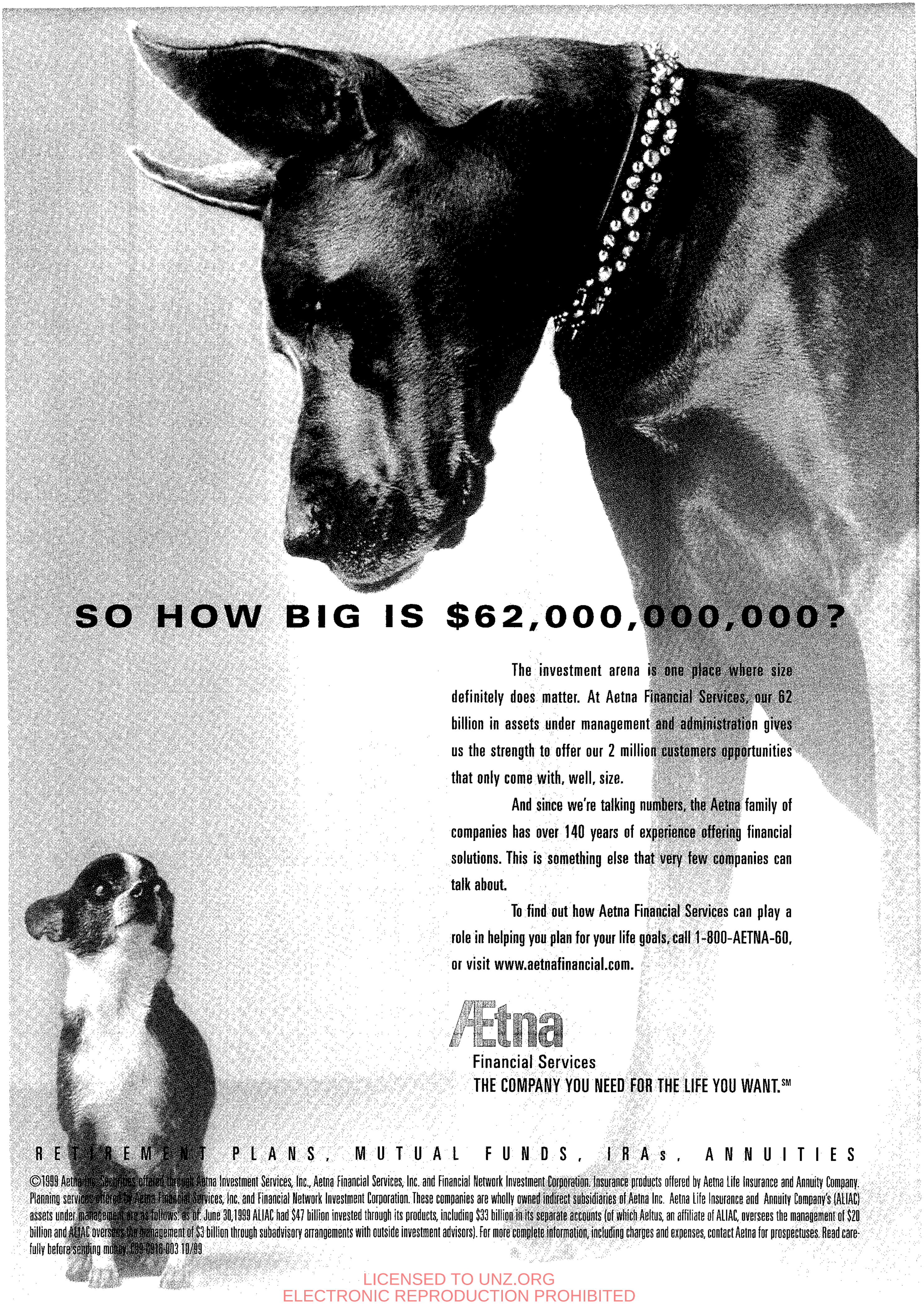
THE BACK PAGE For Their Own Good . . . . *Roz Chast* 106

COVER *High Fashion, by Danuta Dabrowska-Siemaszkiewicz*

DRAWINGS *Jack Ziegler, Edward Koren, P. S. Mueller, Michael Maslin, William Hamilton, Frank Cotham, Michael Crawford, Peter Steiner, Richard Cline, J. B. Handelsman, George Booth, Robert Weber, Alex Gregory, Danny Shanahan, P.C. Vey, William Haefeli, Barbara Smaller, Sam Gross*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 22 & Mar. 1, Apr. 26 & May 3, June 21 & 28, Aug. 23 & 30, Oct. 18 & 25, Dec. 27 & Jan. 3) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXV, No. 33, November 8, 1999. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $42.00. In Canada, one year, $90.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $112.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



SO HOW BIG IS $62,000,000,000?

The investment arena is one place where size definitely does matter. At Aetna Financial Services, our 62 billion in assets under management and administration gives us the strength to offer our 2 million customers opportunities that only come with, well, size.

And since we're talking numbers, the Aetna family of companies has over 140 years of experience offering financial solutions. This is something else that very few companies can talk about.

To find out how Aetna Financial Services can play a role in helping you plan for your life goals, call 1-800-AETNA-60, or visit www.aetnafinancial.com.

Ætna
Financial Services
THE COMPANY YOU NEED FOR THE LIFE YOU WANT.℠

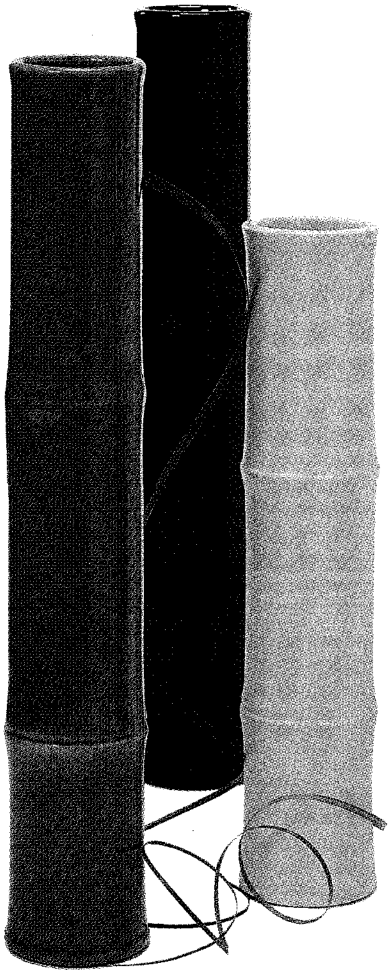
RETIREMENT PLANS, MUTUAL FUNDS, IRAs, ANNUITIES

©1999 Aetna Inc. Securities offered through Aetna Investment Services, Inc., Aetna Financial Services, Inc. and Financial Network Investment Corporation. Insurance products offered by Aetna Life Insurance and Annuity Company. Planning services offered by Aetna Financial Services, Inc. and Financial Network Investment Corporation. These companies are wholly owned indirect subsidiaries of Aetna Inc. Aetna Life Insurance and Annuity Company's (ALIAC) assets under management are as follows: as of June 30,1999 ALIAC had $47 billion invested through its products, including $33 billion in its separate accounts (of which Aeltus, an affiliate of ALIAC, oversees the management of $20 billion and ALIAC oversees the management of $3 billion through subadvisory arrangements with outside investment advisors). For more complete information, including charges and expenses, contact Aetna for prospectuses. Read carefully before sending money. C99-0916-003 10/99

CERAMIC
BAMBOO VASES

AVAILABLE IN MATTE WHITE,
MATTE BLACK, GUNMETAL,
BLACK AND CELADON.

SMALL 12" HIGH • $45
LARGE 16" HIGH • $65



GUMP'S
SAN FRANCISCO
1.800.998.3119

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBIN WRIGHT ("We Invite the Hostages to Return," p. 38) has written three books about Iran, including "The Last Great Revolution: Turmoil and Transformation in Iran," which will be published in February.

LAWRENCE WESCHLER ("The Furniture Philosopher," p. 66) teaches writing at Columbia University and at Sarah Lawrence College. His most recent book is "Boggs: A Comedy of Values."

JOHN SEABROOK ("Sleeping with the Baby," p. 56) has a new book, "Nobrow: The Culture of Marketing—The Marketing of Culture," which will come out in February.

PAULINE KAEL ("The Wild Man," p. 98) was *The New Yorker's* film critic from 1967 to 1991. She is the author of more than a dozen books on the movies. A selection of her reviews, "For Keeps," was published in 1994.

WILLIAM TREVOR (Fiction, p. 80) is a novelist. His latest book is "Death in Summer."

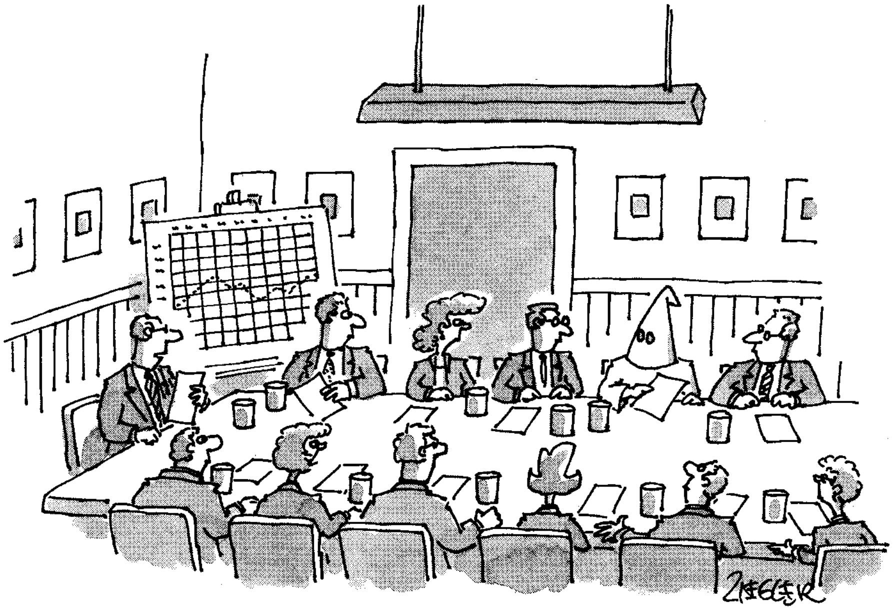
BRUCE McCALL (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 48) is a writer and artist. His collection of humor pieces "Zany Afternoons" has just been reissued.

ELIZABETH KOLBERT ("It's Only Money," p. 50) is a political correspondent for the magazine.

JOHN GREGORY DUNNE (Books, p. 88) is the author, most recently, of "Monster: Living Off the Big Screen."

KEN AULETTA (The Talk of the Town, p. 29) writes about media and communications for *The New Yorker*.

ALEC WILKINSON (The Talk of the Town, p. 33) is the author of "Midnights: A Year with the Wellfleet Police," which was reissued this fall. ♦

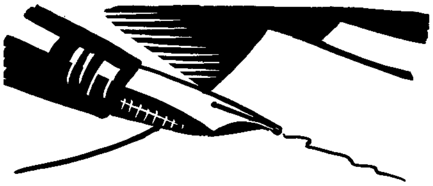


"Interesting weekend, Prendergast?"

THE NEW YORKER, 4 TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. David Carey, publisher; David L. Kahn, associate publisher; David M. May, associate publisher/Europe; Jeffrey Foley, advertising director; Joyce Castleberry, New York manager; Cristina Vittoria, advertising manager; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; James Oates, director of marketing and planning; Theresa Gaffney, director of promotion. For advertising inquiries, please call David L. Kahn at (212) 286-5611. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1999 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications Inc. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Charles H. Townsend, executive vice-president; Eric C. Anderson, executive vice-president/chief financial officer.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447, telephone (800) 825-2510, e-mail to subscriptions@newyorker.com, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. Outside North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447.

THE MAIL



THE SOUTH RISES AGAIN

Hilton Als closes his review of Sally Mann's new photographs, a series of landscapes (At the Galleries, September 27th), with a snipe that is not supported by any part of the preceding discussion. He writes that Mann has forgone the "complicated intimacy that drew us into her world, her work as a diarist ruthless in her desire to present the people who live in the place she calls home." Als's core problem with Mann's work seems to be that he believes the only legitimate artistic approach to the South is to be "pitiless." That is one approach, and we can't say it hasn't been tried, but it insures that viewers will wrongly disdain the tightly controlled infusions of sentiment Mann has put into her new work.

In a recent interview with the *Oxford American*, Mann identified a distinctive feature of Southern artists; namely, "the readiness to experiment with dosages of romance that would be fatal to most late-twentieth-century artists." Mann continues, "In that sense, Southern artists are like certain of our mountain religious folk, who in their devotions subject themselves to snake bites that would kill or disable anyone else. What snake venom is to them, romanticism is to the Southern artist: a terrible risk, and a ticket to transcendence." Some of us think that Mann's new work is the strongest yet from a great American artist.

NIALL MACKENZIE
Ottawa, Canada

Hilton Als seems to be saying that if you are a Southerner it is wrong to love your home; the only proper attitude toward that "evil" place is either ironic detachment or denunciation. He wants regional Southern artists like Sally Mann to free themselves from "magnolia-strewn myths" and nostalgia about the Old South. (Why, oh why, can't Sally Mann be more like Diane Arbus?) Als is entitled to his views, but when he dresses up his aesthetic analysis of Mann's photographs with conjectures about her motivations and inner life as a Southern woman he reveals his own, fantastic and distorted vision of the South. Als writes airily of the region as an "unreconstructed" place where you "begin to feel as if you had left everything you know behind." His South is an exotic dark continent. Such self-righteous, outmoded notions of the region obscure his vision of Mann's work. And they seem, unfortunately, to be shared by many of New York City's self-serious sophisticates.

MARTHA EVANS
New York City

THE HUMAN FACTOR

In "The Science of the Sleeper" (October 4th), Malcolm Gladwell writes that "readers are starved for real advice, desperate for a recommendation from someone they know and who they feel knows them." For the past eleven years, I've belonged to a book group that has magnificently solved the problem of "real advice." In addition to the ninety-nine books we've read together, I've read many that were suggested by other members. They've also recommended great movies, recipes, and wines, and things to do and see that I might not have found on my own. The idea that computers, through collaborative filtering, could fulfill this need is ridiculous. I can think of nothing sadder than sitting down alone at my computer and revealing information about myself, and supposedly getting some benefit from giving Web-site owners marketing information to sell.

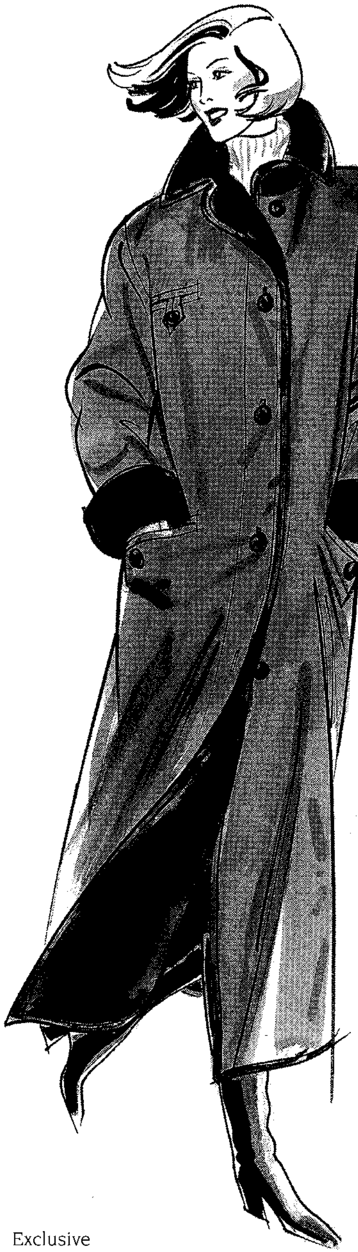
BETTIE OWEN
Campbell, Calif.

EDITORS' NOTE: In a September 20th Talk of the Town story, we implied that the Four Seasons declined to use plates designed by Philip Johnson. The restaurant is currently using plates that are a revision of Johnson's original design.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, N.Y. 10036. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

When
only the best
will do



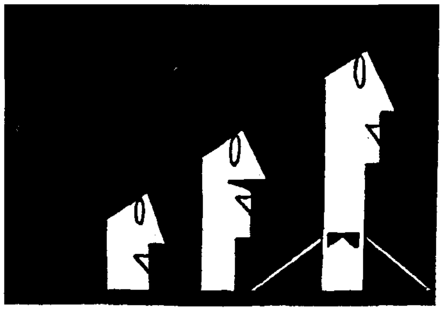
Exclusive
design
custom
made
in our
workrooms.

ALL WEATHER
MICRO-POPLIN COAT

Snap in / snap out
fur, cashmere or
quilted liner; natural
sheared nutria trim.
Available in fabrics
of your choice.

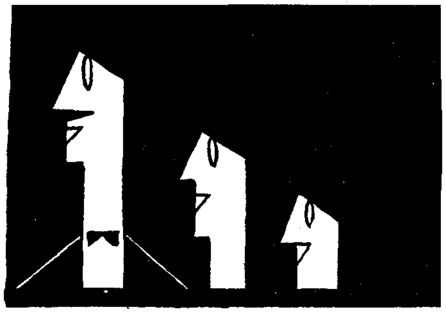
Ben
Thylan furs

345 Seventh Avenue • New York 10001
(212) 753-7700 • 24th Floor
Fax: (212) 643-2082
Please call for appointment



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
7	8	9	3	4	5	6



THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Dinner with Friends—Donald Margulies's latest play is a drama about two couples whose friendship changes when one of them decides to divorce. Preview on Nov. 3. Opens Nov. 4 at 6:45. (Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Eclipsed—Patricia Burke Brogan's drama, set in Ireland, follows the lives of four unwed mothers forced to labor as penitents in a convent laundry. In previews through Nov. 6. Opens Nov. 7 at 7. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

A Huey P. Newton Story—Roger Guenveur Smith, in an encore performance of his one-man portrait of the Black Panther party cofounder. Two performances only: Nov. 5-6 at 8. (651 Arts, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100.)

I Love Dick—From Mabou Mines, an adaptation of the autobiographical novel by Chris Kraus, in which a woman's crush on a cultural critic inspires her husand to fall for him, too. Thursdays through Sundays at 8, through Nov. 28. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., 9th St. 473-0559.)

In the Blood—Suzan-Lori Parks's new play is a modern take on Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." Directed by David Esbjornson. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

Kiss Me, Kate—Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie star in a revival of the Cole Porter musical, under the direction of Michael Blakemore. In previews. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

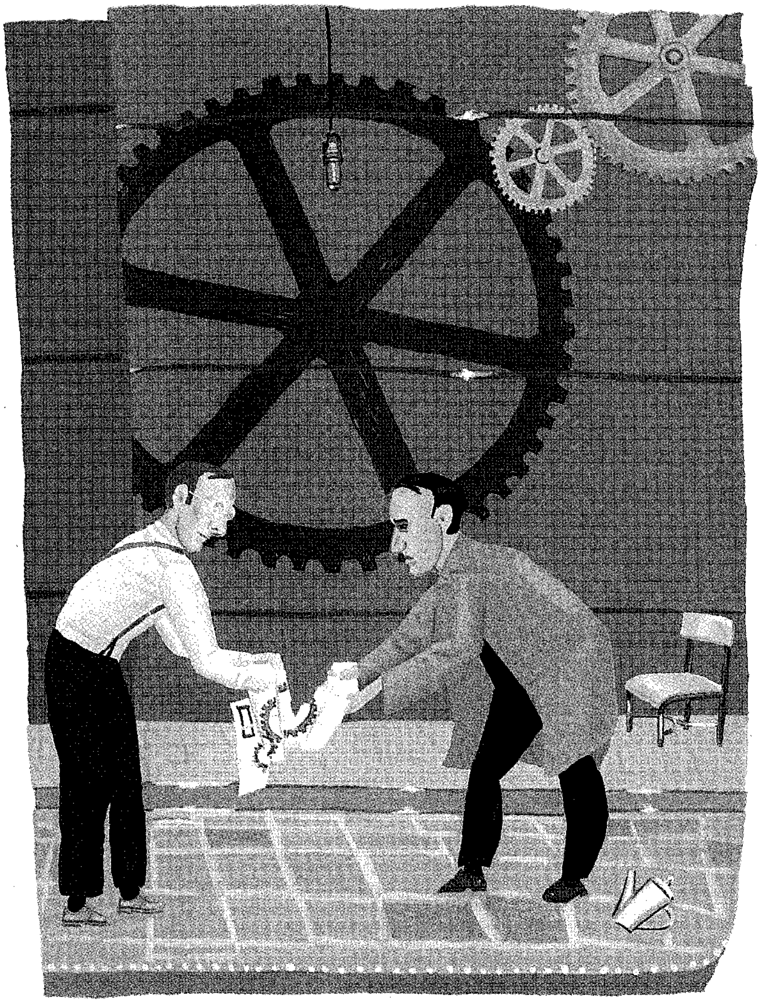
Marie Christine—In Michael John LaChiusa's new musical, set in New Orleans in the eighteen-hundreds, Audra McDonald portrays a woman obsessed with love for a sea captain (Anthony Crivello). Graciela Daniele is the director. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Morning, Noon and Night—Spalding Gray's latest monologue. Preview on Nov. 7. Opens Nov. 8 at 7:30. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.)

The Price—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1968 play. James Naughton is the director. In previews. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Putting It Together—A revue celebrating the songs of Stephen Sondheim, starring Carol Burnett. Eric D. Schaeffer is the director. In previews. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Rainmaker—Jayne Atkinson and Woody Harrelson star in the Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Richard Nash's 1954 drama. Scott Ellis is the director. In previews. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)



David Mamet's "The Water Engine," at the Atlantic Theatre.

Sail Away—Elaine Stritch re-creates the role of Mimi Paragon for a concert staging of Noël Coward's 1961 musical, in which she originally starred. Opens Nov. 3 at 7 and continues through Nov. 13. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

Swing!—A musical salute to the dance movement, starring the jazz vocalist Ann Hampton Callaway and a cast of eighteen other singers and dancers. Directed and choreographed by Lynne Taylor-Corbett. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Them—A workshop production of monologues, written and performed by Jess Cagle and directed by Joel Schumacher. Performances begin Nov. 3 at 7 and continue through Nov. 18. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

Uncle Jack—The Worth Street Theatre presents Jeff Cohen's contemporary adaptation of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," set in rural West Virginia. In previews through Nov. 7. Opens Nov. 8 at 8. (Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. 604-4195.)

Y2K—James Naughton and Patricia Kalember portray an affluent New York couple whose lives are turned upside down by a computer hacker, in a drama by Arthur Kopit. Previews begin Nov. 9. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200).

OPENED RECENTLY

Ancestral Voices—A staged reading, with a rotating cast, of A. R. Gurney's play. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Atlantic Theatre Company—The troupe offers a season of plays by David Mamet. First up: "The Water Engine" and "Mr. Happiness." (336 W. 20th St. 645-1242.)

Avenue A—A clichéd, frenetic muddle of a play with nothing original to say about crime, mental illness, or any of its other ostensible topics. A pair of affecting performances, by Patrick Burchill and Moira MacDonald, can't save the evening. (212 W. 29th St. 465-0575.)

Chesapeake—In a new play by Lee Blessing, Mark Linn-Baker stars as a performance artist scheming to sabotage a right-wing politician. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

Contact—A dance-play co-conceived by Susan Stroman (choreography and direction) and John Weidman (book). (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18-25/99.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

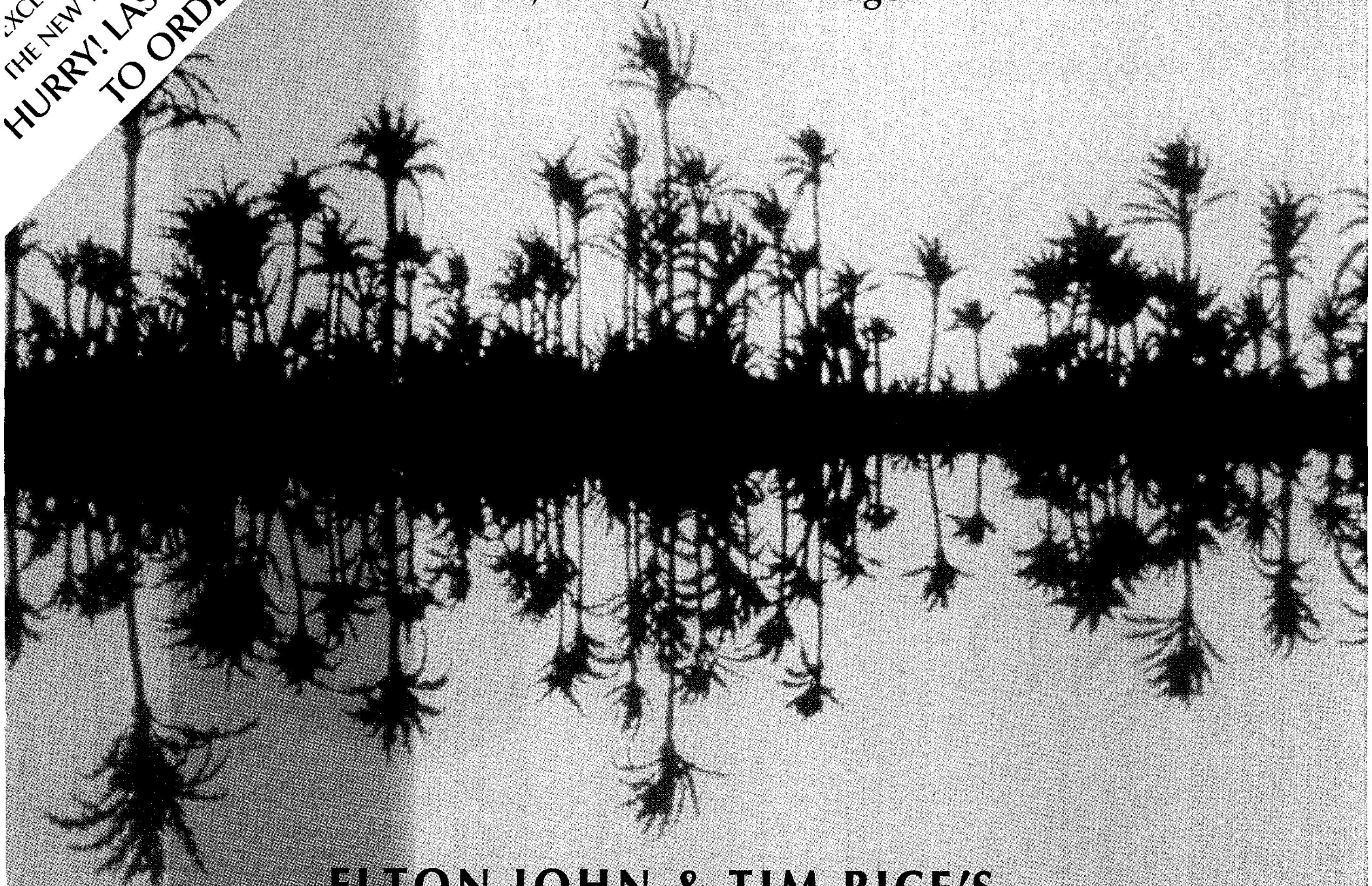
The Countess—Gregory Murphy's play, which tells the story of how the nineteenth-century art critic John Ruskin's wife left him for the painter John Everett Millais, is a vivid exploration of the self-indulgent pleasures of small-mindedness (in this case, Ruskin's and his parents'). (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826.)

The Country Club—Douglas Carter Beane's satire on the young suburban set is loaded with witty dialogue, and the production is graced by the Drama Dept.'s always good acting and a fine set, but Beane's writing suffers from a peculiar shallowness almost worthy of his characters. They satirize

JULIETTE BORDA

XCLUSIVE OFFER FOR
THE NEW YORKER READERS
HURRY! LAST CHANCE
TO ORDER!

Coming to Broadway this spring,
an unforgettable story
of love, betrayal and courage.



ELTON JOHN & TIM RICE'S

AIDA

A NEW MUSICAL LOVE STORY

AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARDMEMBERS GET PRIORITY SEATING.

Walt Disney Theatrical Productions presents the new musical by Elton John and Tim Rice. A select number of the best seats in the house have been held especially for merican Express Cardmembers. Simply order your tickets by December 2—before tickets go on sale to the general public—and these prime seats can be yours.

To apply for an American Express Card, visit www.americanexpress.com.

Call (212) 307-4747 by Dec. 2 and give the code "99AMEX."
Outside NY/NJ/CT, call (800) 755-4000.

Offer available to American Express Cardmembers only. Expires Dec. 2, 1999. Valid for performances Feb. 23-June 4, 2000. Not valid in conjunction with any other offer. Offer limited and subject to availability. Certain restrictions and blackout dates apply. Standard Ticketmaster service charges apply. Limit: 8 tickets per customer.

Performances begin February 23. Opens March 23.
N Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St.

AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW WAY TO FIND OLD BOOKS

If you're looking for a

BOOK

that is hard-to-find,
your search has come to an

END.

Let us do the work. We've got millions of used, rare, and hard-to-find books to choose from. Whether it's an old childhood favorite, or an autographed copy of a book by your favorite author, you can find it at Alibris.

Find the books you thought you couldn't.

ALIBRIS

www.alibris.com

themselves, too, but it all has the effect of a valentine rather than a biting sendup. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 541-8441.)

Cranes—Scott Elliott directs the New Group in a drama by Dmitry Lipkin, about two Russian-Jewish immigrant families who are reunited after years of estrangement. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Calling all possums: the singer, swami, grief counsellor, and children's book illustrator makes her Broadway début. (11/1/99) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Epic Proportions—Kristin Chenoweth heads the cast of a new comedy by Larry Coen and David Crane. (10/18-25/99) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Exact Center of the Universe—Joan Vail Thorne's small-town comedy, starring Frances Sternhagen. (Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

An Experiment with an Air Pump—Linda Emond and Daniel Gerroll are in the cast of a new drama by Shelagh Stephenson. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 313 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Fuddy Meers—A comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire, about an amnesiac trying to regain her memory. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—The Irish playwright Brian Friel's latest drama investigates the havoc that the cruel push and pull between art and commerce wreaks on the lives of artists. Two Irish friends and novelists, one a commercial failure, the other a best-seller, come together with their wives (and some in-laws and a literary archivist) for a late-summer afternoon of cocktails and angst. The whole thing builds to a vaguely "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" fervor in the second act, but the performances are exhilarating, so you forgive the unnecessarily melodramatic ending. (Gramercy, 127 E. 23rd St. 777-4900.)

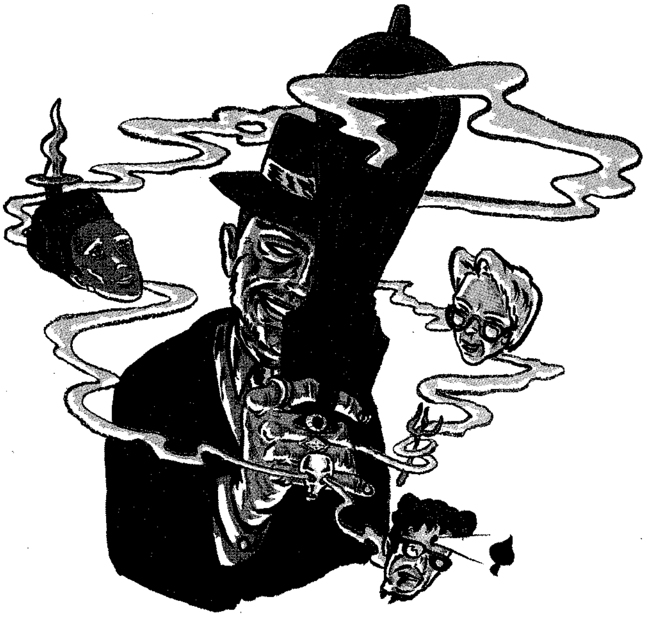
Gospel Is—A musical by Vy Higginsen and Ken Wydro, which traces the history of gospel. (Williams Lafayette Theatre, 2225 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 131st St. 280-1045.)

James Joyce's The Dead—A musical version of the short story. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 14.)

The Jazz Singer—The Jewish Repertory Theatre presents a new musical version of the Samson Raphaelson play, about a man torn between his Orthodox family and his Broadway aspirations. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Kat and the Kings—A rock-and-roll musical set in Cape Town in 1957. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Keep Bangin'—"Stomp" showed that you can cook up an evening of theatre out of percussion alone, but this show, directed by the fabled tap dancer Savion Glover, proves it better. It's an unslick production (the costumes are presumably from the performers' private collections). The point is the drumming alone. The ten-man cast is led by Jared Crawford (whom Glover reportedly discovered playing on a midtown sidewalk). With his million-toothed smile, firestorm of dreads, and rare genius, he lifts the whole thing into a kind of art heaven. (Players Theatre, 115 MacDougal St. 254-5076.)



A Target Margin staging of "Tulpa," by Todd Alcott.

Look Back in Anger—A Classic Stage Company revival of John Osborne's 1956 drama. (136 E. 13th St. 677-4210, ext. 10. Closes Nov. 14.)

Maybe Baby, It's You—Shari Simpson and Charlie Shanian portray eleven couples looking for love, in a comedy they co-wrote. (Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.)

Minstrel Show; or, the Lynching of William Brown—The playwright Max Sparber has taken the startling step of telling the story of a 1919 lynching in Omaha, Nebraska, through the testimony of two fictional blackface minstrels who witnessed it all. It's easy to forget how much intelligence and sheer talent it takes to transform pain into any kind of crowd-pleasing humor; the triumph of this play—realized by two subtle, powerful actors, Spencer Scott Barros and Tim Cain, and the director, Rob Urbinati—is that the audience is constantly entertained but never allowed to forget about the minstrels' degrading world. In that context the lynching seems entirely normal—and all the more horrific for it. In the end, what may be the most startling thing about using these entertainers to teach us our history is the disturbing resonance it creates within our celebrity-filled era. (Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. 279-4200.)

North Atlantic—A multimedia work in progress from the Wooster Group. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Nov. 21.)

Saturday Night Fever—The musical, based on the 1977 film. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Showy Lady Slipper—Richard Maxwell's new show consists mostly of the gossipy conversation of three female friends awaiting a visit from the alpha-girl's boyfriend. The conversation—which ranges over such topics as driving, dreams, horses, music, and "trouble"—is stunning in its banality, but, like a good pop song, it has surprising resonances. Maxwell's distinctive style—actors as poker-faced conduits for dialogue, chunky staging, sobriety-test movement—is hilarious: each stuttered "like," "um," and "you know" and every seemingly careless non sequitur is carefully enunciated. The boyfriend finally does arrive, and tragedy and redemption ensue, but the fundamental pleasure is in the language—and in the harmonious, ridiculous songs (this is a musical, by the way) that the actors break into during their most emotional moments. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes Nov. 14.)

Stars in Your Eyes—A musical by Chip Meyrelles, set in two small towns during the Kennedy Administration. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

TRAVESTIES—Tom Stoppard's 1993 revision of his 1974 play, in a Perkasie Theatre Co. production. (Sanford Meisner, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. 924-8699.)

TULPA—As defined in Todd Alcott's new play, "tulpa" means "the imaginary made flesh"—a concept found in many religious traditions as well as a metaphor for theatre. This tulpa is a humorous examination of how a little loving acceptance affects some denizens of the raucous Lower East Side. The show is held together by a marvellously matter-of-fact peformance by Mary Neufeld, as an awkward but strong-minded history professor who agrees to put up a roving guru as a favor to a friend. All hell breaks loose—literally—and though the end is a little saccharine it's a minor flaw. This is a Target Margin production, which means another chance to watch the director David Herskovits develop subtle, intelligent ways of illuminating scripts. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Closes Nov. 6.)

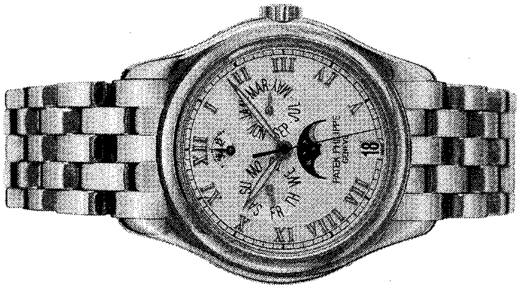
THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES—Eve Ensler's one-woman show, which she first performed in New York three years ago Off-Off Broadway, is based on interviews she conducted with two hundred women about their vaginas: the body part itself, the word, and why "it never sounds like a word you want to say" no matter how many times you say it. There's a certain amount of shtick involved—Ensler asked women what their vaginas would wear if they got dressed, and she offers up a litany of nicknames for "down there"—but most of the stories she tells are touching and memorable. Often sadly so: Ensler makes you realize that when it comes to treating women and their bodies with real respect, the world still has miles to go. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CABARET:** Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. (Closes Nov. 7.) . . . **DE LA GUARDA:** Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOOTLOOSE:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **FOSSE:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH:** Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **IT AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT THE BLUES:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LATE-NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS:** John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RAGTIME:** Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **SECRETS EVERY SMART TRAVELER SHOULD KNOW:** Ibis, 327 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T SAY PAST MIDNIGHT:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE WEIR:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. . . . **WIT:** Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.

You never
actually own
a Patek Philippe.
You merely take care of it
for the next generation.

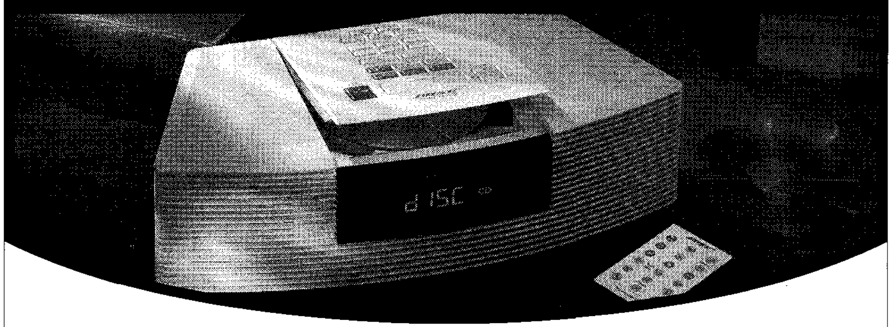
PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE



Begin your *own* tradition.

Men's Annual Calendar ref.5036/1. Available in 18k white, yellow and rose gold. For information: Patek Philippe, Dept. 903, One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020. Tel: (212) 581 0870. www.patek.com

Introducing the latest innovation from Bose®



While another company might settle for inventing the industry's most highly reviewed radio, Bose couldn't. We challenged ourselves to repeat our success—with the Bose Wave® radio/CD. We started with our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology. It's what delivers the clear, natural, room-filling sound that *Radio World* called "simply amazing" in the Wave radio. Then our engineers added a CD player for your favorite music. The Wave radio/CD is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Call and ask about our interest-free payment plan and satisfaction guarantee. Then try it in your own home. Once you hear it, we doubt you'll settle for anything less.

For free shipping, order within 30 days.

Call 1-800-492-2073, ext. T3465.
For information on all our products: **www.bose.com/t3465**

Please specify your color choice when ordering. Wave radio/CD: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray
Wave radio: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray

Mr./Mrs./Ms. ( ) ( )
Name (Please Print) Daytime Telephone Evening Telephone

Address City State Zip

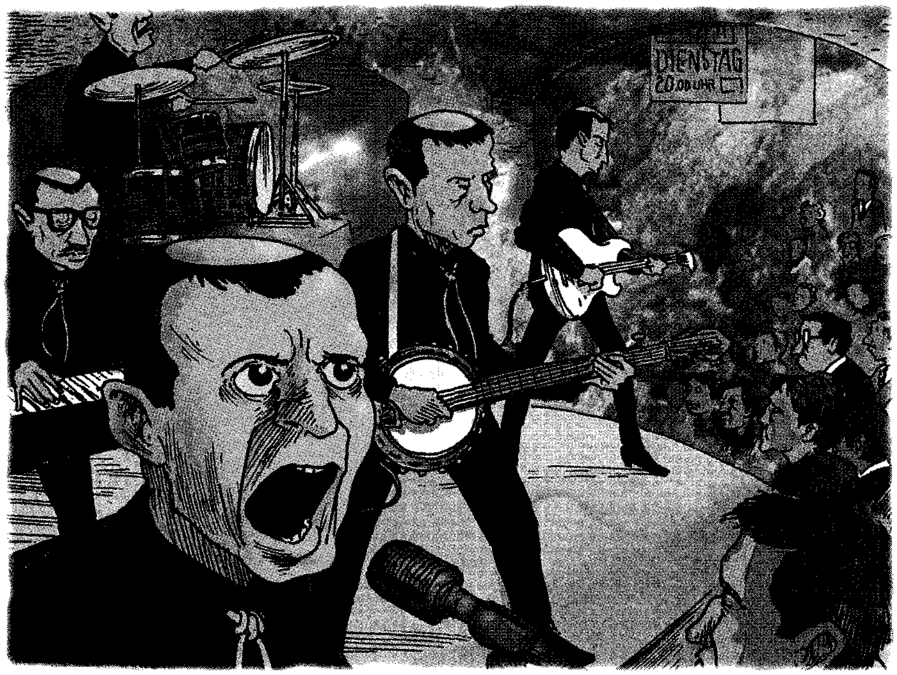
Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-T3465, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168. ©1999 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Installment payment plan and free shipping offers not to be combined with any other offer. Installment payment plan available on credit card orders only and subject to change without notice. Frank Beacham, *Radio World*, 12/93.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

DANCE

"Danzón"—Pina Bausch and Tanztheater Wuppertal perform an evening-length work whose name and panache derive from an antique Cuban strutting dance and whose images trace the path from infancy (the curtain rises on a nursery scene) to old age (a geriatric Goethe has the evening's last lines). In between, the choreographer has promised to make a rare stage appearance in a duet with the projected image of a blue-and-yellow koi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Nov. 2 and Nov. 4-6 at 7:30 and Nov. 7 at 3.)

"Magic Frequencies"—Meredith Monk and her eight-member company add dance and theatrical elements to their vocal arsenal of ululations, whispers, "range skips," and hockets. The work, a "science-fiction chamber opera," is inspired by (and named after) a hypothetical method of intergalactic communication via hydrogen waves, based on principles drawn from radio telescopy. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 2-6 at 8, Nov. 7 at 2 and 8, and Nov. 8 at 2 and 7:30.)



The invasion of the anti-Beatles: the Monks reunite for Cavestomp! '99.

TONY MILLIONAIRE

Dance Theatre Workshop—The dance and performance-art venue hosts Economy Tires Theatre, a festival of genre crossing. Nov. 2-4 at 8: The Elementals, a comic puppet-theatre group, in "Bunkbed Commando." . . . ¶ Nov. 5-6 at 8 and Nov. 7 at 3: A split bill with "Love and Race in the U.S. Revisited," in which Robbie McCauley presents a lecture by a "race doctor," and "Ha," in which Dawn Akemi Saito mixes vaudeville and Butoh. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

"Objects No Longer Present"—Gina Gibney Dance, an eight-woman troupe, presents an evening-length piece inspired by the choreographer's recent visit to a childhood home she found inhabited by strangers. To represent such a loss of the familiar onstage, Gibney invented a manner of choreographing in which dancers in rehearsal moved with objects or around architecture that she removed by performance time, to create a work of spare and haunted movements. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Nov. 4-7 at 8:30.)

"Dear Guardian, Farewell Grace"—The choreographer Lance Gries presents a full-length work for five dancers. Thanks to the various onstage cameras, the audience sees angles of the dance normally hidden from its range of vision. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 3-6 at 8.)

"Memoir Never Was (secret tales from the annex)"—In an evening-length work inspired by both Anne Frank and Veronica Lake, the choreographer Andrea Kleine juxtaposes scenes in a Hollywood canteen with scenes in the Franks' Dutch hideaway. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Nov. 4-7 at 8:30.)

American Bolero Dance Company—The fourteen-member company of dancers and musicians performs a variety of Spanish dance styles including flamenco, zarzuela, taranto, and, of course, bolero, in a program called "Olé, Olé, Fin de Siglo." (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Nov. 4-6 at 8 and Nov. 7 at 3.)

"A Girl Joan"—Erica Stuart reprises her evening-length solo in the role of Joan of Arc. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202. Nov. 3 at 8. Through Nov. 24.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Compay Segundo—The ninety-two-year-old Cuban singer and guitarist, who appeared on the Buena Vista Social Club album, performs *son* music (a style he helped create), backed by clarinettists from the Cuban National Symphony Orchestra and the Havana Woodwind Quintet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Ben Harper—Guitarist Harper plays stark, bass-heavy acoustic blues, and his slide work is reminiscent of the fiery Chess masters, but his eclectic songwriting is firmly set in the nineties. With the chicken-shack funk of G. Love & Special Sauce and the human-beat-box wizardry of the Roots veteran Razhel. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Nov. 4 at 7.)

The Carnegie Hall Jazz Band—Performing the music of Thelonious Monk. If you approach Monk's music with anything less than commitment and focus, you might as well stay home. The Carnegie Hall Jazz Orchestra has a fail-safe weapon to insure both exactitude and inspiration in soprano saxophonist Steve Lacy, a rigorous improviser who knows Monk's music as well as any musician. Guest pianist Kenny Barron's florid nature may seem antithetical to Monk's razor-sharp aesthetic, but he's made an elegant peace with the Master which invariably finds his heart—and fingers—in the right place. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 4 at 8.)

Bryan Ferry—On "As Time Goes By," his new collection of standards, the original lounge lizard (and former Roxy Music front man) revisits the period his stately voice has always evoked. But unlike his previous recordings, his voice here—unaccompanied by all that high-powered production—can sound as flimsy as a flapper's gown. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 5 at 8.)

"Cavestomp! '99: The Garage Rock Festacular"—Back in the mid-sixties, inspired by such British Invasion bands as the Beatles, the Kinks, and the Rolling Stones, aspiring teenage musicians across America cranked up their amplifiers, grew out their hair, and created the short-lived but influential genre named for the suburban rehearsal spaces in which it was born. Garage rock's three-chord structure, adolescent fury, and raw delivery presaged the punk revolution of the seventies, but most of the bands never got out of their local cul-de-sac. The Monks were perhaps the most obscure garage-rock band of all time. A quintet of American G.I.s stationed in Germany, the Monks boasted shaved heads and a venomous rock-and-roll sound that was, to put it mildly, out of synch with their time. They played together from 1964 to 1967 and never released a record, or performed, in this country, though their 1966 album, "Black Monk Time" (released in Europe), became a cult favorite. They reunite for the first time in thirty-three years at the start of this three-day festival. The following night's headliners, the Chocolate Watchband, enjoyed three years of fame in their home town of San Jose, but never made it to New York City before breaking up, in 1968. The Monks appear again on the final night, along with the Standells, one of the few garage bands to actually muster a hit ("Dirty Water"), who will close out the show. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Nov. 5-7 at 8.)

The Moody Blues—The knights in white satin. (Beacon Theatre. Nov. 6 at 4 and 8:30 and Nov. 7 at 8:30.)

Eurythmics—The reunited dynamic duo of Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart, best known for "Sweet Dreams" and a half-dozen other masterful singles from the glory days of New Wave, happily attempt to ignite a little more eighties nostalgia. (Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Nov. 9 at 8.)

CLUBS

(Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Arlene Grocery, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—Nov. 8: Singer-songwriter **MARK GEARY** has been a regular on the downtown scene since he left his home town of Dublin some six years ago. His songs are lyrical takes on the passing moments of each day, and he brings to the stage the quiet confidence of a traveller.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Nov. 7: The warm-voiced singer-songwriter **PATTY LARKIN.** Nov. 9: **MANDY BARNETTE** has paid her dues in Nashville, having once made ends meet by singing in the long-running tribute act "Always . . . Patsy Cline." In 1996, her self-titled début album was a critical success, but it didn't sell well. This year's sophomore effort, "I've Got a Right to Cry," benefitted from the touch of Cline's own producer, the late Owen Bradley. When you hear Barnette's strong, torchy voice you realize that she knows her history, but she's not simply going to repeat it—she's one of country's true originals.

Bowery Ballroom, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—A quartet from Halifax, Nova Scotia, with a love for the sounds of sixties Liverpool, **SLOAN** (Nov. 4) is known at home for its spotless songwriting and spotty live shows. Nov. 6: Singer-songwriter **DAN BERN** may be one of the more original performers to have infiltrated the pop scene. His dark, post-folk narra-

I WILL NOT LET **MY RETIREMENT** GROWTH POTENTIAL GET LOST IN THE EXCITEMENT OF A NEW JOB.

ANNIE LYNCH
FIDELITY INVESTOR

Fidelity Investments®

WE HELP YOU **INVEST RESPONSIBLY℠**

FIDELITY ROLLOVER EXPRESS℠

Like the rest of her generation, my daughter Annie is likely to change jobs seven or eight times during her career. Unfortunately, many job changers don't take control of their 401(k)s and actively manage those assets. Fidelity's Rollover Express is an easy way to take charge of your retirement plan savings. Our specialists can **(1)** contact your former employer, **(2)** help speed up the transfer of assets, and **(3)** help you identify an investment strategy using funds with a history of solid performance and individual securities.

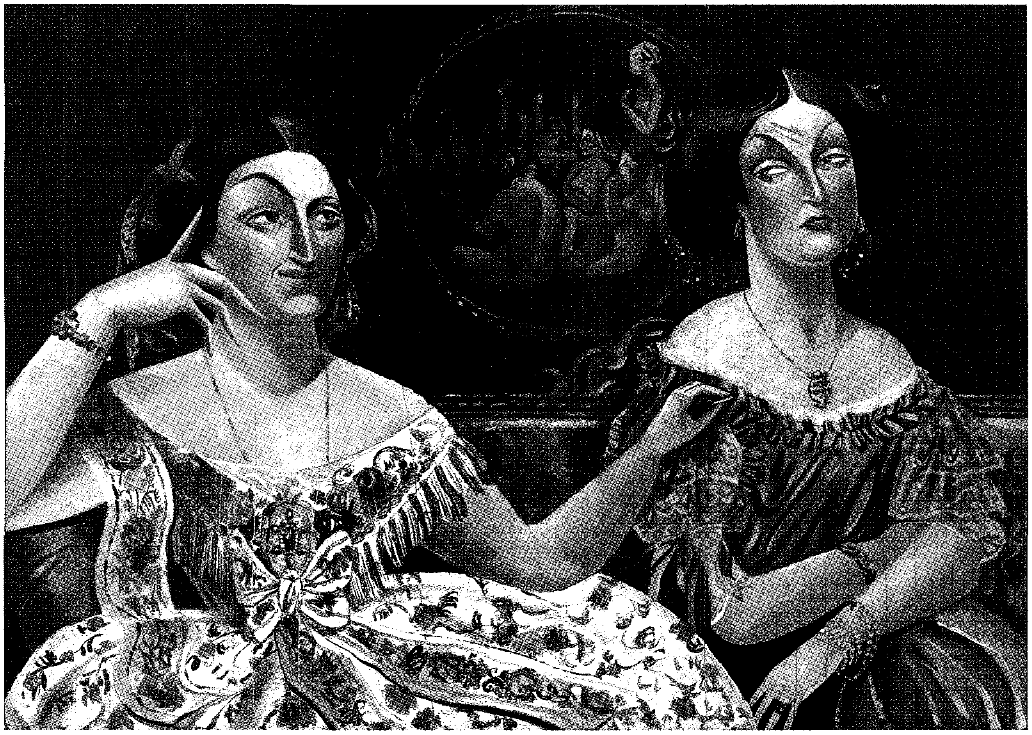
—PETER LYNCH

FOR **FIDELITY'S ROLLOVER EXPRESS KIT** VISIT **FIDELITY.COM** OR

CALL 1-800-544-5650

Ms. Lynch is a Fidelity customer and was compensated.
For more complete information on any fund available through Fidelity, call for a free prospectus and read it carefully before investing. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.
Location courtesy of Boston Stock Exchange. Fidelity Brokerage Services, Inc. Member NYSE, SIPC. 86422

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres," at the Metropolitan Museum.

tives are as tuneful as they are hysterical, and Bern could hardly be more prolific—he's produced four records in the past three years, the latest of which is an independently released two-disk set titled "Smartie Mine."

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Nov. 5: **ANDY STOCHANSKY** has been Ani DiFranco's drummer for the past seven years, but that hasn't kept him from the studio. In 1995 he put out an independent release of his own quirky atmospheric music, and he's returned now with "Radio Fusebox," a collection of charming ballads and not-quite-ready-for-the-pop-charts songs. Also on Nov. 5: The **SILOS** have been around for what seems like an indie-rock eternity, having released their first album in 1985. The band achieved a fair amount of cachet by releasing three solid albums by the end of that decade. The nineties were a different story; more changes in the band's lineup than new releases. But the Silos' founder, New York City painter turned guitarist Walter Salas-Humara, has persevered, and the band's latest CD, "Heater," is a fine collection of back-country-tinged art rock.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Nov. 5-6: The **LOSER'S LOUNGE** pays playful homage to the music of Fleetwood Mac. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Nov. 3: **THE CREATURES,** the evolutionary offspring of Siouxsie Sioux and her Banshee drummer Budgie. Nov. 4-5: **IGGY POP.** The grizzled fifty-two-year-old punk icon has just turned in yet another artery-slashing masterpiece, "Avenue B," which concerns itself with, among other themes, his recent divorce, the East Village, and his adopted city of Miami. Nov. 6: **BJÖRN AGAIN,** the always entertaining (if slightly alarming) Abba tribute band. Nov. 8-9: The members of **MR. BUNGLE,** the creation of Faith No More vocalist Mike Patton, often turn up in clown masks and always turn out complex and chaotic rock.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Nov. 3: **T-MODEL FORD,** one of the last surviving Mississippi septuagenarian bluesmen. Catch him while you can. Nov. 7: A night of twisted power chords with **THE SUPERSUCKERS,** led by vocalist Eddie Spaghetti.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—Nov. 3: **CALVIN JOHNSON,** a veteran of the bands Beat Happening and Dub Narcotic Sound System, and one of the hardest working men in indie rock. With the lo-fi neo-psychedelia of **THE MICROPHONES.** Nov. 7: **SLOAN** (see the Bowery Ballroom). Nov. 8: **STEREOLAB.** If Hal from "2001: A Space Odyssey" had taken up a second career as a d.j., he might have created something like the sound of this arty London outfit. It's as if amplifiers, mixing boards, and old Moog synthesizers had grown tired of just being equipment and decided to run things themselves. The result is lush and surprisingly human, as evidenced by the group's latest album, the engaging "Cobra and Phases Group Play Voltage in the Milky Night."

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Nov. 4: **THE CONNELLS** write the kind of edgy, melodic, lyrically oblique songs that in the early eighties got them labelled "the next R.E.M." The group may not have reached the same heights of popularity that the boys from Athens did, but last year's sharp album, "Still Life," proved that the comparison is still justified.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Nov. 7: **SUSANA BACA,** a native of Lima, Peru, whose sensual music is a mix of Spanish, Andean, and African influences. Dining.

Vinyl, 6 Hubert St. (343-1379)—Nov. 4: The Berlin-based d.j. collective **JAZZANOVA** makes its United States début. With the Los Angeles house-music mix master **DAVE ALVARADO.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Nov. 3: The **HARRY ALLEN** quartet. Tenor saxophonist Allen, the best neo-swing stylist since Scott Hamilton, has an easy way with standards and pre-bop material. Nov. 4-6: The extraordinary seventy-three-year-old drummer **ROY HAYNES** is following the advice of his late, great colleague, drummer Art Blakey: if you want to stay young, keep your sidemen young. Haynes, who came up playing with such jazz legends as Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Sarah Vaughan, and John Coltrane, believes in imparting his knowledge to the younger generations. It's a win-win situation: the rough-and-ready energy of his bandmates keeps Haynes on his toes, and playing with this percussive dynamo gives saxophonist **RON BLAKE,** bassist **LARRY GRENADIER,** and pianist **KEVIN HAYES** a chance to grow wiser with every set. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Nov. 7: Simply put, **RAY BROWN** is the world's greatest jazz bassist. His tone is as thick as molasses, his timing as natural as the rhythm of waves; the swing of his lines could move mountains. He's the man to beat—and no one has come close yet. His trio is joined here by tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE,** whose sound is full of warm, gritty soul. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through Dec. 31, **BOBBY SHORT.** The **EDDIE DAVIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BAND,** featuring **WOODY ALLEN** on clarinet, holds sway on Mondays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

Firebird Café, 365 W. 46th St. (586-0244)—Nov. 3-6: Pianist and singer **STEVE ROSS** performs a show of Cole Porter tunes.

Iridium, 48 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Nov. 7: Finding the common link between jazz and the church are pianist **ERIC REED,** saxophonists **CRAIG HANDY** and **DONALD HARRISON,** bassist **RODNEY WHITAKER,** and drummer **IDRIS MOHAMMAD,** soulful and swinging players all. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.**

Jazz Standard, 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Nov. 3-7: The **PHAROAH SANDERS** quartet. With his talent for titanic eruptions now tempered by an equal flair for emotive ballads, Sanders has become the complete saxophonist. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Nov. 4-6: **JOHN LURIE AND THE LOUNGE LIZARDS.** They've weathered the criticism for two decades now, so it's time to wipe the slate clean and acknowledge the Lizards as a genuine band. Having put the hipster posturing and "fake jazz" self-designation behind them, saxophonist John Lurie's stylistically expansive mini-orchestra now uses its musical smarts, rather than its image, to define itself. Lurie and the gang will be in each week in November, celebrating the Lizards' twentieth anniversary. Nov. 4-7: The **JOE MORRIS** quartet. Detail and clarity rather than expressionist bombast are the m.o. for avant-jazz guitarist

Morris, an assiduous stylist who's carved out his own niche in the downtown scene. Nov. 8: **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** still blends gnarled blues with free jazz and funk rock, using tunings lost to the ages, and singing with the drawl of a Delta crooner. Nov. 9: **PARADOX TRIO.** Point man Matt Darriau plays a variety of instruments, including reeds, flutes, and the *gaida* (a Bulgarian bagpipe), with a versatility that is mirrored by the group's range of music. This quartet (that's the paradox) works hard at making joyful music with an edge—from klezmer to offbeat Balkan tunes—and it all happens with apparent ease.

RED BLAZER, 32 W. 37th St. (947-6428)—**STAN RUBIN'S BIG BAND,** featuring vocalist **CARY HOFFMAN,** holds court on Thursdays with a program of songs made famous by Frank Sinatra.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Nov. 7: **GRAHAM HAYNES.** This young trumpeter has something fresh on his mind. Sidestepping the "Everything old is new again" routine of his peers, he keeps the mix eclectic: world music, funk, free-form—he folds it all into his lean and pungent playing. And, yes, he's drummer Roy's son.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Nov. 7: The **REGINA CARTER** quintet. It's been a while since a mainstream violinist made a mark on the scene, but Carter is making up for lost time. She's done yeoman's work with Wynton Marsalis and Cassandra Wilson, and her latest album, "Rhythms of the Heart," mixes hard bop and Latin workouts with a revision of "Papa Was a Rollin' Stone." The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." Beginning with a gravely pompous image of the Emperor Napoleon (looking disquietingly like the current Mayor of New York), this show surveys the superb French draftsman's greatest works. Ingres himself wouldn't have been happy with it, since he hoped to be remembered principally for his insipid mythological tableaux. With those more troublesome works excluded, however, his genius shines. The small drawn likenesses are miraculously articulate, with a psychological acuity that rivals Rembrandt's. In the painted portraits, the artist who famously denigrated the importance of color proves himself the greatest colorist of his age. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A companion to the Ingres show, "Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres" gathers examples of the court fashions popular in the artist's heyday. Through Nov. 21. . . . ¶ "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception" presents more than a hundred and twenty-five images by this pioneer of photography, who recorded the vastness of the American West. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ "Egyptian Art in the Age of the Pyramids," a sombre and ravishing survey of five hundred years of the millennia of Egyptian dynasties, covers the Old Kingdom (2650-2150 B.C.), the glorious formative period of Pharaonic art when the great pyramids were built and religious statuary rose to a refined naturalism. Through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ "Daido Moriyama: Hunter," an exhibition of forty photographs made in postwar Japan. Through Jan. 2. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

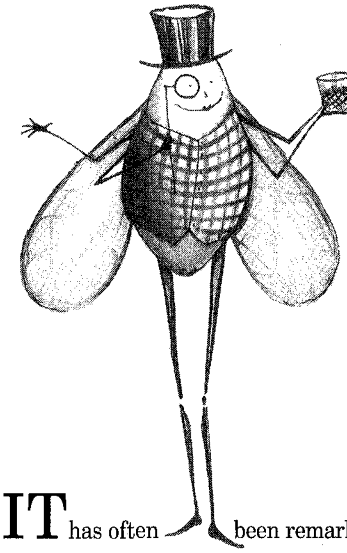
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—MOMA ushers in the new millennium with a seventeen-month-long series of shows, all culled from the museum's permanent collection. "Modern Starts," the first of three installments, celebrates the advent of modernism and is itself divided into three sections. "People," with six sections of its own, opens the onslaught, and "Places" and "Things" follow; the entire extravaganza makes the Ring Cycle seem like a miniseries. This segment, devoted to the representation of the human figure, focusses on the period from 1880 to 1920, largely ignoring the tenets of art history in favor of exhilarating, and occasionally exasperating, pairings. Crowd pleasers abound: an Arp beside a Miró, a Klimt next to a van Gogh, a Toulouse-Lautrec and a Braque, as well as a cavalcade of works by Picasso and Matisse, whose "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and "The Piano Lesson" hang side by side. In addition to paintings, there are fine examples of sculpture, notably a roomful of bronzes presided over by Rodin's sloping masterpiece, "Monument to Balzac." Photographs are scattered throughout the galleries, but in "Posed and Unposed," a tepid section devoted exclusively to that medium, the show falters. Infrequent fast-forwards to the present day feel like novelty items, such as a 1993 photograph of a swimmer by Reneke Dijkstra paired with Cézanne's "The Bather," painted more than a century earlier. Through Feb. 1. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Francesco Clemente, who first came to international prominence at the 1980 Venice Biennale, rose quickly in an art world bone-tired of Conceptualism's stranglehold on the scene. This was largely owing to his refreshing lack of didacticism, his unabashed use of the painted figure, his old-fashioned artisanal materials, and his energetically romantic imagery. After a move to New York in the eighties, his name was indissolubly linked with the era's other neo-expressionist art stars, from Basquiat to Schnabel. The Guggenheim's museum-wide retrospective (Clemente is the youngest artist to get one) unites more than two hundred works in various mediums in an effort to enshrine a polymorphous œuvre that is light and sweet, and, at times, overripe and cloying. The curators, "in keeping with the artist's anti-hierarchical, open-ended spirit," have emphasized eclecticism (a wag once called Clemente "a chameleon in a state of grace"). But as you ascend the nautilus, and the oils, watercolors, pastels, frescoes, sculptures, and book prints begin to mount up, it's easy to see Clemente's hasty eclecticism solidifying into habit. Through Jan. 9. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—Part two of "The American Century" is a vast improvement over its predecessor, and not just because American art gathered momentum after the Second World War. The exhibition design as a whole is clearer: film clips and "historical" displays have been segregated to small side rooms, so they don't compete directly with the nearly seven hundred art works. On the upper floors, curator Lisa Phillips succeeds in making the familiar stories of Minimalism and Abstract Expressionism feel almost new. Through Feb. 13. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Sensation: Young British Artists from the Saatchi Collection." Reinvigorated by controversy, this sampling of advertising mogul Charles Saatchi's private collection looks energetic and diverse. Most of the forty artists project a jaunty cynicism, aiming for a quick, marketable impact, but only a handful of the works are truly impressive. "Ghost," Rachel Whiteread's plaster cast of the inside of a living room, is the sombre pinnacle of the exhibition. Jenny Saville's gloriously obese painted self-portraits and Ron Mueck's leaner sculptural ones are exceptional in part for their relatively traditional (keep it quiet) virtuosity. And then there's Damien Hirst, whose dead animals in tanks seem almost quaintly existentialist. Through Jan. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (849-8300)—"The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Inven-



HAMISH

NOT

SQUEAMISH

IT has often been remarked that devotees of The Macallan Malt Whisky nurture an almost mystical belief in the 'water of life' qualities of their favourite dram. But seldom has it found such expression as in the following true anecdote kindly related to us by Mr C. Wemyss of Ravenhead, Notts.

'My friend Hamish, at a pre-Christmas party in my garden, found a fly had landed in his glass, and drowned. "Don't worry, Hamish," said I. "Have another Macallan in a clean glass." "I shall do nothing of the sort," he replied, removing the tiny creature from his glass and sipping the sherry-gold elixir.

"The Macallan never hurt a fly, and nor does a fly hurt The Macallan!" Ten minutes later indeed the insect stirred and flew off.

"There you are," said Hamish triumphantly. "And now you can give me a *gnat's more*." '

THE MACALLAN.
THE MALT.

THE MACALLAN® Scotch Whisky. 43% alc./vol.
Sole U.S. importer Rémy Amérique, Inc., New York, N.Y.
© 1999 The Macallan Distillers Ltd.

tion." If the husband-and-wife Eames team had stopped designing in the forties with the release of their signature fibreglass chairs, they would still have earned a place in design history. Thankfully they didn't. That they lived by their motto—"Art is a playful kind of work"—is evident in every one of the more than five hundred artifacts assembled here, including furniture, architectural studies, and the series of short films which is arguably the show's high point. In the downstairs gallery, ephemera of every stripe are on view, from Ray's magazine covers to a replica of the couple's jam-packed bulletin board. You can even open the drawers of a cabinet filled with such odds and ends as little stuffed seals and bottles of ink. The couple's conviction that good design has the power to transform lives is infectious. Even a broken leg starts to look good, if you could only sport that Ray Eames splint, designed during the Second World War. Through Jan. 9. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Dahesh Museum, 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606)—"Highlights from the Dahesh Museum Collection." This pretty show attempts to reassert the importance of academic art. It's an orgy of history paintings and ethnographies of the underclasses and the Middle East, exemplified by Gustav Bauernfeind's "Jaffa, Recruiting of Turkish Soldiers in Palestine." In Bouguereau's clean-lined "Water Girl" and Frederic Lord Leighton's modern-in-hindsight oil sketch, "Study for the Syracusan Bride," the era's neoclassicism finally goes beyond the picturesque to yield a hint of the sublime. Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." Sargent has been called the most gifted American artist who ever picked up a paintbrush, but only one of the dozen paintings here supports that argument. A fond rendition of the patron himself—the London art dealer Asher Wertheimer, who commissioned the series—does have its appeal, but it's the luminous portrait of daughters Ena and Betty which ranks among Sargent's highest achievements. Wertheimer bequeathed most of the works to the National Gallery, and these likenesses were installed for a time at the Tate, but this is the first time the family has been reunited in nearly seventy-five years. In their day, the paintings were controversial for their portrayal of Jews; one anti-Semitic member of Parliament called the series "clever, but extremely repulsive." But the right word for Ena and Betty, nestled in their own niche in the charming second-floor galleries, would have to be "exquisite." Through Feb. 6. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—The distinguished colorist's exclusion from both halves of the Whitney's "American Century" survey hasn't been widely noted, but those who missed him will enjoy this small show. The nearly thirty paintings and prints (on loan from the collection of the artist's first patrons, Louis and Annette Kaufman) include a few too many of Avery's unadventurous early still-lifes. The highlight, however, is a group of superb later portraits—of Marsden Hartley, the sculptor Chaim Gross, and the artist himself in a raking light, wearing a red tam-o'-shanter and a scowl. Through Nov. 20. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. 826-0320.)

Alex Katz—New landscapes, several of them twenty feet long, by this poet of (or apologist for) the good life. Enjoying a renewed surge of popularity in his seventies, Katz has clearly decided to respond by ratcheting up the stakes. His canvases, now as large as movie screens, glow with casually brushed color; his imagery is more radiantly bland than ever. At their best, these blue-green Caribbean shallows, walls of Yankee foliage or dappled tree trunks radiate a kind of lovable, dumbed-down grandeur. Through Nov. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Open Mondays.)

John Wonnacott—The first American solo show by this accomplished and quintessentially English painter. Wonnacott's main subjects are near at hand: studio detritus, friends and family, views out the artist's windows. With their chalky color and carefully bulging fish-eye perspectives, Wonnacott's images don't quite match the ferocious virtuosity of his friend Lucian Freud's, but they feel warmer, more humane. The painter's sense of humor is palpable, as is his affection for his subjects. The landscapes, often views of the shining mud fields of the Thames estuary, seem the most deeply felt and memorable. Through Nov. 20. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810.)

Short List—**Lee Bontecou,** Castelli, 59 E. 79th St. 249-4470. Through Nov. 24. . . . **Morris Louis,** Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. 935-1110. Through Dec. 4. . . . **Paul Manes,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. 288-5888. Through Nov. 13. . . . **David Mann,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 535-5767. Through Nov. 13. . . . **Ruth Marten,** Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. 980-2323. Through Nov. 6. . . . **Susana Solano,** McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 688-5951. Through Nov. 6. . . . **Trevor Winkfield,** De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through Nov. 13. . . . **Mark Workman** and **Billy Sullivan,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. 759-2345. Both shows through Nov. 13.

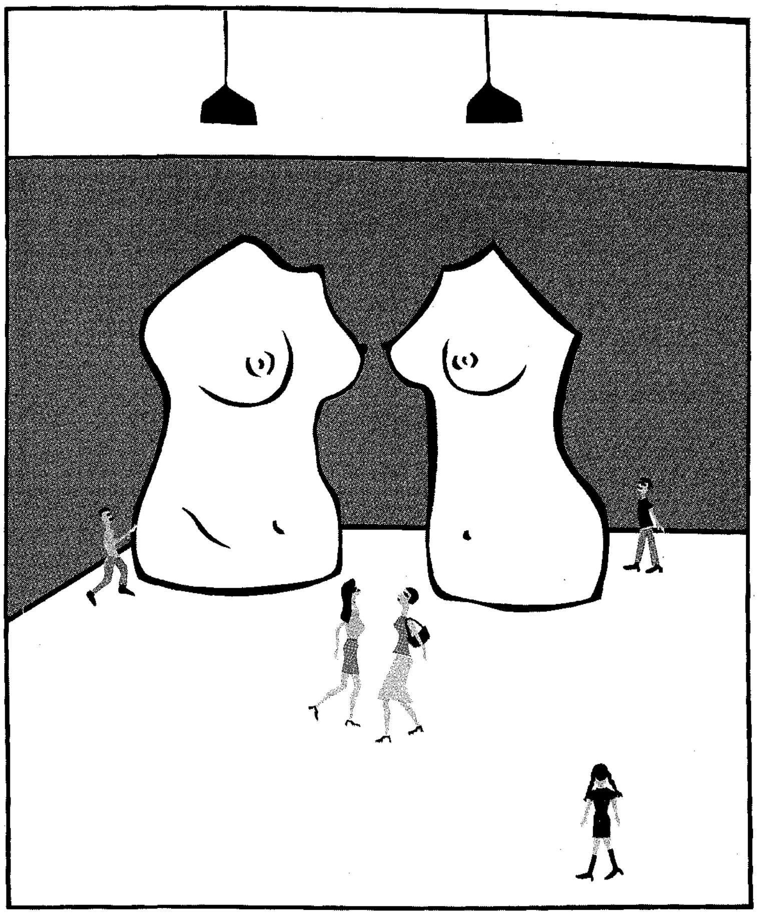
GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Sol LeWitt—The palette of LeWitt's latest wall drawings is a far cry from his original pencilled Minimalism. The latex house paints here seem to come straight out of a Crayola box: purple, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. Broad stripes, concentric circles, a chevron, and a yin-yangy shape worthy of Dr. Seuss are among the riot of forms vying for attention. Image associations—from Frank Stella to the Finnish textiles of Marimekko—zing around like balls in a pachinko game. Through Dec. 4. (Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. 255-1105.)

Jason Middlebrook—"Subdivision," an exhibition of drawings, Styrofoam sculptures, and a tiny oil painting, all juxtaposing human and insect social organization. A ten-foot facsimile of a termite mound sits in the center of the gallery. A set of rocklike shelves-cum-cactus-planters crowd along the wall, and a large pencil sketch of a home teetering under the weight of porches and additions occupies another. For Middlebrook, the arthropod's home is a model of organic balance, while man's castle is a place of disorder and confusion. Through Nov. 13. (Martz, 529 W. 20th St. 206-3686.)

Peter Sarkisian—"Down Here," an exhibition of video vignettes by a Santa Fe artist who uses digital manipulation to explore such earthbound concerns as loss, cultural ennui, and the precarious bonds of nurture. Sarkisian projects images onto multi-sided blank objects like tables, cubes, and pedestals, creating the illusion of motion. One piece, "Hands of a Similar Man," presents six sets of identical hands shuffling through newspapers to what sounds like the clunky rattle of a printing press. Another work, "Hover," features a nude woman and child moving inside what looks like a transparent cube. In "Hands at a Table," the final work in the show, glowing sets of hands, both large and small, chase each other around the periphery of the table. Through Nov. 20. (I-20, 529 W. 20th St. 645-1100.)

Short List—**Lynda Benglis,** Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727. Through Nov. 13. . . . **John Currin,** Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000. Through Nov. 27. . . . **Carroll Dunham,** Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through Dec. 4. . . . **Phil Frost,** Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 645-1701. Through Nov. 13. . . . **Rodney Graham,** Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. 462-2668. Through Nov. 30. . . . **Mona Hatoum,** Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave., at 18th St. 367-7474. Through Dec. 4. . . . **Nicky Hoberman** and **Chantal Joffe,** Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. 929-0500. Both shows through Nov. 27. . . . **Frank Holliday,** Debs, 529 W. 20th St. 647-7080. Through Nov. 13. . . . **Jacqueline Humphries,** Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. 463-7770. Through Nov. 27. . . . **Christina Mackie,** AC Project



Larger-than-life breastplates, by Beth B, at Visionaire.

KIM DEMARCO

There are many paths to reach independent thought.
Meditation. Yoga. Calling 888-439-9940.

2000 Sable

Call or go online to learn more about the new 2000 Mercury Sable and receive a gift from Barnes & Noble.

Expressing one's individuality has never been more rewarding. Introducing the 2000 Mercury Sable. Completely rethought to include things like available power adjustable foot pedals and its own Personal Safety System* — Sable's unique set of safety features literally adapts to those inside. It's just what happens when you think independently. Which is why we've teamed up with barnesandnoble.com to create the "Independent Thinkers" series — authors and subjects that stand apart from the ordinary. Like the Sable and, of course, you.

sable.bn.com/ny ▪ 888-439-9940

bn.com BARNES NOBLE Mercury Sable INDEPENDENT THINKERS series SM

Mercury Live life in your own lane

*Always wear your safety belt and secure children in the rear seat.
Offer not transferable. Offer valid until 2/1/00 or while supplies last. Limit one Barnes & Noble gift per household. Must be 18 years or older with valid driver's license. Mercury not responsible for lost or misdirected mail. 2000 Mercury Sable arriving November 1999.

Room, 453 W. 17th St. 645-4970. Through Nov. 24. . . . **CARLOS MOLLURA,** Ten in One, 526 W. 26th St. 604-9660. Through Nov. 6. . . . **MARK LOMBARDI,** Deven Golden, 529 W. 20th St. 414-8456. Through Nov. 13. . . . **CHRIS OFILI,** Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Through Nov. 13. . . . **DAVID REED,** Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999. Through Nov. 27. . . . **BOB STANLEY,** Conde, 529 W. 20th St. 691-9866. Through Nov. 13. . . . **JOHN WESLEY,** Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. 633-6555. Through Dec. 4.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Beth B—In a recent show, the artist presented a series of intimate photographs of women, or more particularly, of their labia, and turned what could have been a rather bald gesture of provocation into a bouquet of O'Keeffeian individuality for the piercing era. In her current outing, B works in the same here-you-have-it style on an entirely different scale: she has created a pair of ten-foot fibreglass casts of the torsos of two women, literal breastplates that have an almost martial perkiness. The results are complex—at once comic, primitive, and monumental. Through Nov. 13. (Visionaire, 11 Mercer St. 274-8959.)

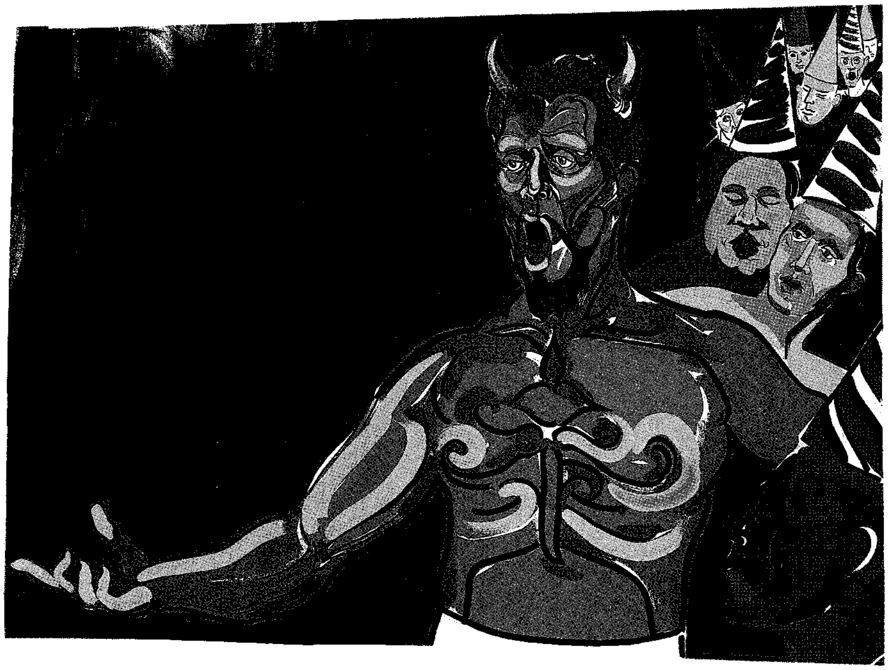
Jonathan Lasker—Six large new paintings and three small-scale ones from a lone wolf of abstraction. Relentlessly mining simplified elements—strident Crayola-box backgrounds, a doddering line, and shapely figures weighed down with rope-thick impastos—Lasker once again squeezes enormous pleasure from relatively modest means. His intensely graphic style points up an unusual reliance on small studies. Since the mid-eighties, the artist has painstakingly re-created spontaneous ballpoint and felt-tip scribblings on an enormous scale. The results, cartoony, sign-painting flat, and compositionally irresolute, invoke both Abstract Expressionism and the pent-up scrawl of a teen-ager's notebook. Through Nov. 6. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. 431-3685.)

Fernando Molero—Paintings depicting a perpetually overcast nowhere land, homages to the Spanish artist's two-year sojourn in Brooklyn. Set down in scarified washes and dry impastos, Molero's dun and gray surfaces vibrate with the tension of humming power lines. Small, repetitive figures—including a self-portrait of the artist with a gun—bristle with contained violence, despite an over-all impression of calm. Other paintings present portraits of Brooklyn toughs, Rockaway scenes with vacated beach huts, and rickety views of the Williamsburg Bridge. Through Nov. 13. (Gallery Juno, 568 Broadway. 431-1515.)

Jenny Saville—"Territories," an exhibit of massive paintings of massive women, by one of the genuine stars of the "Sensation" show. Taking her cue from Lucian Freud, Saville treats corpulence with virtuoso fascination. "Fulcrum," the show's highlight, is a grotesque Mont Saint-Victoire of flesh, composed of three expansive nude women strapped together on a table. Saville seems to be betting that the sheer spectacle will win us over, and it does. Through Dec. 18. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828.)

"Another Form: Drawing Into Sculpture"—Is there, as some critics have claimed, a mysterious quality—the visual equivalent of a foreign accent—that distinguishes sculptors' drawings from those of painters? This fine eclectic survey, curated by Graham Nickson and Cindy Schwab, is the place to consider the possibility. The more than seventy works on view range from small studies by Henry Moore and Matisse to large recent drawings by Joel Shapiro and Magdalena Abakanowicz. Wry connections abound. A gloriously muscled javelin-thrower by Antonio Canova hangs next to an indolent Rodin nude, who seems to be having trouble just taking off her shirt. A sequence of large-chested figures begins with a demure Louise Nevelson life study and concludes with a ribald Gaston Lachaise beauty whose nipples have sunk below her knees. A delightful gallimaufry. Through Nov. 13. (New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. 673-6466.)

Short List—**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER,** Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753. Through Dec. 18. . . . **ALFRED JENSEN,** Malca, 580 Broadway. 966-8854. Through Jan. 8. . . . **JERRY KEARNS** and **COR DERA,** P.P.O.W, 476 Broome St. 941-8642. Both shows through Nov. 13. . . . **KIKI LAMERS,** CRG, 93 Grand St. 966-4360. Through Nov. 13. . . . **HUNG LIU,** Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. 431-4224. Through Nov. 20. . . . **GORDON MATTA-CLARK,** Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074. Through Dec. 24. . . . **YOSHITOMO NARA,** Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888. Through Nov. 20. . . . **GINO RUBERT,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. 219-2863. Through Nov. 14. . . . **NICOLA TYSON,** Petzel, 26 Wooster St. 334-9466. Through Nov. 13. . . . **HANNAH WILKE,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. 226-3232. Through Nov. 13.



Bass Samuel Ramey, appearing in the title role of the Metropolitan Opera's first production in seventy-five years of Boito's "Mefistofele."

DAVID TOMB

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Sotheby's—Nov. 3: Nineteenth-century furniture, ceramics, decorations, and carpets; also a sale of nineteenth-century European paintings and sculpture, including four important works by William Adolphe Bouguereau. . . . ¶ Nov. 6: An auction of contemporary prints, including a session devoted to works by Warhol; also, a wine auction. . . . ¶ Nov. 8-9: A benefit sale of the John and Rebecca Moores collection of more than a thousand American coins. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Christie's—Nov. 3: Prints. . . . ¶ Nov. 8-9: Impressionist and nineteenth-century art, including ten Cézanne paintings, Rodin's "Eve" (an original bronze, cast in 1897), and notable works by Manet and van Gogh. . . . ¶ Nov. 9-10: Twentieth-century art works, including (on the opening evening) twelve important works by Picasso, Matisse, Calder, and others from the estate of Madeleine Haas Russell, a San Francisco collector who was the great-grandniece of Levi Strauss. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.) . . . At **CHRISTIE'S EAST:** Nov. 3: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Nov. 4: Nineteenth-century paintings. (219 E. 67th St. 606-0400.)

Phillips—Impressionist and modern paintings, including two gouaches by Magritte, from 1956. (406 E. 79th St. 570-4830. Nov. 8.)

Doyle—Auctions of books, autographs, and photographs and of Old Master, modern, and contemporary prints. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730. Nov. 3.)

Swann—A single-owner sale of modern American and European prints. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. Nov. 3.)

Print Fair—The annual gathering of the International Fine Print Dealers Association, a must for serious print collectors. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Nov. 4-7, with a preview on Nov. 3. For information, call 759-4469.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mike Smith / Mark Steinmetz—"You Aren't from Around Here," a group of assured and often remarkable color landscapes and portraits made in the artist's adopted home territory of eastern Tennessee. The compositions can be quite complex: in an image of a high-sloping pasture bisected by a fence, one side is green and dotted with cows, the other is burnt yellow and home to a telephone pole, an access road, and a stop sign. But Smith can also be deceptively simple, as in a view of a private, snow-dusted hollow out behind a barn. / A handful of black-and-white photographs taken at night in the suburban South. Both shows through Nov. 20. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255.)

"Walker Evans at *Fortune*"—Works made during Evans's twenty years (1945-65) as staff photographer and photo editor at *Fortune*. Through Dec. 4. (Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292.)

Short List—**MICHAEL ACKERMAN,** Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. 477-1820. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 7; through Nov. 30. . . . **GWEN AKIN AND ALLAN LUDWIG,** Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through Nov. 20. . . . **TRACEY BARAN,** Liebman Magnan, 552 W. 24th St. 255-3225. Through Nov. 27. . . . **TOM BARIL,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through Dec. 11. . . . **UTA BARTH,** Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. 925-8035. Through Nov. 24. . . . **OLIVER BOBERG,** Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752. Through Nov. 27. . . . **LINDA CONNOR AND ROSALIND SOLOMON,** Alkazi Collection, 148 W. 24th St. 645-9444. Through Dec. 4. . . . **MASAHISA FUKASE,** Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave., at 25th St. 989-7600. Through Dec. 11. . . . **LUIGI GHIRRI,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-

0747. Through Nov. 24. . . . **DAVID ALAN HARVEY,** Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Dec. 4. . . . **PAUL HIMMEL** and **ERWIN BLUMENFELD,** Danziger, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. 734-5300. Both shows through Nov. 27. . . . **CONNIE IMBODEN,** Alan Klotz/Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. 327-2211. Closed Tuesdays; through Dec. 4. . . . **DAVID MALIN,** Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363. Through Nov. 6. . . . **SALLY MANN,** Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070. Through Nov. 6. . . . **NICHOLAS NIXON,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Through Nov. 20. . . . **BILL OWENS,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through Dec. 4. . . . **MAN RAY** and **FREDERICK SOMMER,** Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Both shows through Nov. 27. . . . **KUNIÉ SUGIURA,** Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. 255-8450. Through Nov. 27. . . . **WOLS,** Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727. Through Nov. 13.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Borden Auditorium and Hubbard Recital Hall at the Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St., 749-2802, ext. 428; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 501-3330.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Rebecca Evans, Susan Graham, Dwayne Croft, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; conducted by Edo de Waart. (Nov. 3 at 8 and Nov. 6 at 1:30.) . . . **AIDA,** with Sharon Sweet, Dolora Zajick, Richard Margison, and Juan Pons; Paul Nadler. (Nov. 4 and Nov. 8 at 8.) . . . The opening performances of a new production of Boito's **MEFISTOFELE** (the company's first since the 1925-26 season), with Samuel Ramey heading a cast that also includes Veronica Villarroel and Richard Leech; conducted by Mark Elder. (Nov. 5 and Nov. 9 at 8.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Eva Marton, Kristján Jóhannsson, and Mr. Pons; Daniel Oren. (Nov. 6 at 8:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Nov. 3 at 7:30 and Nov. 6 at 8: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 7:30 and Nov. 6 at 1:30: "The Abduction from the Seraglio," sung in English. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 8 and Nov. 9 at 7:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 1:30: "Falstaff." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Opening performances of "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Nov. 6 at 7:30 and Nov. 7 at 2:30. Through Nov. 28.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Colin Davis conducts Mozart's stand-alone Kyrie in D Minor (K. 341) and Michael Tippet's oratorio "A Child of Our Time," an ode against discrimination inspired by the events surrounding Kristallnacht and composed between 1939 and 1942; with soprano Deborah Riedel, mezzo-soprano Nora Gubisch, tenor Jerry Hadley, bass Robert Lloyd, and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 4 and Nov. 6 at 8 and Nov. 5 at 2.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S—Charles Mackerras leads Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 4 (with Hilary Hahn) and Symphony No. 31, as well as Beethoven's Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 3 at 8.)

MANNES ORCHESTRA—Samuel Wong leads Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol," Bright Sheng's "Flute Moon" (with flutist Eugenia Zukerman), Bartók's "The Miraculous Mandarin" Suite, and Busoni's "Turandot" Suite. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 3 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 875-5050.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson leads music celebrating New York City, with pianist and singer Bobby Short making a guest appearance. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 5 at 8.)

MET ORCHESTRA—James Levine conducts Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Cage's "Atlas Eclipticalis," Gunther Schuller's "Of Reminiscences and Reflections," Milhaud's "Le Boeuf sur le Toit," and Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 (featuring Evgeny Kissin). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 7 at 3.)

LES VIOLONS DU ROY—This Canadian chamber orchestra represents a combination rare in this era of specialization: a modern-instrument ensemble that specializes in playing Baroque music. In this concert, Bernard Labadie leads Farina's "Capriccio Stravagante"; concertos by Corelli, Vivaldi, and Handel; and vocal works by Vivaldi and Handel, featuring the soprano Karina Gauvin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 7 at 3.)

LAHTI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF FINLAND—At Avery Fisher Hall, Osmo Vänskä conducting. Nov. 7 at 3: An all-Sibelius concert, comprising "The Wood Nymph," the Violin Concerto (with Pekka Kuusisto), and the Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: Sibelius's "Finlandia" and Symphony No. 1, in addition to Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Christopher O'Riley).

JUPITER SYMPHONY—Jens Nygaard conducts Gounod's "Petite Symphonie," Poulenc's "Aubade" (featuring pianist Jerome Lowenthal), Ravel's arrangement of Debussy's "Sarabande et Tarantelle," and Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" Suite No. 1. (Good Shepherd Presbyterian Church, 152 W. 66th St. Nov. 8 at 2 and 7 and Nov. 9 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Riccardo Chailly conducts Varèse's "Arcana" and "Un Grand Sommeil Noir" (the latter arranged by Antony Beaumont from a piece originally scored for voice and piano, and here featuring contralto Ewa Podleś), in addition to Mahler's "Das Lied von der Erde" (with Ms. Podleś and tenor Donald Litaker). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 8 at 8.)

OSLO PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—In the first of two Carnegie Hall concerts, Mariss Jansons leads Verdi's Overture to "I Vespri Siciliani," Philip Glass's Violin Concerto (with Gidon Kremer), and Mahler's Symphony No. 1. (Nov. 9 at 8.)

MUSICA VIVA—As part of the ongoing "Poulenc-Plus!" festival, Walter Klauss directs the chorus and instrumental ensemble in Poulenc's "Le Bal Masqué," "Un Soir de Neige," and "Litanies de la Vierge Noire," in addition to works by his five colleagues in "Les Six"—Honegger, Milhaud, Georges Auric, Louis Durey, and Germaine Tailleferre—and their mentor, Erik Satie. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. 794-3646. Nov. 9 at 8.)

RECITALS

ITZHAK PERLMAN—The violinist, with pianist Rohan De Silva, offers a recital designed to recall the sort of programs offered by fiddlers of a century ago: a Handel sonata, Bruch's G-Minor Concerto (with a piano reduction, of course), and morsels—some in transcription—by Schumann, Brahms, Sarasate, Dvořák, Wieniawski, and Kreisler. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 3 at 8.)

SONIC BOOM FESTIVAL—New York's annual fall contemporary-music festival opens with a concert by the New York New Music Ensemble, playing pieces for musicians and machines, by Rand Steiger, Julia Wolfe, Michael Lowenstern, Steven Mackey (the première of his "Micro-Concerto for Percussion"), and Mario Davidovsky. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Nov. 3 at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200. The festival continues through Dec. 6, with each concert spotlighting a different modern-music group.)

Imagine being able to shop with a friend 3,000 miles away.

Only landsend.com lets you shop online with someone else, anywhere else. We call it Shop With A Friend™ And it lets each of you, at your own computer screen, simultaneously flip through our web site. Compare selections together, look at different colors, different outfits.

Try it with a friend, or family, or anyone.

www.landsend.com

© 1999 Lands' End, Inc.

Shop
with a
friend™

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS
www.landsend.com

Robert Taub—The pianist performs Beethoven's Sonatas in D Minor (Op. 31, No. 2), F Major (Op. 54), and B-Flat Major (Op. 106, the "Hammerklavier"). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Binchois Consort—The English early-music ensemble performs sacred music by Josquin des Près and his mid-Renaissance contemporaries and followers, including Jean Mouton and Adrian Willaert. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, enter at Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Mark Peskanov and pianist Paul Ostrovsky perform Bach's E-Major Violin Sonata, in a program that also includes piano quintets by Shostakovich and Brahms. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. Nov. 4 at 7:30 and Nov. 7 at 4.)

David Hurd—Playing organ works by Jean-Adam Guilain, Hindemith, and Vierne, as well as his own "Evening Song." (Church of the Holy Apostles, 296 Ninth Ave., at 28th St. Nov. 4 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Emmanuel Pahud—The Swiss-French flutist, who for the past six years has served as principal flutist of the Berlin Philharmonic (a chair formerly occupied by James Galway, who also used it to launch a solo career), plays sonatas by Poulenc and Franck, along with pieces by Debussy and Pierre Sancan. Pianist Eric Le Sage assists and also plays several solo works by French composers. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 4 at 8.)

American String Quartet—The foursome plays Beethoven's String Quartets in E-Flat Major (Op. 74) and C Minor (Op. 18, No. 4), as well as Ruth Crawford Seeger's Quartet for Strings. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music. Nov. 4 at 8.)

Mariana Karpatova—Even devoted enthusiasts of lieder are not likely to know a single Bulgarian art song. Ms. Karpatova, a mezzo-soprano selected by the Juilliard School to perform this year's Alice Tully Vocal Arts Debut Recital, offers an opportunity for that deficiency to be rectified, as her program includes songs (many incorporating the off-kilter rhythms characteristic of that nation's folk music) by four departed eminences of the Bulgarian classical music scene: Dobri Hristov, Dimiter Petkov, Georgi Zlatev-Cherkin, and Parashkev Hadjiev. Also on the program are pieces by Vivaldi, Schumann ("Frauenliebe und -leben"), Bizet, and Tchaikovsky. Pianist Speranza Scappucci assists. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 4 at 8.)

Bachmann-Klibonoff-Fridman Trio—Playing piano trios by Paul Schoenfield (his "Café Music") and Paul Moravec (his "Mood Swings"), as well as pieces by Gershwin, Copland, Corigliano, Michael Hersch, and Peter Schickele. Clarinettist Alan Kay assists. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. Nov. 5 at 7.)

Ruth Laredo—The pianist performs and discusses the music of Chopin. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 5 at 7.)

Claremont Ensemble—This newly formed twentieth-century-music group, overseen by conductor Glen Barton Cortese and composer Richard Danielpour, performs George Crumb's "Night of the Four Moons," Joseph Schwantner's "Distant Runes and Incantations," and Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music. Nov. 5 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musicians Accord—Presenting works on American historical subjects by the pianist and composer Amy Rubin, assisted by soprano Christine Schadeberg. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. Nov. 5 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Spotlight on Schumann—Pianist Anton Kuerti and several colleagues offer songs and chamber music by Schumann, including his Piano Quartet and Piano Quintet. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 6 at 7.)

Lyric Piano Quartet—Performing piano quartets by Martinů (his First), Turina, and Brahms (in G Minor). (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music. Nov. 6 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Prometheus Piano Quartet—The foursome offers piano quartets by Wladyslaw Zelenski and Brahms (in G Minor). (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Nov. 7 at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensemble—Members of the orchestra perform Hindemith's "Die Serenaden" (with soprano Gail Dobish); Beethoven's G-Major String Trio and his Quintet for Oboe, Three Horns, and Bassoon; and Copland's Violin Sonata (featuring violinist Glenn Dicterow and pianist Harriet Wingreen). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 7 at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Flutist Emmanuel Pahud assists members of the society in an all-French program comprising Saint-Saëns's Fantaisie for Violin and Harp; Debussy's Sonata for Flute, Viola, and Harp; André Jolivet's "Chant de Linos"; and Fauré's C-Minor Piano Quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 7 at 5 and Nov. 9 at 7:30.)

Alan Gampel—The pianist, a great-nephew of the late harpsichordist Wanda Landowska and himself a past winner of the Chopin Prize of Israel's Artur Rubinstein International Piano Competition, performs an all-Chopin recital that includes the Ballade No. 3 and Sonata No. 3. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 7 at 8.)

La Venexiana—Claudio Cavina directs the seven-member vocal and instrumental ensemble, which specializes in Italian music from the Middle Ages through the Baroque, in a program of Monteverdi madrigals. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Nov. 8 at 8. For information about tickets, call 800-627-0655.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Society—Premières of pieces by Louis Karchin, Tania León, and David McMullin, in addition to recent works by Martin Boykan, Oliver Knussen, and Morris Rosenzweig. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 9 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

National Horse Show—More than two hundred and fifty of the world's top equestrians bring their crops and boots and courage to town for the hundred-and-sixteenth edition of this annual event. Competing for three hundred thousand dollars in prize money, riders take turns jumping, gaiting, and riding sidesaddle. There will also be dressage and vaulting exhibitions, as well as displays of trick riding. Keep an eye out for Angelo Iodice, who as a child in the Bronx was inspired to ride by circus performers. One of his specialties is swinging under his horse's belly while it runs at full gallop. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 4-7.)

Readings—Nov. 3 at 7: By writers Ben Katchor, Jonathan Lethem, and Luc Sante, from their work. A cocktail reception, starting at 6, precedes the reading. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 7:30: By Fran Gordon, from her novel, "Paisley Girl." (Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: By poets Marie Ponsot and Karen Volkman. (Salzburger Parlor, Barnard Hall, Barnard College, Broadway at 117th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 7:30: By novelist A. Manette Ansay. (Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: By poets Henri Cole, Alfred Corn, Thom Gunn, Susan Howe, and Stanley Kunitz, from the poetry of Hart Crane. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

Talks—Nov. 9 at 5: Artist Jenny Saville discusses the human figure. (New York Academy of Art, 111 Franklin St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 7: Susan Hirschman, editor-in-chief and founder of Greenwillow Books, talks about her more than twenty-five years of publishing children's books. (Teachers and Writers Collaborative, 5 Union Square W. Tickets at the door.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Queens of the Night

It's not all that surprising that Patti Smith, the seventies punk goddess, reportedly unleashed some divalike behavior recently when she demanded that Tower Books remove a poster for a reading from her biography, **Patti Smith: An Unauthorized Biography** (Simon & Schuster), by Roberta Bayley and Victor Bockris. The authors point out that in 1976 the fiery rocker was described in *Creem* as a "genuine Madwoman of Chaillot offering a fistful of debauchery," and this is only one of the many lively descriptions of the noodle-bodied rocker they dredge up. Everyone from Deborah Harry to the late Robert Mapplethorpe weighs in with fascination (and occasional disgust) for the singer and her poetic tongue, not least of all Smith, who has described herself as a "chameleon," a "sexpot," and a "human alarm clock."

Patti Smith

LARA TOMLIN

Another legendary vocalist, Aretha Franklin, tells her own story, with the editorial guidance of David Ritz, in her autobiography, **Aretha: From These Roots** (Villard). Even as a ten-year-old gospel singer, performing her first solo for a congregation of fifteen hundred, Franklin possessed the self-confident stage swagger that would later land her gigs at the Copacabana. When she débuted at the Apollo, she recalls, Redd Foxx gave her backstage lessons in full, ladylike bows; the instruction proved useful when she was anointed Queen of Soul at Chicago's Regal Theatre. "The only queens I had known of were Dinah Washington and Elizabeth I and II," she writes.

In **Blues Legacies and Black Feminism** (Vintage), Angela Y. Davis takes a scholarly approach to the work of Gertrude (Ma) Rainey, Bessie Smith, and Billie Holiday. Her analysis of blues lyrics shows how finger-wagging songs like "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues" ("You never get nothing by being an angel child / You'd better change your ways and get real wild") were revolutionary in broaching such taboo subjects as sexual freedom and male dominance, and how the women performing them were just as radical. When Bessie Smith sang the blues, decked out in "full Empress regalia," one devotee says, she was "bold, beautiful, outrageously out of line, and impossible to forget."

Books.

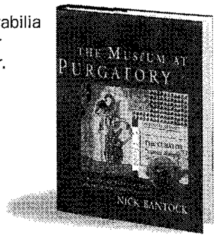
[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

Leaf through New Fiction

THE MUSEUM AT PURGATORY

by Nick Bantock

The bestselling author of *Griffin & Sabine* ventures into the netherworld with an imagined catalog of the museum at Purgatory. Fantastic documents, altered engravings, drawings, photographs, and other memorabilia supplement this fascinatingly bizarre tour conducted by Non, the museum's curator. (HarperCollins)



Pub. Price: $25.00

Discount **20%**

Our Price: $20.00

SWEET ST. LOUIS

by Omar Tyree

When Sharron Francis meets Anthony Poole—a man who rocks her world—she begins to contemplate questions of companionship and commitment. He, on the other hand, is looking for a more casual affair. The relationship takes some unexpected turns as the characters face the consequences of their choices in a new novel from the acclaimed author of *A Do Right Man.*
(Simon & Schuster)

Sweet St. Louis
Omar Tyree

Pub. Price: $24.00

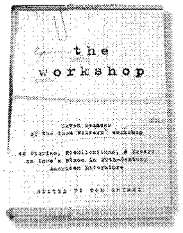
Discount **20%**

Our Price: $19.20

THE WORKSHOP

edited by Tom Grimes

With a roster of respected authors that has included Flannery O'Connor and Jane Smiley, the Iowa Writers' Workshop remains at the pinnacle of creative writing programs. Stories, essays and observations on the writing life that stem from the program's seven decades are represented in this inspiring collection.
(Hyperion)



Pub. Price: $30.00

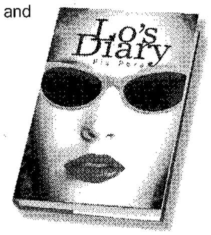
Discount **20%**

Our Price: $24.00

LO'S DIARY

by Pia Pera

Vladimir Nabokov's classic novel *Lolita* is retold in the words of the nymphet herself. In this controversial international bestseller, Pia Pera shows us the world through Lo's eyes, exploring the themes of seducer and seduced, sexuality and obsession, truth and perception.
(Fox Rock)



Pub. Price: $22.95

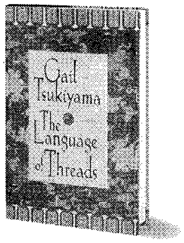
Discount **20%**

Our Price: $18.36

THE LANGUAGE OF THREADS

by Gail Tsukiyama

In the sequel to her acclaimed debut novel *Women of the Silk,* Gail Tsukiyama continues the moving and unforgettable story of Pei, who arrives in Hong Kong in the 1930s with a young orphan in her care. In this dramatic story of survival in the face of historic upheaval, the author creates a powerful portrait of women fighting the forces of cruelty, violence and war.
(St. Martin's Press)



Pub. Price: $23.95

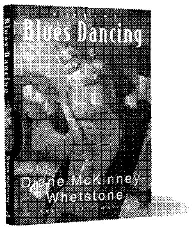
Discount **20%**

Our Price: $19.16

BLUES DANCING

by Diane McKinney-Whetstone

Verdi is a pampered and protected southern girl until she heads off to college in Philadelphia, where she falls in love with a city boy—and with heroin. Twenty years later, her life nearly back on track, temptation beckons once again in a tale of desire and redemption by the author of *Tempest Rising.*
(Morrow)



Pub. Price: $24.00

Discount **20%**

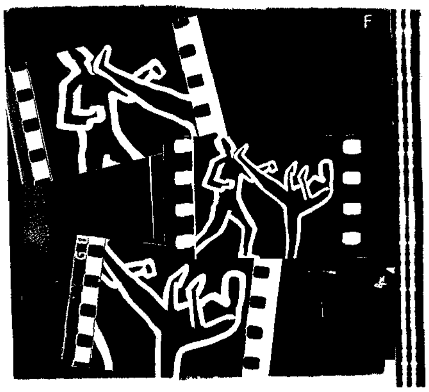
Our Price: $19.20

BARNES & NOBLE

shop online at bn.com *or visit our stores*

© 1999 Barnes & Noble, Inc.

Prices effective at store locations through 11/17/99



THE MOVIES

OPENING

American Movie—Chris Smith's documentary about Mark Borchardt, a filmmaker at work on a low-budget film. Opening Nov. 5. (Film Forum.)

The Bachelor—A single man (Chris O'Donnell) must find a bride within twenty-four hours in order to collect a large inheritance. With Renée Zellweger. Directed by Gary Sinyor. Opening Nov. 5. (Cinema I, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Bone Collector—A thriller about two police officers who search for a serial killer. With Denzel Washington and Angelina Jolie, directed by Phillip Noyce. Opening Nov. 5. (84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Insider—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Nov. 5.

Last Night—Don McKellar's film about how a group of people spend their last six hours on Earth. Opening Nov. 5. (Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

My Best Fiend—Klaus Kinski—See caption on page 26. Opening Nov. 3.

Portraits Chinois—Martine Dugowson's story of nine friends in Paris. With Helena Bonham Carter. In French. Opening Nov. 5. (Quad Cinema.)

Rosetta—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Nov. 5. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Train of Life—A group of French Jews in 1941 plot to outwit the advancing Nazis in this film written and directed by Radu Mihaileanu. In French. Opening Nov. 3. (Lincoln Square and Village East Cinemas.)

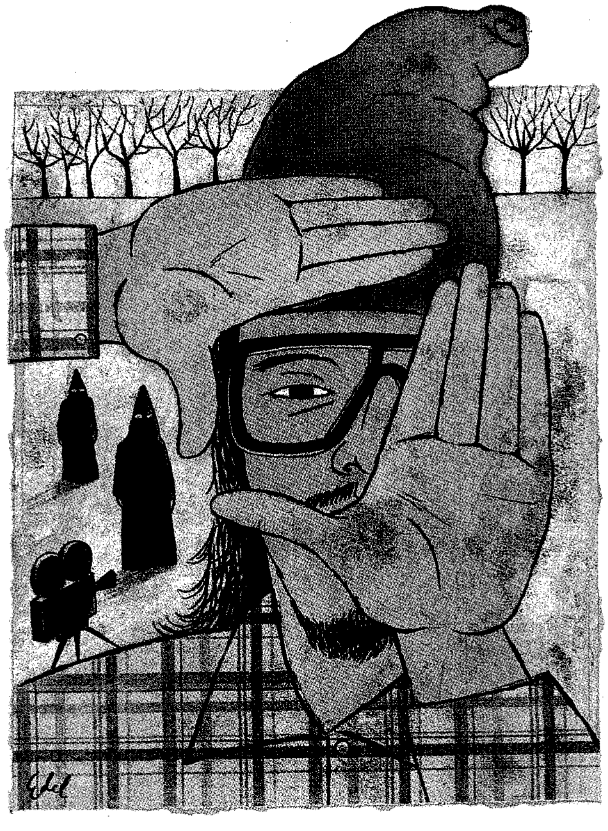
FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

American Beauty—This amazing and impassioned fantasia about American loneliness begins as satire and ends with a vision of the sublime. The defeated suburban patriarch Lester Burnham (Kevin Spacey), condemned by his withdrawn daughter (Thora Birch) and his hyperorganized wife (Annette Bening), drops out of his job and misbehaves badly. After Lester's marriage gets blown apart by squalls of comic contempt, the movie, which was written by Alan Ball and directed by the British theatre maestro Sam Mendes (it's his first film), opens up and takes in Lester's suburban territory—the dissatisfactions of the business-mad nineties, in which the gospel of selfishness leaves people clenched and isolated. The bitter satirical riffs slowly give way to a mystical appreciation of the vagrant beauty trapped beneath the surface of life.—*David Denby* (9/20/99) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Beekman, Kips Bay Theatres, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Avalon (1990)—In legend, Avalon is an earthly paradise. The writer-director Barry Levinson uses the name as his Rosebud: it's carved into the façade of the castlelike Baltimore apartment house where the five Krichinsky brothers, Jews who emigrated from Eastern Europe before the First World War, make their first American home. In Levinson's view, those early years were a golden age. The film is set mostly during his own childhood, in the late forties, when his parents move to the suburbs, and TV breaks up the clan's social patterns, and the surviving brothers have divided into feuding factions. The scattered fine comic moments don't make up for the wide streak of fuddy-duddyism in the notion that the family used to be the bulwark of the nation's value system. The cast includes Armin Mueller-Stahl, Aidan Quinn, Joan Plowright, and Elizabeth Perkins.—*Pauline Kael* (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 8.)

Being John Malkovich—An out-of-work puppeteer (John Cusack), his pet-loving girlfriend (Cameron Diaz), and a cynical office worker (Catherine Keener) take turns entering the head of the actor John Malkovich, where they remain for fifteen minutes at a time, experiencing everything he does, before being deposited with a whoosh beside the New Jersey Turnpike. This fantastic weightless comedy (sci-fi without the future or rockets or bad consequences), which was written by Charlie Kaufman and directed by Spike Jonze, plays with notions of celebrity worship and gender reversal, but the best thing about it is the genially deadpan style of its most absurd inventions. No great fuss is made about the launching pad for the Malkovich invasions, which is an office with ceilings so low that everyone must stoop. There are wonderful jokes—such as a monkey with bad memories, and Malkovich, possessed, doing spastic riffs equal to Steve Martin's in "All of Me." To see this actor who is known for his insolent equipoise literally freaking out is one of the more satisfying sights of the year.—*D.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and Village Theatre VII.)



Opening Nov. 5, Chris Smith's "American Movie."

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

The Best Man—A sleek and somewhat sophisticated ensemble comedy by first-time writer-director Malcolm Lee. His frankly commercial idea—a "My Best Friend's Wedding" type of movie with some "Big Chill" background and Woody Allen references—concerns a group of reunited college friends, one of whom has written a novel based on their lives together. There's the standard lap-dancing bachelor party and who's-been-faithful-to-whom fodder, but the great-looking cast—Taye Diggs, Nia Long, Morris Chestnut, and particularly Terrence Howard (who steals the movie with his doggin' around)—turns it all into a finely tuned date movie.—*Bruce Diones* (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the material.—*P.K.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Nov. 6.)

Boys Don't Cry—A delicately conceived but fearless movie. In small-town Nebraska, a young woman named Teena Brandon (Hilary Swank) clips her hair into a butch cut, flattens her breasts, puts on boys' clothes and a boy's swagger, and passes in the world as Brandon Teena, handsome young dude. What she feels is pure exhilaration, the excitement of leaving her past behind and becoming a lover; what we feel is dismay and fear. Brandon falls in with a group of derelict, white-trash kids and attracts the languid beauty Lana (Chloë Sevigny), who allows herself to think that Brandon is a man—with inevitably disastrous results. The movie is a fine, terrifying tragic poem that is also, at times, subversively funny: the women who like Brandon seem to want the feminine as well as the masculine in a lover. Director Kimberly Peirce, who wrote the screenplay with Andy Bienen, embraces a full-bodied lyrical realism in which nothing is exaggerated but nothing is avoided either. With Peter Sarsgaard and Brendan Sexton III as two mangy ex-cons, and Jeannetta Arnette as Lana's boozing mom, who desperately hopes that everything will come out all right. Based on actual events, which were the subject last year of a documentary called "The Brandon Teena Story."—*D.D.* (10/18-25/99) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Union Square.)

Bringing Out the Dead—The prospect of Martin Scorsese's teaming up with Paul Schrader—his screenwriter on "Taxi Driver" and other pictures—for a return to New York is a hugely enticing one. This time, the means of

I WILL NOT LET MARKET FLUCTUATIONS DERAIL MY LONG-TERM OBJECTIVES.

CAROLYN PADIAL-MUNCAN
FIDELITY INVESTOR

Fidelity Investments®

WE HELP YOU **INVEST RESPONSIBLY℠**

FIDELITY BLUE CHIP GROWTH FUND

ONE YEAR	FIVE YEAR	[illegible]
27.70%	**21.41%**	**19.96%**

Returns as of 9/30/9[illegible] Past performance [illegible]

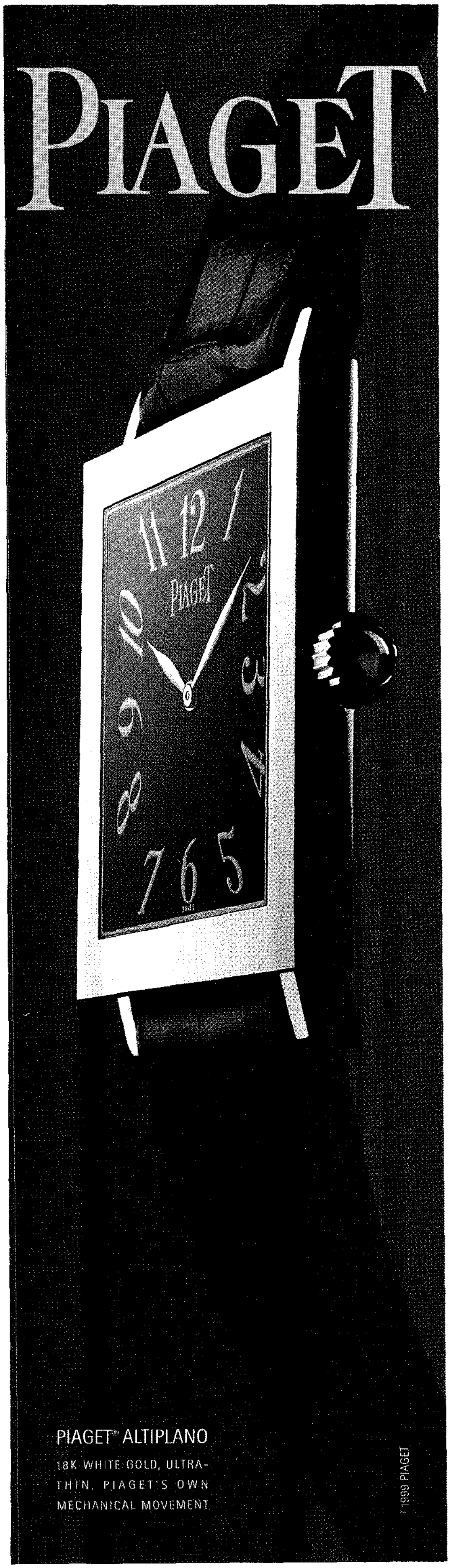
Long-term thinking is smart, especially if you're considering Blue Chips. If you own a large group, one or two may stumble, but the group in total has historically stood the test of time. The Fidelity Blue Chip Growth Fund looks for established, well-known companies that can continue to grow. Only you can decide which funds are right for your portfolio, but see what Fidelity money management excellence can do for you.

— PETER LYNCH

FOR THE **FIDELITY BLUE CHIP GROWTH FUND FACT KIT** VISIT **FIDELITY.COM** OR

CALL 1-800-FIDELITY

Ms. Padial-Muncan is a Fidelity customer and was compensated.
For more complete information on any Fidelity fund, call for a free prospectus and read it carefully before investing.
TDD SERVICE: 1-800-544-0118 for the deaf and hearing-impaired 9 a.m. – 9 p.m. ET.
*Average annual total returns include changes in share price and reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. Share price and return will vary and you may have a gain or loss when you sell your shares. Fidelity Distributors Corporation.
82534


PIAGET
PIAGET™ ALTIPLANO
18K WHITE GOLD, ULTRA-THIN. PIAGET'S OWN MECHANICAL MOVEMENT
©1999 PIAGET

BACHENDORF'S
DALLAS' FINEST DESIGNER JEWELER
GALLERIA LEVEL 1 972/392-9900
PLAZA AT PRESTON CENTER 214/692-8400
PRESTON PARK VILLAGE, PLANO 972/596-2090

transport is an ambulance rather than a taxi, and the hero is a weary paramedic by the name of Frank Pierce (Nicolas Cage). Frank keeps losing more patients than he saves; indeed, his world has gone into decline before the story even begins, and Cage's dour, dark-eyed resignation sits uneasily with the restive, high-energy look of the film. It's not so much plotted as peopled with recurring figures, both alive and dead: a practicing lunatic, a young asthma sufferer who dies in Frank's arms, and a numb ex-junkie named Mary Burke (Patricia Arquette), who just won't leave him alone. Then there are the other paramedics, played by John Goodman, Tom Sizemore, and Ving Rhames. Of these, only Rhames takes the movie by the throat and finds the black farce within it, mocking the somnolence (and the lyrical voice-overs) that prevails elsewhere. This could only be a Scorsese film; nobody else can get off on the stimuli of a city with quite such panache. As for the identity of the city, that's another matter; few New Yorkers will recognize the round-the-clock hellhole in which the picture dwells. Stuck in the days of "Taxi Driver," it's more of a period piece than a contemporary drama; could Scorsese ever imagine streets that were not mean? Would we want him to?—*Anthony Lane* (11/1/99) (Astor Plaza, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

The City—David Riker's stunning first feature—four short films that dramatize the Latin-American immigrant experience in New York—is a quiet, unpolitical, reflective study of dreams and devastation. The nonprofessional actors and unresolved story lines give the film the feeling of an unfinished documentary, which allows the audience to carry over the various characters' anxieties from story to story. Shot in black-and-white, Riker's neorealistic imagery is subtle and quite moving. In Spanish and English.—*B.D.* (American Museum of the Moving Image and Quad Cinema.)

Double Jeopardy—This revenge fantasy isn't believable for an instant, but it provides basic emotional satisfactions, and it's become a hit. Ashley Judd gets sent to prison for the murder of her embezzling handsome rotter of a husband, Bruce Greenwood. When she realizes he's still alive—he staged the whole thing and set her up—she becomes a single-minded avenger, a woman without fear. Director Bruce Beresford brings some delicate character touches to the material and enough space for the moods to ripen, though you may catch yourself wishing that Hitchcock could take over and provide a little wit. Tommy Lee Jones is the parole officer who falls in love with Judd's courage.—*D.D.* (Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Fight Club—A grunge rhapsody on fascist, sadomasochistic, and homoerotic themes. Edward Norton's alienated office worker becomes the protégé of Brad Pitt, a happy-go-lucky warrior who vanquishes the inner nerd in other men (in a high point of generosity, he pours acid on Norton's hand). Since the two men enjoy brawling in the street, they open up an organization they call "fight club," in which other alienated men happily beat, gouge, and batter one another. Soon there are fight clubs all over the country and groups of proudly lacerated believers who recognize one another by their purple bruises. The director, David Fincher, attains a mood of sardonic disaffection; the camera is rambunctious and alive, the lighting viciously dark. But this fantasia, for all its skill, is ridiculous and even boring. We're meant to take the male bonding and the blood rituals as a protest against the sterility of corporate life and modern design, but Fincher's sadomasochistic kicks overwhelm any possible social critique. With Helena Bonham Carter, a tiny, pale Expressionist vamp, who sleeps with the two men—a beard, as it were. Written by Jim Uhls, from the novel by Chuck Palahniuk.—*D.D.* (10/18-25/99) (Criterion Center, East 86th Street Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, 62nd & Broadway, and Union Square.)

The Limey—In Steven Soderbergh's latest picture, Terence Stamp plays Wilson, a British criminal who arrives in Los Angeles to investigate the fate of his late daughter. His inquiries, which feel both bland and underhanded, lead him to Terry Valentine (Peter Fonda), a record producer with a house in the hills and a millionaire's tan. The film is restless, given to mysterious bursts of imagined violence, and yet not much happens: as expected, the hero takes his revenge, but the motives of his victims remain veiled, and even Wilson's own grief seems cheapened by his casual termination of other lives. The movie has both the shimmer and the vacancy of an exercise in style; most beguiling by far are the scenes from Wilson's past, which Soderbergh has actually lifted from "Poor Cow," Ken Loach's 1967 film that featured Terence Stamp. It's as if the actor has only ever existed inside the movies.—*A.L.* (10/11/99) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

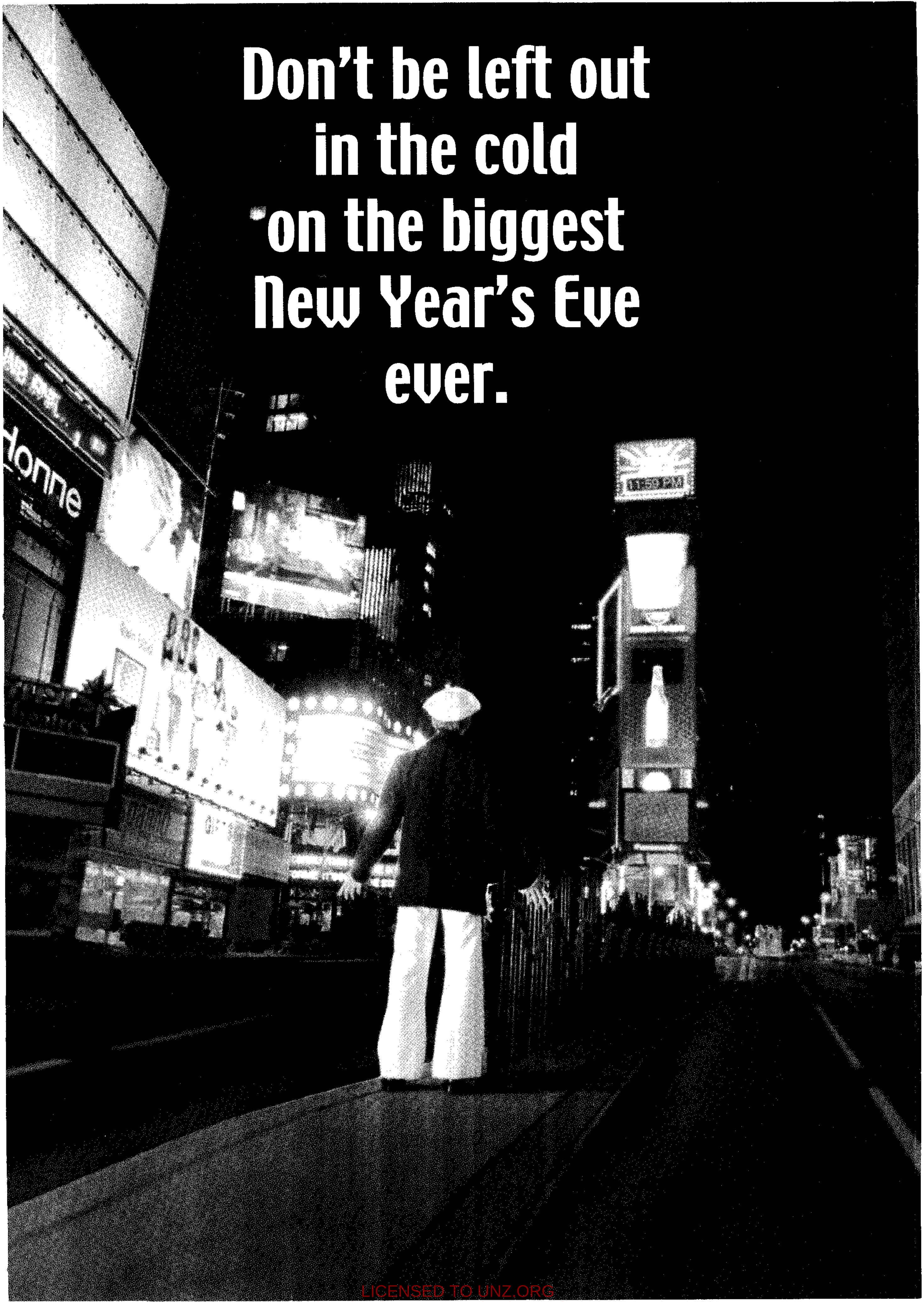
River of No Return (1954)—During the gold rush of the eighteen-seventies, the Rockies are in full bloom—and so is Marilyn Monroe. Too bad all she's playing is a singer

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.


Don't be left out
in the cold
on the biggest
New Year's Eve
ever.
11:59 PM

Andrea Bocelli
Sting
Aretha Franklin
Enrique Iglesias
Tom Jones

THE PERFECT PLACE TO STEP FROM THIS MILLENNIUM INTO THE NEXT

The Party of the Century

DECEMBER 31, 1999

The Javits Center • New York City

Where will you be on the most significant New Year's Eve of your life?

Celebration 2000's Party of the Century will be *the* place to be when the clock strikes midnight on December 31, 1999. This millennium celebration offers a wish list of headline entertainers performing in a twelve hour entertainment extravaganza on four stages throughout New York City's Jacob Javits Center.

The Party's VIP menu has been designed by four-star chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten and will be prepared and served by the staff of Tentatíon, Potel & Chabot.

An experience to be talked about for a lifetime.

2000™
CELEBRATION

Produced for C2000 LLC by Steven Leber and Jordan Leber

Your Ticket to the Party of the Century

AMERICAN EXPRESS® Cards

For information and tickets call toll-free 1-877-556-2000 or 212-563-2266
www.celebration2000.com

thrown together with a single father (Robert Mitchum) and his son (Tommy Rettig) in perilous Indian country. In this cross between a frontier musical and a post-"Shane" Western fable, Monroe sees through her rotten husband (Rory Calhoun), while Rettig learns that sometimes you have to shoot a man in the back (an act that had landed Mitchum's character in prison). Still, no one understood CinemaScope better than the director, Otto Preminger, even in this glorified Viewmaster of a movie. (The gorgeous views are of Canada's Banff and Jasper National Parks.)—*Michael Sragow* (Miller Theatre; Nov. 8.)

The Story of Us—Rob Reiner, usually one of the most nimble and versatile of directors, loses his footing with this tale of declining love. The marriage of Ben and Katie Jordan (Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer) has been sliding steadily downward for fifteen years, although, for those of us in the audience, it feels like a whole lot longer. The movie begins with pained bickering and ends with an unconvincing reconciliation in a parking lot, during which the Jordans agree to forget their differences and go out for Chinese food. The bulk of the movie is more of the same mood swings, dotted with flashbacks to the early days, when love was fresh and Katie was blow-dried to resemble a Charlie's Angel. Reiner tries numerous devices to enliven the proceedings, including musical montages, dirty lunch talk between the Jordans and their friends (played by Julie Hagerty, Rita Wilson, Paul Reiser, and Reiner himself), and—always a sign of last resort—a picture-book trip to Venice. Willis and Pfeiffer, who should be flinty enough to strike sparks off each other, look glum and stony about the whole affair. All in all, a compelling argument for divorce.—*A.L.* (11/1/99) (Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Street Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Union Square, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

The Straight Story—By way of a comic coda to the violent "Lost Highway," David Lynch has confounded all expectations and come up with a movie about a lawnmower. The model in question, a gas-guzzling 1966 John Deere, is ridden by the elderly Alvin Straight (who was a real person, but it's a perfect Lynch name) all the way from Laurens, Iowa, to Mt. Zion, Wisconsin, on a mission of mercy to his brother, Lyle. The result is a perplexing blend of the ornery and the ornate; Richard Farnsworth plays Alvin as a stubbornly decent sort, while Lynch riddles his journey with bursts of calculated strangeness—including a house ablaze by the side of the road, attended by firemen who might have stepped out of "Blue Velvet." The film is more crooked, in short, than the title would suggest, though it is also more sentimental; if Lynch is laying aside his power to shock, he has yet to discover what would most fruitfully take its place.—*A.L.* (11/1/99) (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, Cinema I, and Lincoln Square.)

Strange Cargo (1940)—Strange is putting it mildly. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the amorous stars of this hilariously steamy melodrama set in a French penal colony. Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas are the cutthroat villains. There's also a Mysterious Stranger. You might as well know the worst: right in the middle of a convict's escape, with his girlfriend bustling along, up turns the Messiah. The Presence, in human guise (Ian Hunter), leads to the most untoward spiritual spasms; even the most hardened mystics may blush. Frank Borzage directed.—*P.K.* (A Different Light Bookstore; Nov. 7.)

Viva Villa! (1934)—There's an extraordinary iconography to this patchy bio-pic of Pancho Villa, with peons hanging barefoot from gallows, and a makeshift army in bandoliers and sombreros galloping through vast arid expanses or steaming into sun-washed towns on a locomotive. The screenwriter, Ben Hecht, had envisioned a two-sided rendering

TANTRIC SEX
IS A NO BRAINER FOR
A WHISKY MAN.

Patience and control are crucial in the single malt business. A whisky man can come up with a great idea and not know whether or not it works until he's long since retired.

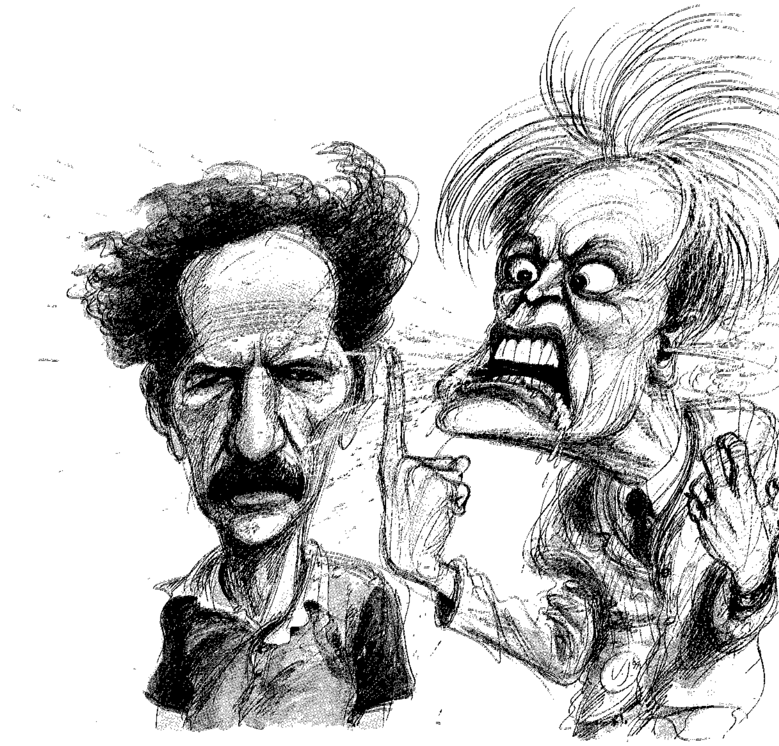
Glenfiddich Ancient Reserve 18 Year Old is an idea we started a long time ago and just finished. It is a marriage between an oak-matured single-malt and one that's been matured in an Oloroso sherry cask.

And a decent majority of the whisky critics who moonlight as our employees think it may very well be the best Glenfiddich yet.

Glenfiddich®
18 YEAR OLD SINGLE MALT

40% ALC.BY VOL. IMPORTED BY WILLIAM GRANT & SONS NEW YORK, NY. MATURITY IMPROVES EVERYTHING YOU DRINK

WWW.GLENFIDDICH.COM



CLASH OF TITANS: *"There was a big problem with Kinski," the director Werner Herzog says, more than once, in his new film, "My Best Fiend—Klaus Kinski," talking about the five movies he and the actor made together between 1972 and 1987. Kinski died in 1991, and this documentary is Herzog's attempt to come to terms with his relationship with the troubled man who was his friend, tormentor, alter ego, and the only actor megalomaniacal enough to play such Herzogian antiheroes as Aguirre, Fitzcarraldo, and Nosferatu. The documentary, opening November 3 at Film Forum, offers clips from the movies as well as footage of Kinski's on-set ravings, and the madness looks very much the same in both. Were the explosive moods, the death threats, the gunshots worth it? "The only thing that counted was what you see on the screen," the director maintains. Still, for both men, the personal price, like many of Herzog's tortuous landscapes, was steep.*

VICTOR JUHASZ

of revolution in Mexico, centered on the bond between the charismatic people's leader Villa (played by Wallace Beery) and a cynical American reporter (a precursor to Arthur Kennedy in "Lawrence of Arabia"). But when Lee Tracy, the actor playing the journalist, was fired for (as the story goes) urinating on Mexican cadets from his hotel balcony in Mexico City, the producer, David O. Selznick, shut down the production and rejiggered it, substituting the light comic Stuart Erwin for Tracy and Jack Conway for Howard Hawks, the original director. Apart from James Wong Howe's electric cinematography, what was left was (in Hawks's words) "Wallace Beery playing Santa Claus."—*M.S.* (Walter Reade Theatre; Nov. 8.)

ALSO PLAYING

THE ASTRONAUT'S WIFE: Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **BLACK CAT, WHITE CAT:** Cinema Village. . . . **BODY SHOTS:** Cinema 3rd Avenue, East 86th Street Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **BUENA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB:** BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **CRAZY IN ALABAMA:** Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE DINNER GAME:** Cinema Village, 59th Street East Cinema, Metro Cinema, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas. . . . **DREAMING OF JOSEPH LEES:** Union Square. . . . **EARTH:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **L'ENNUI:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **THE GRANDFATHER:** Sutton. . . . **HAPPY, TEXAS** (reviewed in our issue of 10/11/99): Union Square. . . . **THE HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL:** Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, State, and Union Square. . . . **THE LEGEND OF 1900:** Paris and Union Square. . . . **LUCIE AUBRAC:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema. . . . **MAN OF THE CENTURY:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **MICKEY BLUE EYES:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MUSIC OF THE HEART:** Chelsea West, Criterion Center, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Gotham Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre and Village Theatre VII. . . . **PRINCESS MONONOKE:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square. . . . **RANDOM HEARTS:** Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Union Square. . . . **ROMANCE** (9/27/99): Quad Cinema and Sutton. . . . **SAME OLD SONG:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **SHOW ME LOVE:** Quad Cinema. . . . **THE SIXTH SENSE** (8/23-30/99): Cinema II, Criterion Center, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **THE SUBURBANS:** Lincoln Square and Union Square. . . . **THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT:** Union Square. . . . **THREE KINGS** (10/4/99): Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **THREE TO TANGO:** Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Criterion Center, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **WEST BEIRUT** (9/6/99): The Screening Room. . . . **THE WINSLOW BOY** (5/17/99): Art Greenwich Twin. . . . **WOMEN:** Eastside Playhouse.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through Nov. 11: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938, Alfred Hitchcock) and "The 39 Steps" (1935, Hitchcock).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of new films from Germany; most in German, with English subtitles. Nov. 4 at 2:30 and Nov. 5 at 6: "Jew-Boy Levi" (Didi Danquart). . . . Nov. 4 at 6 and Nov. 6 at 5: "Aimée & Jaguar" (Max Färberböck). . . . Nov. 5 at 2:30 and Nov. 7 at 2: "Opera Fanatic" (Jan Schmidt-Garre; in English and Italian). . . . Nov. 5 at 8:15 and Nov. 7 at 5: "killer.berlin.doc." (Tina Ellerkamp and Jörg Heitman; in German and English). . . . Nov. 6 at 2: "The Shoe" (Laila Pakalnina; in Latvian and Russian). . . . Nov. 8 at 3: "Places in the City" (Angela Schanelec; in German and French). . . . Nov. 9 at 2:30: "The Hitler Phenomenon—Deception and Reality" (Irmgard von zur Mühlen). . . . Nov. 9 at 6: "Jacob the Liar" (Fred Beyer). . . . ¶ A program of silent films, 1893 to 1928, from the museum's collection. Nov. 4 at 3, Nov. 6 at 2, and Nov. 9 at 3: Two different programs of films made by the Edison Company. . . . Nov. 6 at 5 and Nov. 9 at 3: A program of films made at the Vitagraph Company. . . . Nov. 7 at 2: A program of films made by D. W. Griffith at the Biograph Studio in 1911. . . . Nov. 7 at 5: "The Oyster Princess" (1919, Ernst Lubitsch). . . . Nov. 9 at 6: "Erotikon" (1920, Mauritz Stiller; with Swedish intertitles). . . . ¶ Three films directed by Barry Levinson. Nov. 8 at noon: "Diner" (1982). . . . Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Tin Men" (1987). . . . Nov. 8 at 6: "Avalon" (†).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Nov. 4 at 7: "Passion" (1982, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). . . . Nov. 6-7 at 2: "Pippi Longstocking" (1997, Clive Smith). . . . Nov. 8 at 2 and 6:15: "Viva Villa!" (†). . . . Nov. 8 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Scarface" (1932, Howard Hawks).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770)—Films directed by Bo Widerberg; in Swedish, with English subtitles. Nov. 3: "Raven's End" (1963). . . . Nov. 4: "Love 65" (1965). . . . Nov. 5: "The Adalen Riots" (1969). . . . Nov. 6: "Elvira Madigan" (1967). . . . Nov. 7: "All Things Fair" (1995). . . . Nov. 9: "Stubby" (1974). . . . ¶ Nov. 8: "Platinum Blonde" (1931, Frank Capra).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of films featuring Katharine Hepburn. Nov. 6 at 1: "A Bill of Divorcement" (†). . . . Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Alice Adams" (1935, George Stevens). . . . Nov. 6 at 4:30: "Sylvia Scarlett" (1935, George Cukor). . . . Nov. 7 at 2: "Stage Door" (1937, Gregory La Cava). . . . Nov. 7 at 4: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938, Howard Hawks).

A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Nov. 7 at 7, the feature will be "Strange Cargo" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 9 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "The School of Flesh" (1998, Benoît Jacquot; in French).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Nov. 4 at 7, Nov. 6 at 4, and Nov. 7 at 2 and 7:30: "Stalker" (1979, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian). . . . Nov. 5 at 7: "The Sacrifice" (1986, Tarkovsky; in Russian). . . . Nov. 5 at 10, Nov. 6 at 2, and Nov. 7 at 5: "Directed by Andrei Tarkovsky" (1988, Michal Leszczylowski), a documentary. . . . Nov. 6 at 7:30: "Andrei Roublev" (1966, Tarkovsky; in Russian).

MILLER THEATRE, Broadway at 116th St. (854-7799)—Nov. 8 at 6: "River of No Return" (†). . . . Nov. 8 at 8: "Cape Fear" (1961, J. Lee Thompson).

LINCOLN SQUARE, Broadway at 68th St.—The Third Annual Shorts International Film Festival will be held Nov. 8-11. (For information, call 343-9598.)

Now you can search the world's auction houses, you're bound to find it.

That missing '64 Strat. Possibly Hank's. It's the lost chord in your collection.

Now you can track it down, check its value, place a bid and it could be yours.

All on our site. To date we've gathered together over 300 top auction houses, antique dealers and art galleries online.

You can already choose from some 20,000 lots - that's millions of pounds worth of highly desirable objects.

You can search through our auction house catalogs for sales coming up anywhere around the globe. And browse through our extensive archives and reference guides to find out what you should be paying. Then you can bid online to your heart's content.

Reassuringly, you are buying the best products from the most reputable auction houses, dealers and galleries in the world.

That's music to your ears.

icollector
www.icollector.com

Redefining the art of collecting.

The Internet: bringing people, ideas and really nice pens together.

Irresistible watches, pens, jewelry, fragrances, leather goods and other fine accessories from over 150 world-class brands. All just a click away.

ASHFORD.COM
All the stuff you really, really want.

www.ashford.com / 1·888·999·4645 / aol keyword: ashford.com

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT

Stay tuned for more of the same.

Although Joseph E. Marshall has counselled members of street gangs for many years, he was unprepared for his own virtual mugging. Marshall runs the Omega Boys Club, in San Francisco, and, since 1991, he and Margaret J. Norris, the club's director of academics, have been the hosts of the radio program "Street Soldiers," broadcast on KMEL-FM. The show tries to serve as a sort of electronic parent, talking and listening to violence-prone or victimized youths. (One eleven-year-old girl called in to say, "My father is drunk and he beats me.") "Street Soldiers" once reached half a million listeners nationwide. It was celebrated in the press and in Washington, where its fans included everyone from Dick Armey to Ron Dellums. Marshall even received a MacArthur Foundation "genius grant," of two hundred and ninety thousand dollars, most of which he donated to Omega and to a violence-prevention and scholarship foundation he runs.

Then, in July, KMEL's Dallas-based parent company merged with another company and became AMFM, the nation's largest radio-station-group owner, with four hundred and sixty-five stations, and Marshall and Norris were informed that their show was off the air. The station manager, Daniel L. Haight, explains that KMEL's ratings were falling, and so he decided to cancel what he calls the station's "special" programming and replace it with a more profitable all-music format.

That decision is not likely to be reversed. Last month, AMFM, Inc., itself agreed to merge, for twenty-three and a half billion dollars, with Clear Channel, a San Antonio-based company run by L. Lowry Mays. The deal would make Clear Channel the world's fourth-largest media company, after Time Warner, Disney, and Viacom, and the largest radio-station owner in the nation, with more than eight hundred stations, and outlets in forty-seven of the top fifty markets.

It would be too facile to say that the merger threatens to produce an economic monopoly; one of the paradoxes of the communications industry is that, while fewer corporate giants now own more media, the Internet and digital technology offer consumers more choices. But, according to Reed Hundt, the former F.C.C. chairman, in most cities a couple of radio-group owners share close to half the advertising revenue, and control of advertising dollars leads to control of programming. More and more programming decisions are made by financial engineers, not broadcasters, and they are made centrally, not locally. So the real threat is to diversity, and to a public trust that has been implicit in broadcasting since its inception.

The basic rules for broadcasting were set by the 1927 Radio Act. Herbert Hoover, then the Secretary of Commerce, fought for a provision requiring some public-interest programming—local news, children's shows, community-based formats—in exchange for a license to use the public airwaves. That provision was more or less honored until the deregulating days of the Reagan Administration, when government began to ease off. Certainly, radio stations have always worried less about public trust than about market performance, but the new era has removed any trace of pretense. Lowry Mays, sounding more like Babbitt than like a traditional broadcaster, told *Business Week* when the AMFM-Clear Channel merger was announced, "Our customers want to sell products. We sell their products."

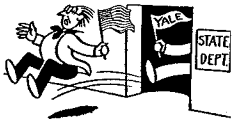
The trouble with newspaper chains, like Gannett, which drive their newsrooms to meet high, double-digit profit margins, is that in the process they often lose the very elements—foreign coverage, investigative reporting—that make a newspaper vital. In the case of profit-driven radio, what is lost are programs like "Street Soldiers," which today is heard only in small and medium-sized markets, mostly in the Southeast. "What we don't have access to is the large urban markets these kids listen to," Joe Marshall said. Last week, Marshall held a press conference to announce that he and some other Bay Area community leaders were petitioning the F.C.C. to reject the merger. But he added, "This is the flea biting the elephant. I don't even think the elephant knows the flea is there."

—Ken Auletta

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

DEPT. OF APTITUDE

How George W. made the grade.



Now, in New Haven, comes that burnished time of year when the undergraduates of Yale stroll among the dead leaves and the quadrangles wondering if they should spend yet another Saturday buried in the bowels of Sterling Libary or peel off instead to the Harvard game. This autumn, however, some Yalies have found another topic of consuming extracurricular interest: the college transcripts of George W. Bush, Class of '68. In two separate incidents recently, Yale students somehow got access to the confidential files of the Republican front-runner, and took a look at Bush's college records. After the students started telling friends about what they'd seen, the word got around, and at least one Yale administrator is said to have taken the young perps in hand: any further discussion, the students were warned, could result in disciplinary action.

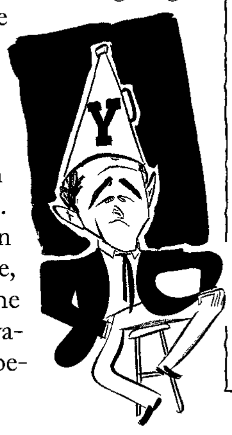
The thrill of the illicit is all the keener because Bush has refused to let the college release his permanent record. Fear of disciplinary action (might the sources be punished with double-secret probation from Dean Wormer, perhaps?) has also kept the editors at a few student publications from running stories about Bush and his grades.

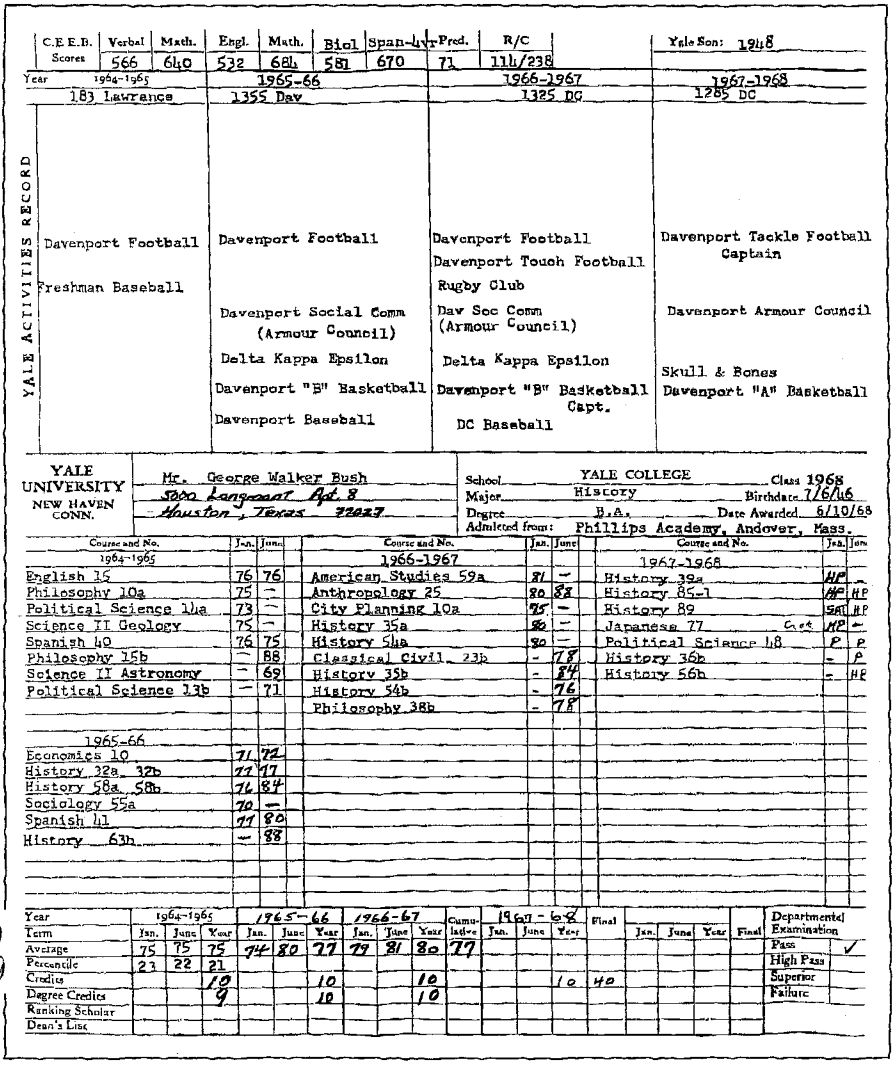
And yet all the fuss in New Haven may be an overreaction, to judge from a copy of the academic file that not long ago found its way here. Bush, after all, has never claimed Phi Beta Kappa membership or an internship at *Partisan Review*. He told the Washington *Post's* Lois Romano that if he ever dared to call himself "an intellectual" his friends would immediately "start laughing" at him. The college records merely confirm what Bush has already conceded.

According to the Yale document, Bush was a C student. (This, of course, was in a pre-inflationary time, the waning era of the "gentleman's" C; nowadays, when a B-plus bespeaks only middling distinction, a C at Yale can be cause for a student's despair, a parent's gloom, and a rapidly made plan for summer school.) Bush's record is littered with 70s and has a sprinkling of 80s. Not once in his undergraduate career did he earn an A—but then he didn't flunk any courses, either. It is possible that the young Bush's nearly epic attention to intramural football, baseball, basketball, and rugby, as well as to the Davenport College social committee, the fraternity Delta Kappa Epsilon, and Skull and Bones, explains his less than exemplary performance in, say, political science. He scored a 73 in Poli-Sci 14a: Introduction to the American Political System, a 71 in Poli-Sci 13a: Introduction to International Relations, and, in his senior year, a "pass" in Political Science 48. He also received a 70 in Sociology 55a, a 75 in City Planning 10a: Introduction to Urbanism, and grades of 71 and 72 in the survey course Economics 10. Like his father, who always eschewed the "vision thing," Bush presents himself as a determinedly unreflective man, and yet one of his highest grades came in Philosophy: 88.

Nor are Bush's College Board scores anything to be too ashamed of. He got a 566 (out of 800) on the verbal portion of the S.A.T.s, and a 640 on the math section. This puts him not too far below the ordinary Yalie of his time: the mean verbal S.A.T. score for the Class of 1970 was 683. And if you "adjust" his scores, in keeping with the rejiggering of the test that occurred in 1994, they translate into 640/640.

In the end, George W. may be marked for the White House because of, rather than in spite of, his mediocre grades. Historically, there is no correlation between academic achievement and success in the Oval Office. Some of the nation's most fiercely intelligent Presidents, including Herbert Hoover, Richard Nixon, and Jimmy Carter, ran troubled Administrations; two of the century's most influential Presidents were also among the least academically





C.E.E.B. Scores	Verbal	Math.	Engl.	Math.	Biol	Span-4yr	Pred.	R/C
	566	640	532	684	581	670	71	114/238

Yale Son: 1948

Year	1964-1965	1965-66	1966-1967	1967-1968
	183 Lawrance	1355 Dav	1325 DC	1285 DC

YALE ACTIVITIES RECORD			
Davenport Football Freshman Baseball	Davenport Football Davenport Social Comm (Armour Council) Delta Kappa Epsilon Davenport "B" Basketball Davenport Baseball	Davenport Football Davenport Touch Football Rugby Club Dav Soc Comm (Armour Council) Delta Kappa Epsilon Davenport "B" Basketball Capt. DC Baseball	Davenport Tackle Football Captain Davenport Armour Council Skull & Bones Davenport "A" Basketball

YALE UNIVERSITY
NEW HAVEN CONN.

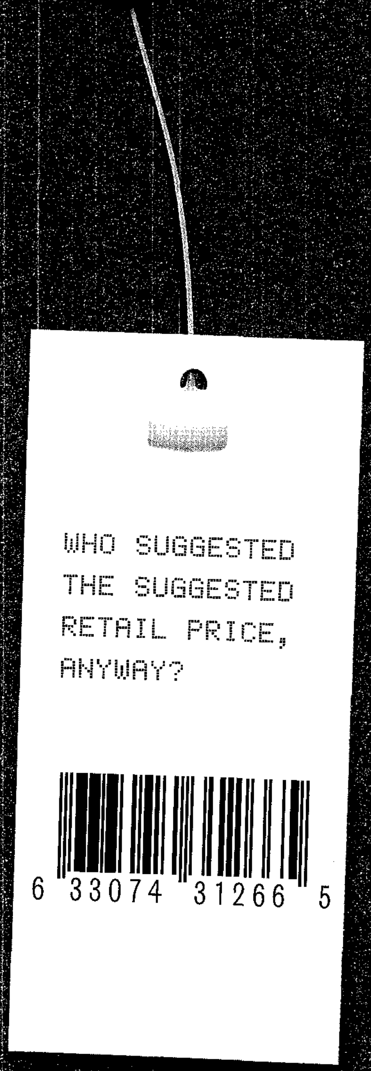
Mr. George Walker Bush
5000 Longmont Apt. 8
Houston, Texas 77027

School YALE COLLEGE Class 1968
Major History Birthdate 7/6/46
Degree B.A. Date Awarded 6/10/68
Admitted from: Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Course and No.	Jan.	June	Course and No.	Jan.	June	Course and No.	Jan.	June
1964-1965			1966-1967			1967-1968		
English 15	76	76	American Studies 59a	81	—	History 39a	HP	—
Philosophy 10a	75	—	Anthropology 25	80	88	History 85-1	HP	HP
Political Science 14a	73	—	City Planning 10a	75	—	History 89	SAT	HP
Science II Geology	75	—	History 35a	80	—	Japanese 77 Cert	HP	—
Spanish 40	76	75	History 54a	80	—	Political Science 48	P	P
Philosophy 15b	—	88	Classical Civil. 23b	—	78	History 36b	—	P
Science II Astronomy	—	69	History 35b	—	84	History 56b	—	HP
Political Science 13b	—	71	History 54b	—	76			
			Philosophy 38b	—	78			
1965-66								
Economics 10	71	72						
History 32a 32b	77	77						
History 58a 58b	76	84						
Sociology 55a	70	—						
Spanish 41	77	80						
History 63b	—	88						

Year	1964-1965			1965-66			1966-67			Cumulative	1967-68			Final				Final	Departmental Examination	
Term	Jan.	June	Year	Jan.	June	Year	Jan.	June	Year		Jan.	June	Year		Jan.	June	Year			
Average	75	75	75	74	80	77	79	81	80	77									Pass	✓
Percentile	23	22	21																High Pass	
Credits			10			10			10				10	40					Superior	
Degree Credits			9			10			10										Failure	
Ranking Scholar																				
Dean's List																				

You buy the products. You use them. Shouldn't you decide what those products are worth? At uBid.com℠ you can set the price on over 3000 products that are listed every morning and sold every night. Everything from computers to microwaves to sweatshirts, from brands like Toshiba,® Cuisinart® and Russell® Athletic.* So if you're looking for low prices, visit uBid.com today.


WHO SUGGESTED
THE SUGGESTED
RETAIL PRICE,
ANYWAY?
6 33074 31266 5

*Product availability changes daily.
©1999 uBid, Inc. All rights reserved.
AOL Keyword: uBid

uBid.com™
where you set the price℠

distinguished—Ronald Reagan did just well enough at Eureka College to keep his football scholarship, and Franklin Roosevelt coasted through Harvard with gentleman's C's. So it's hard to know if the student is really father to the President. Still, some may be interested to know that in four years prospective President Bush's lowest grade, a 69, was in Astronomy. NASA, take note.

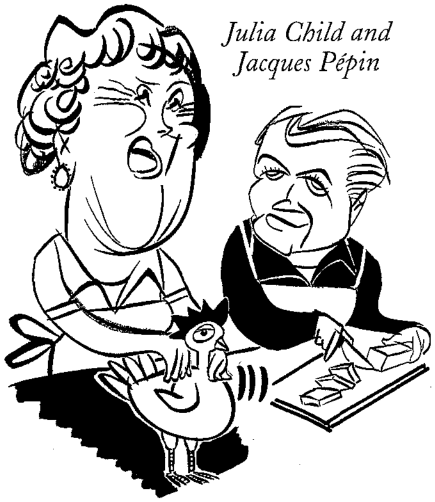
—Jane Mayer and Alexandra Robbins

TABLE TALK

Two classic chefs want to banish America's fear of fat.

Julia Child is back on the tube, with a twenty-two-part cooking series for public television (her eighth cooking series since "The French Chef" first aired, in 1963). She is also back in print, with a handsome feast of a book. Both ventures, the TV series and the book, are called "Julia and Jacques Cooking at Home." Jacques is Jacques Pépin, the teaching chef and restaurateur, whose gastronomic approach rivals Julia's in earthy merriment and savvy, cornball charm. They have worked together before, in a pair of one-shot TV specials that got phenomenal ratings; their targeted viewer/reader is "the serious home cook and would-be chef," but Julia also has some dragons to slay. "The fear of fat has been catastrophic for American gastronomy," she announced over lunch at (where else?) Le Cirque.

"The fear-of-fat people have ruined the beef industry," she went on to say. "Only three per cent of our beefsteaks are prime beef anymore. You can't get a marbled steak, even in top restaurants, and the flavor and texture have gone out of the meat. This all started about ten years ago, out of Americans' concern about being so fat. They concluded that butter was dangerous, and eggs were dangerous, and red meat was dangerous, and the press reported it and people believed it."



Julia Child and Jacques Pépin

Julia looks slightly more monumental than she used to—her great, rosy, trenchant face is actually getting craggy. She consulted the yard-long menu and ordered lamb stew. Jacques Pépin, who originally comes from Bourg-en-Bresse, near Lyons, and who has the healthy flush of someone who fears no major food group, opted for soft-shell crabs. "I remember when I first came to America, forty years ago, people would put half a stick of butter on their bread in the morning," he said. "Then they ran off to margarine, which ends up being worse than butter, because of the fatty acids. Then they discovered olive oil. You go to a restaurant now, they give you a soup plate of olive oil to dunk your bread in. I mean, there are a hundred and twenty calories in a tablespoon of oil, and about a hundred in a tablespoon of butter!"

"We've had the same thing in the canned-tuna business," Julia said. "You know, it's almost impossible at the supermarket to find tuna fish packed in oil. When it's packed in, quote, spring water, it disintegrates after a certain time, and it doesn't have anything like the flavor of oil-packed tuna. But there's only six grams of difference in fat between a can of water-packed and a can of oil-packed tuna. So they've managed to ruin that, too. Let's see, what else have they ruined?"

"Pork," Jacques said.

"Oh, yes, pork. Pork is now served very lean. It doesn't have much taste, and it's very, very tough."

The American chicken seems to be O.K. with Julia, at least for the time being. In the new book, she recommends a butter massage before roasting, "because I think the chicken likes it." She also trusses the legs; in her opinion, when they are splayed it "gives the chicken a rather wanton look."

"A low-fat diet," Julia mused, judiciously sampling a few of the nine fantastical desserts that Le Cirque's besotted pastry chef set out on the table. "What does that mean? I think it's unhealthy to eliminate things from your diet. Who knows what they have in them that you might need? Of course, I'm addressing myself to normal, healthy people, of whom I'm a good example, I think. I'm eighty-seven and still in fairly good form. What I'm trying to do is encourage people to embrace moderation—small helpings, no seconds, no snacking, a little bit of everything, and, above all, have a good time."

"Don't you think the fear of fat is abating somewhat?" Jacques asked her.

"I do," Julia agreed, "but it's very hard to move the pendulum back." She added mournfully, "People will believe almost anything, particularly if it sounds medical. Why they should torture themselves and eat badly, I don't know. It's probably penance of some sort."

—Calvin Tomkins

DEPT. OF HEROES

An unexpected Rorschach test at the Gore-Bradley debate.

One of the grand, if infrequently observed, ceremonies of Presidential debating is the Mt. Rushmore question: a candidate is asked whose picture he'd hang in the Oval Office if elected, or whose face he'd add to the stone monument in South Dakota. The questioner's hope is for a moment of either thoughtfulness or panicked spontaneity; the result is usually disappointing (although the body language—the chin-tugging, misty squinting, and assorted attempts at stagy rumination—can be quite entertaining). The ghost of Harry Truman is inevitably summoned, hovers plainspokenly, and exits laughing.

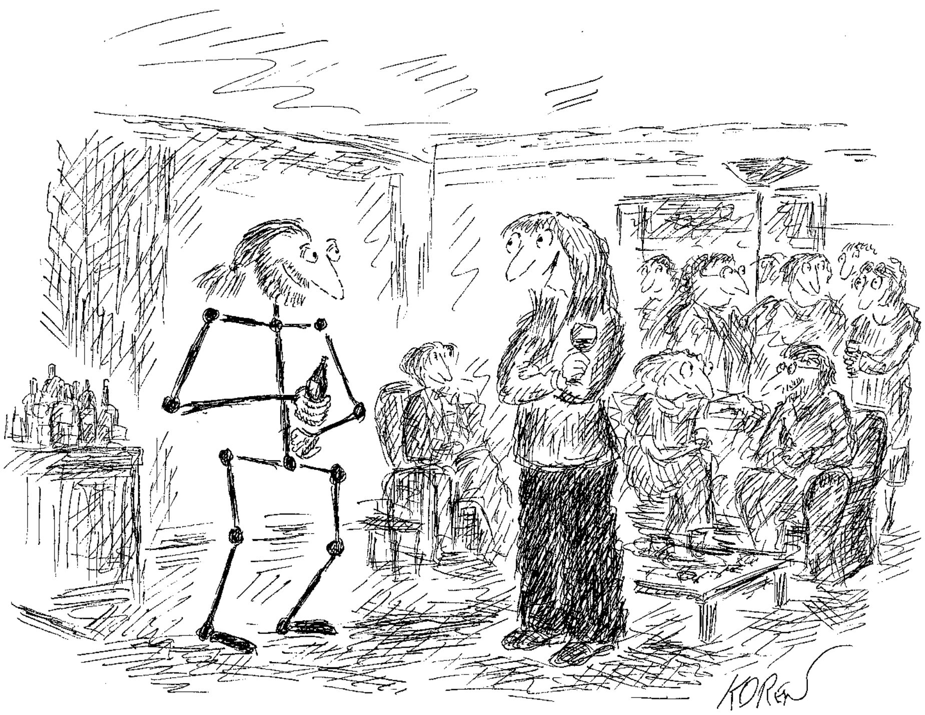
The first debate between Al Gore and Bill Bradley, at Dartmouth College last week, produced one of the more unlikely, and revealing, Rushmore responses in recent history. It came near the end of an evening in which the stolid Bradley had served as Maypole for the whirligiggly Gore, whose eagerness to prance about and display his supple intelligence proved, at times, more exhausting than exhilarating. The question, which came from the audience, was a rather abstract Rushmore variant: "What do you think characterizes those whose leadership is most effective and how does your own approach to leadership relate to that?"

Neither man mentioned Truman,

which was a relief. Gore slowed himself down and cited Abraham Lincoln for his ability to "elevate" values, and Franklin Roosevelt for his vision—and then he strayed from the usual monuments to include Lyndon Johnson, for his ability to set goals. The last seemed an odd choice, since Gore had earlier discussed how disillusioned he was with politics when he returned home from Vietnam (where the disastrous, unachievable goals were set by Johnson). Also notable in Gore's answer was the absence of Bill Clinton, whose leadership style—antic empathy when confronted by civilians—the Vice-President had been attempting to emulate all night.

Then came Bradley, whose off-the-cuff response may haunt him as the campaign progresses. He cited Jimmy Carter for his integrity, Woodrow Wilson for his "ability to see around the corners," and Mikhail Gorbachev for his courage. There were audible gasps. Carter? Gorbachev? It appeared, to many reporters, to be a case of goofy erudition, an overcooked effort by the former Senator to live up to his reputation for thoughtfulness—or, perhaps, a typically Bradleyan reluctance to give the easy answer. But there was a somewhat embarrassing thread to his response as well: Bradley's three heroes have much in common. Each was aloof; each was priggish and self-righteous; and each was, ultimately, judged a failure, disdained by his countrymen and unredeemed (so far, at least) by history. These are also qualities—with the exception of failure—that Bradley's critics often ascribe to him.

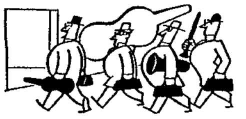
Afterward, Anita Dunn, Bradley's communications director, was asked if her candidate had done anything unexpected in the debate. "Well," she said, "I didn't expect Gorbachev." —JOE KLEIN



"I looked at you and thought, I bet this man runs marathons."

THE MUSICAL LIFE

A visit from some members of the Buena Vista Social Club.



Ry Cooder, the virtuoso guitarist, dislikes performing so much that he is almost never seen onstage, but he was in the city last week to appear with members of the Buena Vista Social Club, the band that he and the producer Nick Gold assembled three years ago in Havana and that consists of mostly elderly men and one woman. The record they made in 1996—"Buena Vista Social Club"—has sold two million copies and won a Grammy in 1998. One of the band's principal singers, Ibrahim Ferrer, who is seventy-two, has a new record, and he and the pianist, Rubén González, who is eighty, are playing concerts in North America, with the band behind them. A week ago last Thursday, the musicians attended a party in their honor at a restaurant in the Village; on Friday afternoon, at Fidel Castro's insistence, they performed for more than two thousand diplomats at the United Nations; Friday night, they played at the Beacon Theatre.

At the party, the bartender made drinks from lime and rum and mint. On the tables were candles, and trays filled with water on which gardenias floated. A number of the musicians sat shoulder to shoulder on a banquette along one of the walls. They wore coats and sweaters against the cold, and looked like men waiting for a bus, or their turn to bowl. At a table in a corner several of them played dominoes. As many pictures were taken of them as are taken to document the average childhood. Ibrahim Ferrer delivered some remarks in Spanish, and so did Rubén González. A translator said, "The two of them express that they don't have words to express how they feel, but they say that because they are Cuban they had to speak for five minutes."

Last Monday, following a performance in Boston, the band came back to New York to appear on the David Letterman show. Before the show, González sat on a chair in a hallway outside the band's dressing room, in the basement of the Ed Sullivan Theatre, and Ferrer sat on a chair in a small dressing room on the theatre's sixth floor. González is thin to the point of being frail. He is a bit stooped and sometimes limps a little. He has small hands and feet, and his handshake is delicate. He often wears suits, and he looks like a figure of romance, a plantation owner, perhaps.

Ferrer is taller and lithe and likes to dance, which he does as if the movement cost him no effort at all. His face is small and round and easily conveys pleasure. He usually wears a felt cap with a brim, the kind of cap that men who owned English sports cars in the forties and fifties sometimes wore. He is a tenor, and his voice is warm and a little gritty and expresses emotion succinctly and without being sentimental.

Three days into making the band's record, Cooder says, he decided that the combination of voices wasn't exactly right. "Isn't there anybody who can sing the bolero?" he asked. "Doesn't anybody have that romantic style?" In assembling musicians, Cooder and Gold had the help of a man named Juan de Marcos González. Marcos said, "There's one guy—I have to find him."

Cooder goes on, "So Marcos found Ibrahim, and Ibrahim said, 'I'm not interested. I don't sing anymore.' He'd had a lot of disappointments and, about five years before, he'd just given up, and was making his living shining shoes. Marcos is a forceful guy, though."

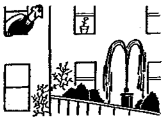
In his dressing room, Ferrer said that his new life as a celebrated singer arrived so abruptly that it seems a little like a dream. "I feel exactly as if two lives had been joined together," he said. "My old one and my new one, and this new one is a good one." The only disadvantage he could think of, he said, was that in Cuba people were driving him crazy. Now that he is a notable person, everyone in the neighborhood comes over to his apartment, which is small, and wants to spend the day with him.

When the first royalties were paid for the record, Cooder says, Nick Gold went to Cuba with a satchelful of cash to distribute among the musicians. He arrived at González's house to give him his share while González was playing the piano. González asked to look at the money. Gold held the satchel open, and González peered in at the dollar bills, then waved his hand. "Take it away," he said. In the theatre basement, someone asked him if he actually had made such a gesture. He smiled broadly. "I *did* do that," he said, "but it was a joke."

—Alec Wilkinson

FACE-LIFT DEPT.

Don't tell the Mayor, but there are two spiffy new parks in midtown.



When Daniel Biederman presided over the reopening of Bryant Park, in 1992, he was all over the place—in the papers, on television, in magazines. Biederman is the head of the Bryant Park Restoration Corporation, the private business group that leased the once derelict park from the city, reconstructed it, and continues to run it. Biederman also used to head the Grand Central Partnership, the business-improvement district that is in charge of cleaning up the neighborhood around Grand Central Terminal, and he is still the president of the Thirty-fourth Street Partnership. With that much turf under his control, Biederman has sometimes seemed like the mayor of midtown, which is why the mayor of the entire city, Rudolph Giuliani, squeezed him out of his job at the Grand Central Partnership last year. Since then, Biederman has been keeping a low profile, trying to get along with a city administration that frowns on people who do things that the Mayor himself likes to be known for doing, like fixing up city parks.

Not long ago, the Thirty-fourth Street Partnership finished a renovation of Herald Square and Greeley Square, two troublesome triangles at the intersection of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street that the Parks Department had never been able to get right. Biederman, still stung by the city's treatment of him, decided not to have an opening at all but merely to let people start using the refurbished parks as soon as the construction crews packed up. They have been coming in droves, and the people who have reclaimed Herald Square and Greeley Square from the drug dealers and alcoholics who used to hang out there are not the same people who have been filling up Bryant Park. They are mostly black, Hispanic, and Asian, and there are plenty of women and families, who stop by after shopping in the mall across the street. The few critics of the Bryant Park project feel that it owes much of its success to the increase in well-heeled office workers in the area. Biederman, who is eager to rebut such critics, said, "This project proves that you don't need yuppies to make a park look well cared for and gentrified."

Biederman was walking through the parks on a chilly October morning, and he counted twenty-two people sitting on the movable chairs in Greeley Square. "When it's warmer, we get more than half women, and that is the real test. It's clear that women have read the visual cues here and now feel that it's safe."

These visual cues come largely from the teachings of Biederman's mentor, William H. Whyte, whose studies of how people use parks made him something of a philosopher-king of public space. Whyte decreed that good public spaces require plenty of seating that is flexible, not fixed, and lots of visual access, so people passing by can see clearly into a park from the sidewalk. Biederman ordered two hundred lightweight green chairs for Greeley Square, and a hundred and fifty for Herald Square. There are a handful of small bistro tables, and not a stationary bench anywhere. Biederman likes the chairs to be kept in casual groupings. "It drives me crazy when my people clean up and put the chairs in military rows," he said. "They have to learn to leave them randomly, so the public sees that you don't have to sit in rows."

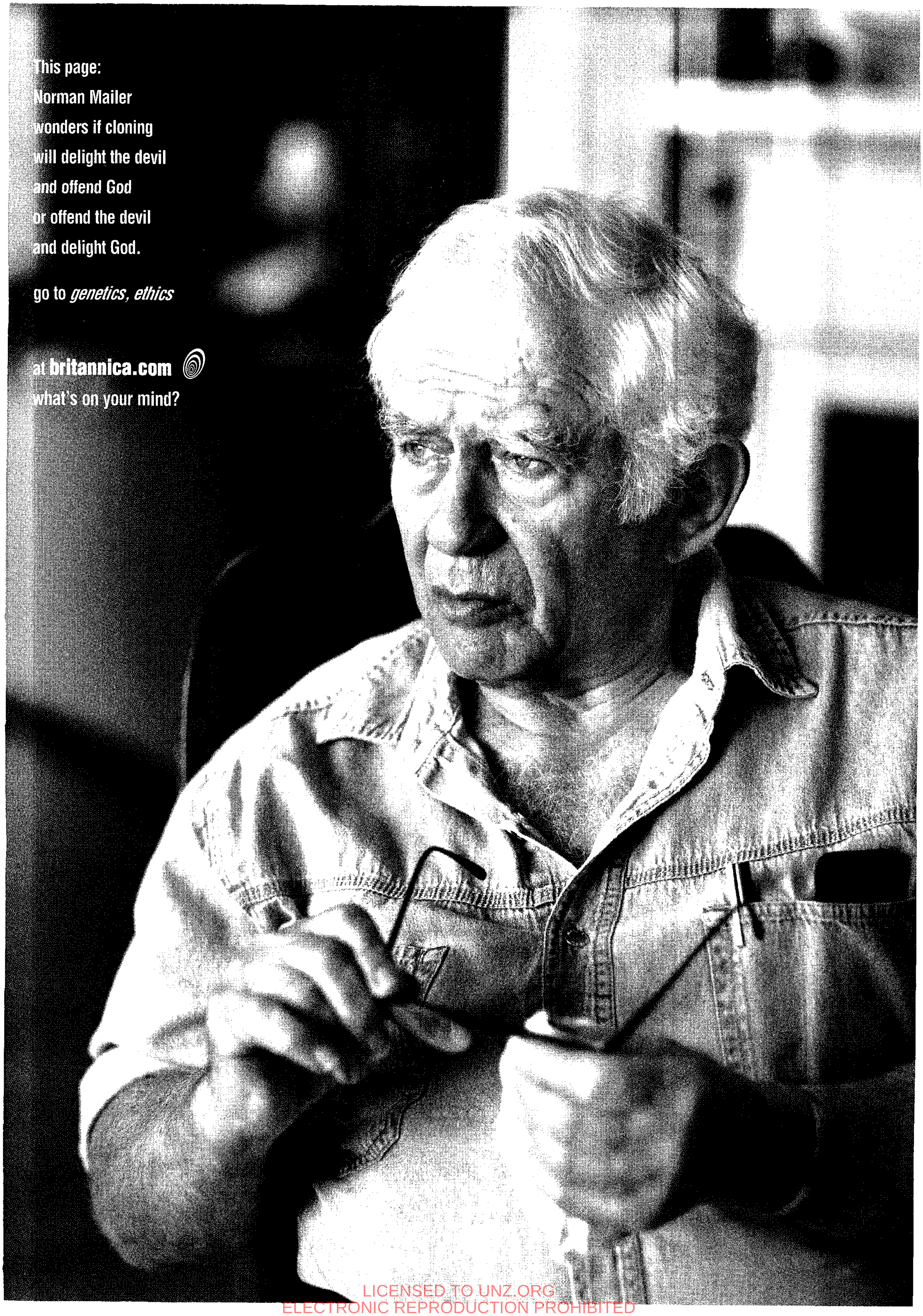
Biederman may be trying to keep a low profile as far as the Mayor is concerned, but he is actually rather Giuliani-like in his obsession with cleanliness and order. He approached one man and asked him to stop feeding the pigeons. "The dropped food brings rats," he said.

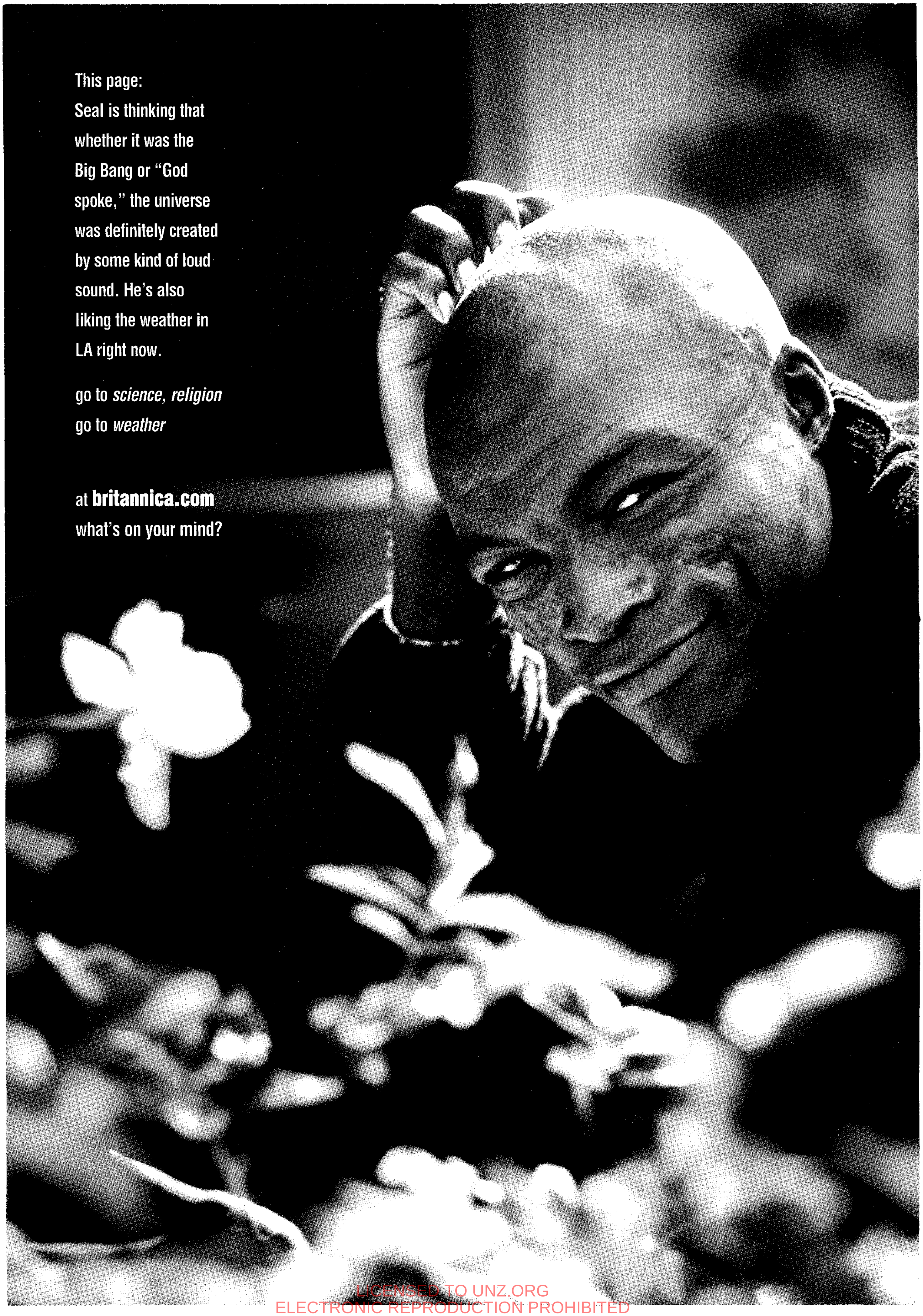
When Bryant Park was redesigned, the city put up some of the money, but the Thirty-fourth Street Partnership paid all the costs of design and construction of its two parks itself—roughly two and a half million dollars. For all that, the city is still the official landlord, and Herald and Greeley Squares have only one mayor, and his name is not Biederman.

—Paul Goldberger

POSTSCRIPT

Penelope Mortimer, who contributed sixteen stories to this magazine, died late last month. The onetime wife of the writer John Mortimer, she was an outspoken chronicler of the vicissitudes of British upper-middle-class domestic life. One of her novels, "The Pumpkin Eater," which depicts the relationship between the depressed mother of a large brood of children and her adulterous fourth husband, was made into an award-winning film. "Nobody marries one person," she wrote in her biography of the Queen Mother. "Even an orphaned bridegroom or bride carries a huge lump of history which is dumped, sooner or later, in their spouse's lap." Her sharp, humorous prose displays a ferocity in exploring the darker corners of her own marriages. Writing of her cousins in her autobiography, she said, "They were simple, normal, and thoroughly nice. That, as far as I was concerned, was the trouble."


This page:
Norman Mailer
wonders if cloning
will delight the devil
and offend God
or offend the devil
and delight God.
go to *genetics, ethics*
at **britannica.com**
what's on your mind?


This page:
Seal is thinking that whether it was the Big Bang or "God spoke," the universe was definitely created by some kind of loud sound. He's also liking the weather in LA right now.
go to *science, religion*
go to *weather*
at **britannica.com**
what's on your mind?

what's on your mind?

Visit britannica.com for free to find out about anything at all. Then we'll donate a dollar to one of six charities. You'll also be eligible to win an incredible trip to someplace truly inspiring.

think about it
one click and you can help save children from drug addiction.

think about it
one click and you can help make sure the holocaust never happens again.

think about it
one click and you can help save an entire species.

britannica.com

No purchase necessary. Subject to Official Rules. To receive Official Rules, mail SASE by 12/10/99 to Britannica.com Rules, PO Box 602, Sayreville, NJ 08871-0602 (or check on-line). WA & VT residents may omit return postage. Sweepstakes begins 12:00am ET 10/25/99 & ends 11:59pm ET 12/31/99. To enter online, go to www.britannica.com, complete online registration form, & click to submit. You can also enter sweepstakes by mailing SASE including your name, address, city, state/Province, ZIP/Postal code, phone & email address (if any) to Britannica.com Sweepstakes Entry, PO Box 4105, Grand Rapids, MN 55730-4105, postmarked by 1/3/00 & received by 1/10/00. Odds of winning depend on number of entries received. Prizes: (5) Grand Prizes: Trip for winner & guest to choice destination with maximum expense of $20,000 US dollars. Destination subject to Sponsors approval. Estimated retail value of grand prize is $20,000 US dollars. Total value of all prizes: $100,000 US dollars. All other expenses relating to acceptance of grand prize are responsibility of winner & guest. Certain travel restrictions may apply & travel is subject to availability at time of reservations. Winners must sign Affidavit of Eligibility & Liability/Publicity Release within 14 days. Winner & guest, or parent or guardian of guest, if guest is a minor, must each complete travel release prior to departure. Trip must be taken within one year of acceptance. No substitution, transfer, or assignment of prizes permitted, except that Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value. International travel will require a valid passport provided by the winner. Any tax on prize is the sole responsibility of the winners. All prizes will be awarded. Limit 1 prize per person, household or email address. Winners notified by mail. Entrants release all parties from all claims/liability regarding participation/acceptance/use of a prize. Limit 1 entry per person, household or email address. Open only to legal residents of the US & Canada, 18 years or older at time of entry. Void in Quebec & PR & where prohibited by law. Canadian winners are required to correctly answer a skill-testing question administered by mail. For winners list, mail SASE to Britannica.com Winners, PO Box 714, Sayerville, NJ 08871-0714. All other published rules and conditions apply.

©1999 Britannica.com Inc.

LETTER FROM TEHERAN

WE INVITE THE HOSTAGES TO RETURN

The extraordinary changing voices of Iran's revolution.

BY ROBIN WRIGHT

TEHERAN is a busy place on Thursday nights, the eve of the Muslim Sabbath. On Africa Boulevard, a street lined with boutiques and fast-food joints, teen-agers and twenty-somethings in colorful Japanese and Korean compacts drive slowly back and forth for hours. Car radios blare the Backstreet Boys, Ricky Martin, and a rhapsodic Iranian version of New Age. A young man in a Nissan sport-utility vehicle entertains two male passengers by repeatedly gunning the engine, only to squeal to a halt after a few feet, because of bumper-to-bumper traffic. And everyone seems to be talking, if not to other passengers, then on cell phones, and often—to judge by some of the glances exchanged across the lanes—to other motorists cruising the strip. Around the city, ads for Cartier watches and Nokia mobile phones flank billboards heralding the hundredth birthday of Ayatollah Khomeini. In movie theatres, boys dare to put their arms around their girlfriends. "Baywatch" and American soap operas come in over illegal satellite. Chicago Bulls T-shirts are a commonplace. Leonardo DiCaprio is a heartthrob.

THE REVOLUTIONARY

IBRAHIM ASGHARZADEH is, at forty-four, a man with a sense of style—something rare since the 1979 revolution covered women from head to toe in mournful black, condemned the necktie as a symbol of Western cultural dominance, and, because centuries ago some clerics discouraged shaving, made beards a statement of support for the world's only modern theocracy. At a recent dinner party, given by husband-and-wife professors at Teheran University, Asgharzadeh was discordantly fashionable. He wore a blue checked shirt, a sports coat of muted cream-and-brown checks, and deep-brown trousers and deep-brown socks. (Shoes had been left at the door—the practice in traditional Iranian homes.) His thick silver hair was impeccably cut, and his designer eyeglasses shone like crystal. He didn't wear a tie—only doctors, and waiters at certain new restaurants, wear ties—but he was clean-shaven.

I'd wanted to meet Asgharzadeh since 1981, when I stood on the tarmac of the Algiers international airport and watched fifty-two exhausted American hostages disembark from an Air Algérie plane. Throughout the hostage crisis—which lasted more than four hundred days, introduced the yellow ribbon as a national symbol, cost eight American lives in a failed rescue attempt, ostracized one of the world's largest oil producers, redefined both diplomacy and terrorism, ended an American Presidency, and gave us "Nightline"—Asgharzadeh had been the primary spokesman for Students Following the Imam's Line. Twenty years ago, the once obscure group became the world's most famous student body when four hundred of its young members scrambled over a brick wall and stormed the American Embassy in Teheran. At the time, Asgharzadeh was a scruffy student of industrial engineering at Iran's top technical university—his most distinguishing feature was a heavy beard—and he was full of fury. "This takeover is not a game!" he told reporters massed outside the Embassy on the day of the takeover. "This is a den of spies." The term stuck. For years, the American Embassy was popularly known as the "den of spies."

A couple of Iranian papers once hinted that it was Asgharzadeh who had actually conceived the notion of taking over the Embassy, so at the dinner I asked him if it was true that he was the mastermind. He paused, and confessed that

CHRONICLES OF A MORE WONDERFUL WORLD: CARNAVAL IN RIO, CAFES IN BUENOS AIRES, AND THE ENDLESS SAMBA.

SOUTH AMERICA

Imagine: One continuous samba, danced along the continent's edge and around Cape Horn. In 2000, aboard Crystal Harmony, you will discover South America at its most festive. Rio de Janeiro, during Carnaval; the charm of Buenos Aires, the "other Paris"; the art nouveau glories of Montevideo and the spectacular fjords of Chile. On board Crystal Harmony, you will enjoy further wonders: specialty restaurants, innovative lectures and programs (like our Computer University@Sea), and our uniquely friendly style of service. These are perhaps some of the reasons we've been voted "Best Large-Ship Line" by readers of *Condé Nast Traveler* and "World's Best Large Cruise Line" by readers of *Travel & Leisure*. Contact your travel agent or call 1-800-820-6663 for a free South America brochure. Or visit us at www.crystalcruises.com.

CRYSTAL CRUISES

©1999 Crystal Cruises/Bahamian Registry

he'd been one of three students, all engineering majors at Teheran universities, who'd originally made the decision to attack the Embassy. "But we promised each other that we'd never publicly disclose which one of us first proposed it," he said. "Probably it's better not to say too much." Then a smile broke across his face.

Asgharzadeh did admit to coining the name Students Following the Imam's Line. "We were trying to catch the Imam's attention," he explained, referring to Ayatollah Khomeini, the religious leader who guided the revolution.

Asgharzadeh was also candid about the planning. "The critical phase was getting three pieces of information," he recalled. "The most important was an inside plan of the Embassy. Two student apartments were across the street, so we used different rooms to draw maps."

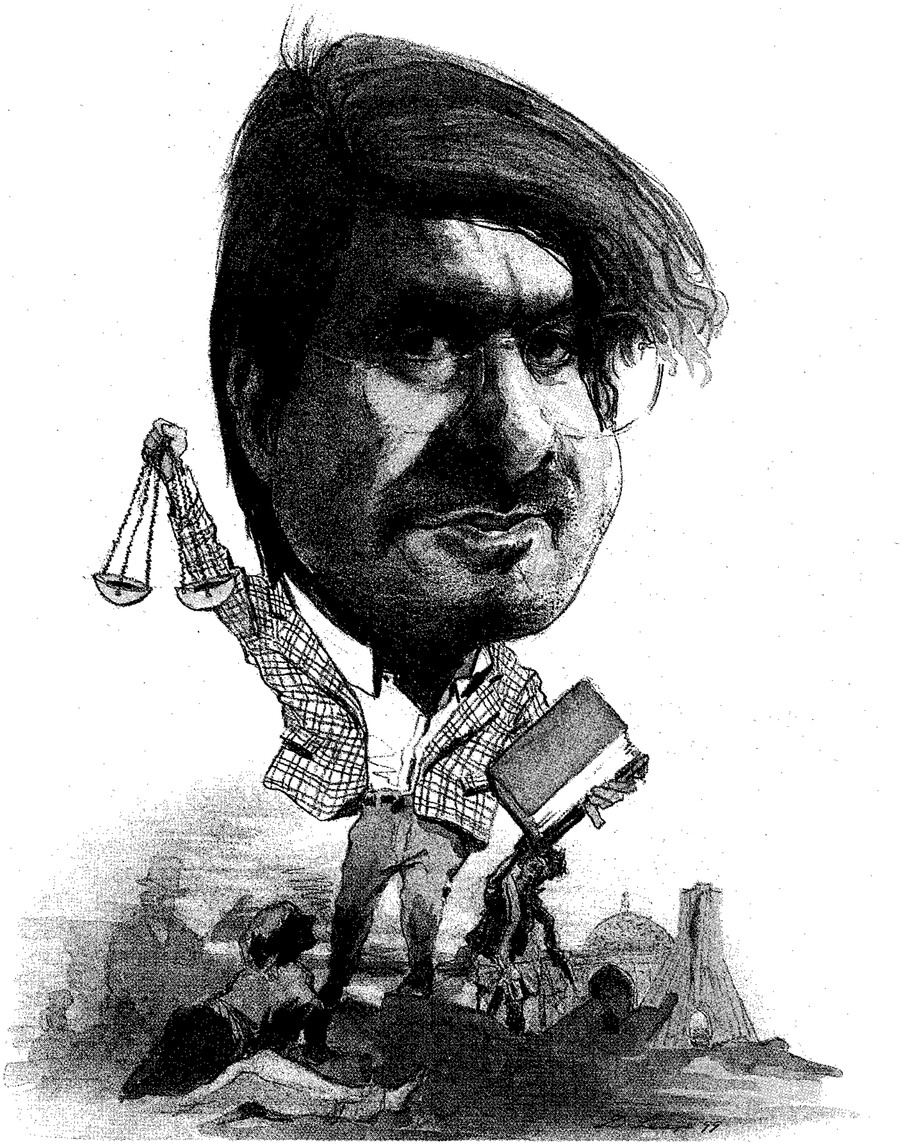
The sprawling American compound, occupying twenty-seven acres of prime property on Taleghani Street, in downtown Teheran, included an imposing brick diplomatic chancery, a separate consulate to process the thousands of visas that were issued to Iranians each year, the Ambassador's residence, several staff homes, and a massive warehouse, whose dark, windowless cellar was later nicknamed the Mushroom Inn by hostages who were confined there. The Embassy symbolized not only the American presence but also Iran's importance to the United States—as a buffer to the Soviet Union, a pillar of Mideast policy, a frontier on both Turkey and turbulent South Asia, and the longest coast on the Persian Gulf, through which forty per cent of the West's oil was shipped.

"We also had to find out about the staff, so we kept a log on the personnel," Asgharzadeh continued. "Students were posted around the clock to watch how many there were and who went in and out. We wanted all the Americans inside when we took it.

"Finally, we had to know the security situation inside. We had to do this all ourselves, and we were just students. But, in the end, we had really good information on the Marine guards."

Looking back, Asgharzadeh recalled that little had gone as the students had expected. "We didn't intend to keep the Americans for a long time—maybe three to five days," he told me. "We went inside the compound just as a protest. Then we *did* get the Imam's attention—and his blessing. The masses demanded that we continue, something we didn't anticipate. It became a very complicated situation, one that was out of our hands."

The impact of the Embassy takeover was, in fact, more profound on Iran than on the United States, for it forced a dénouement in a debate over the revolution's future; namely, the role of the clergy. The first provisional government that had been set up after the Shah fled was led by secular technocrats who favored a strong President as the ultimate power; the revolutionary mullahs wanted a religious Supreme Leader. Angered by the clergy's endorsement of the takeover, the members of the provisional government resigned, and the clerics took their place and engineered a constitution that created a theocracy. Today, all branches of the Islamic Republic of Iran's government are shadowed, and sometimes superseded, by religious institutions. The two-hundred-and-seventy-person Parliament is shadowed by the twelve-man Council of Guardians, which has veto power over legislation and over political candidates. The civil and criminal courts are shadowed by Revolutionary Courts, which can summon any person or institution for "un-Islamic activities," and which hold in-camera trials and admit no appeal. And the President is shadowed by the Supreme Leader, who is commander-in-chief, and who appoints the three critical chiefs—of



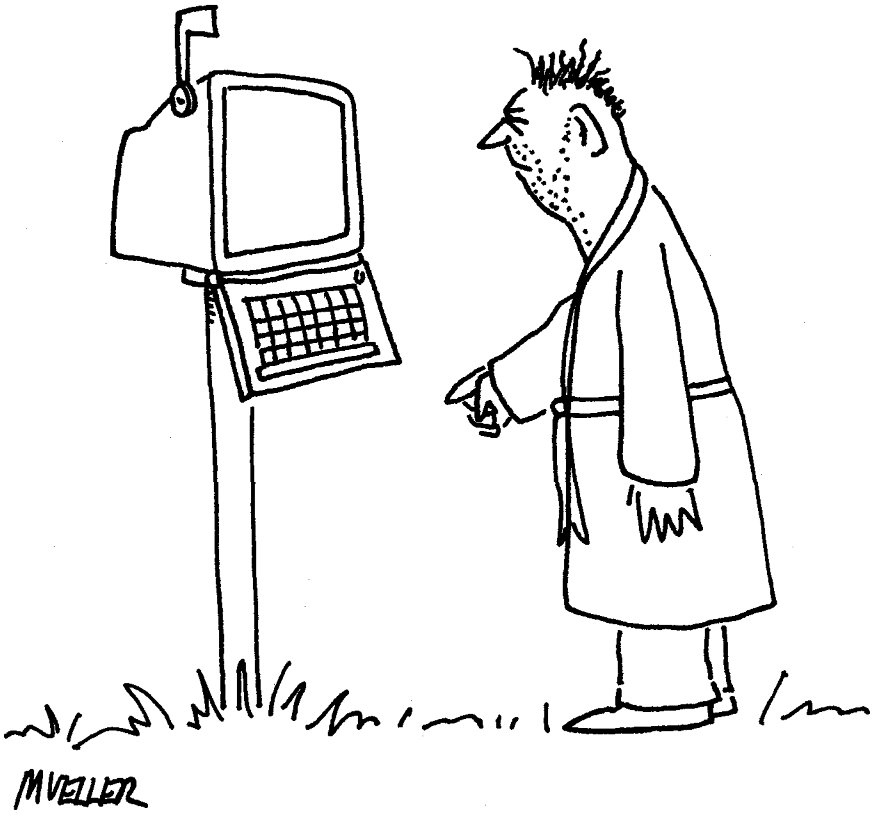
Hostage-taker Asgharzadeh: "We have a new language. We defend human rights."

DAVID LEVINE

intelligence, the judiciary, and the military—and has the last word on any subject. Khomeini was Iran's first unchallenged Supreme Leader. Since his death, in 1989, the job has been held by Ali Khamenei, a staunch traditionalist who lacks Khomeini's stature and influence. The President is limited to two four-year terms, but the Supreme Leader, who is chosen by an assembly of clerics, rules for life.

The dual power structure has lately led to increasingly raucous political turmoil. It pits a new generation of democratic reformers, who want elected officials to have primary power, against the theocrats, who want the clerics to remain guardians of the state—and, in some cases, above the state. This fall, that rivalry is playing out over issues ranging from the closure of four newspapers to the fate of thirteen Iranian Jews charged with espionage, and, especially, over the question of who will be allowed to run in next February's Parliamentary elections—a contest that will be pivotal in determining the outcome of the power struggle.

Asgharzadeh is now making something of a political comeback. Earlier this year, Iran held its first city-council elections. The first four Presidents had never got around to them, despite a constitutional mandate, because the clerics and the conservative élite objected. But the upset election of President Mohammad Khatami, in 1997, opened a new chapter in Iran's political life. Khatami wears the black turban of descendants of the Prophet, and he is the son and grandson of ayatollahs, but he is a reformer. He was named Minister of Culture and Islamic Guidance in 1982, but resigned a decade later, after being accused of "negligence" and "liberalism." In 1997, he ran as a dark horse, and the conservative theocrats who controlled the main levers of power openly opposed him, but seventy per cent of the voters endorsed his agenda of reform. Since Khatami took office, the local elections have been his biggest accomplishment—again in defiance of the theocrats. Overnight, Iran went from having fewer than four hundred elected officials, all concentrated in the capital, to having almost two hundred thousand, dispersed throughout the country. Asgharzadeh won a seat on Teheran's fifteen-member city council. Conservatives fought to have him disqualified, for "unrevolutionary behavior." At a rally last year at the American Embassy, which has been used as a vocational school for the Revolutionary Guards since the hostages



CREATING COLETTE

CREATING COLETTE
VOLUME ONE
FROM INGENUE TO LIBERTINE
1873-1913
CLAUDE FRANCIS & FERNANDE GONTIER
STEERFORTH

"Claude Francis and Fernande Gontier display a voluminous knowledge of French Society and deftly introduce the cast of characters that populated Colette's life."
The New York Times Book Review (front cover)

"the definitive biography . . ."
The Boston Globe

CREATING COLETTE
VOLUME TWO
FROM BARONESS TO WOMAN OF LETTERS
1913-1954
CLAUDE FRANCIS & FERNANDE GONTIER
STEERFORTH

"With this volume, coauthors Francis and Gontier conclude a vibrant, revealing biography . . ."
Publishers Weekly (starred review)

STEERFORTH PRESS
www.steerforth.com

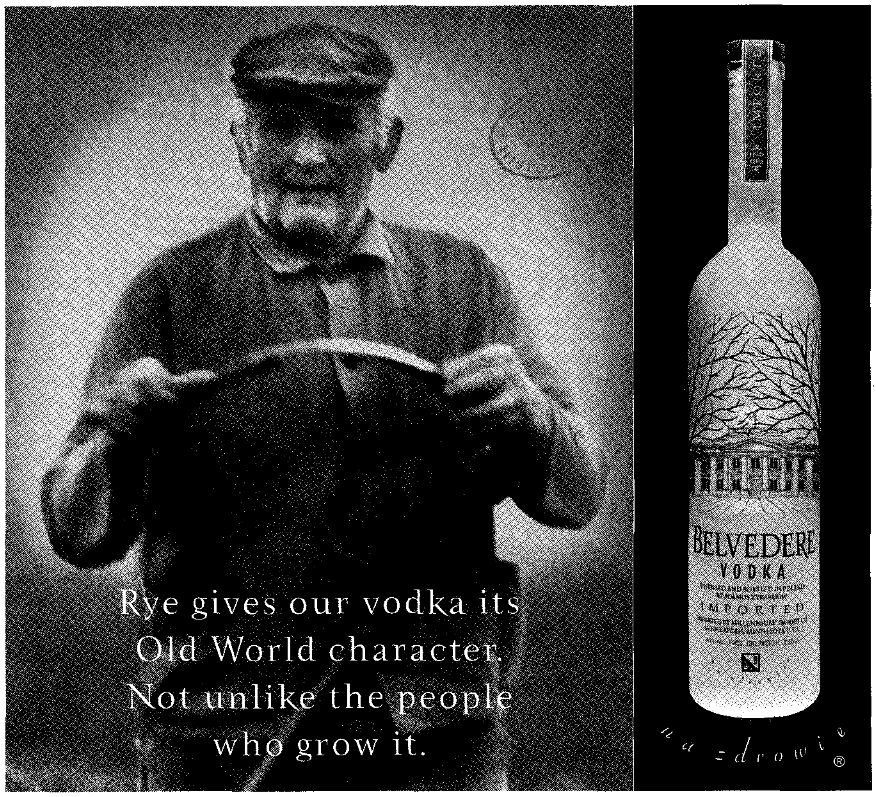
were freed, Asgharzadeh told the crowd, “Our dealings with the hostages were not directed against the American people, and not even against the hostages themselves. Today, we invite all the hostages to return to Iran, as our guests. We have a new language for the new world. We defend human rights. And we'll try to make Islam such that it won't contradict democracy.”

Asgharzadeh has paid a price for his change in rhetoric. Throughout his speech, a vigilante group of young conservatives calling themselves the Helpers of the Party of God taunted him by shouting “*Marg bar Amrika*,” or “Death to America,” the slogan that he had shouted twenty years before. Last December, he was so badly beaten that he was hospitalized.

Because of his new position, Asgharzadeh thinks the Council of Guardians will disqualify him from running in the February Parliamentary elections. With another coy smile, however, he told me that he still hoped to have influence. His wife, Tahereh Rezazadeh, who is also a reformer, will run instead. The couple met during the hostage crisis. She was one of the female students who stormed the Embassy.

“ASGHARZADEH looks quite Presidential, doesn't he?” Hadi Semati, an American-educated political-science professor, remarked to me at the dinner party. “You know, it could be. Someday. Strange things happen here.”

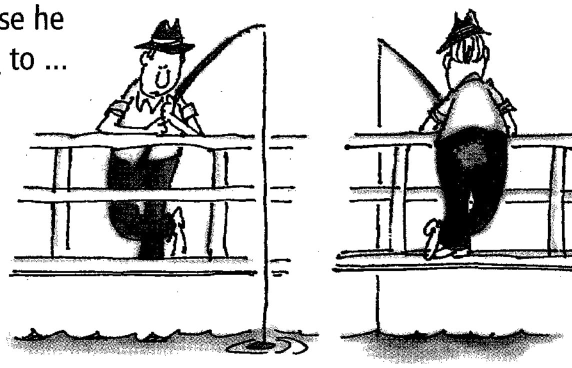
Since his election to the city council, though, the former revolutionary has been preoccupied with other matters. Over dinner, he dutifully recounted the hostage history as a courtesy to a curious guest, but he became animated only when the conversation turned to his recent municipal duties, which he attends to with the diligence of a burgher. “The first issue that attracted me was traffic,” he said. “This city put a *lot* of money into highways, but they didn't turn out to be all that helpful, because most people don't use them. For example, when young couples want to get married, there's a tradition that they have two candelabra and a mirror. Well, people believe they have to go to the bazaar downtown to get them, even though candelabras and mirrors are now avail-



From Polish rye, Belvedere Vodka is crafted and distilled 4 times in small batches for a complex character and creamy smoothness.

IMPORTED BY MILLENNIUM® IMPORT CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA U.S.A.
100% neutral spirits distilled from rye grain 40% ALC./VOL. (80 Proof) ©1998 Millennium® Import Co.

Is this man fishing because he wants to ...



... or because he has to?

Are You Absolutely Sure You Are Financially Secure?

Before you answer, why not find out:
How much money will it take to provide what you want?

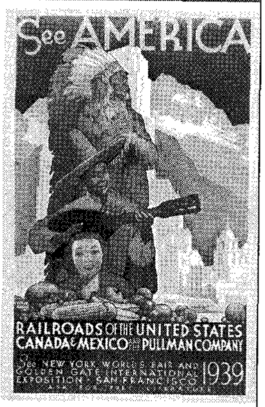
You can call or visit our Web site to learn more about ideas created by James E. Stowers, founder and Chairman of the Board of American Century Companies, a well-known family of mutual funds.
www.deerinternational.com
1-800-234-3445, ext. 715

DEER INTERNATIONAL INC
An American Century Company

SWANN
AUCTIONS

Leslie Ragan, poster, 1939, at auction Nov 15.

To see hundreds of other treasures, order this season's catalogues.

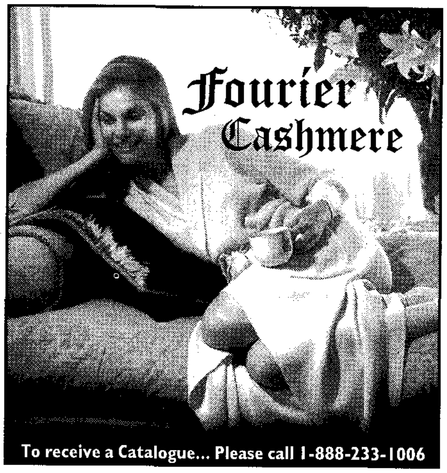

See AMERICA
RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES
CANADA & MEXICO AND PULLMAN COMPANY
See NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR AND GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION · SAN FRANCISCO
1939

Mon Nov 15 10:30am **100 Rare and Important Travel Posters**
Inquiries: Nicholas D. Lowry
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE: $25

Thurs Nov 18 10:30am & 2:00pm **19th & 20th Century Literature • Sets & Bindings**
Inquiries: Christine von der Linn
CATALOGUE: $15

AUTOGRAPHS
BOOKS/MANUSCRIPTS
MAPS/ATLASES
PHOTOGRAPHS
POSTERS
WORKS OF ART ON PAPER

Swann Galleries, Inc.
104 East 25th Street
New York, NY 10010
212 254 4710 Fax 212 979 1017
www.swanngalleries.com
IAG



To receive a Catalogue... Please call 1-888-233-1006

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
PARIS PROPERTIES-COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
E-MAIL: london@relia.net

COCKTAIL PIANO
THE PERFECT GIFT! All 8 Cocktail Piano CDs reg. $144 now just $120 during our fall gift special. 152 all-time standards by composers such as Gershwin, Kern, Arlen, Rodgers & Hart et al. Solo piano at its finest. Single CDs $17.95, Tapes $11.95 ship. incl. To hear the music calll T/F (888) 388-1555.
To order call T/F 888-521-9330. AMEX, VISA, M/C, DISC Accepted.
Sound samples all albums @ www.cocktailpiano.com

able all over the city. The new chain stores haven't solved this problem—simply because of habit. Iran is full of traditions like this. So we have to understand and deal with these traditions in order to make people change. Another example—the military barracks!"

Asgharzadeh was clearly excited, and his fists punched the air for emphasis. "The Shah thought he'd protect himself by putting the barracks all around him. But the barracks are in the city center and in the way of construction. Plus, they don't pay taxes! One of my campaign slogans was to get rid of them and put them outside the city. I'm now more worried about the impact of high-rises that might replace them, which would bring more traffic and more pollution to the city."

Both are already almost unmanageable. Pollution produced by traffic and local industries has recently forced the government to close schools and urge old people and the ailing to leave the capital, for days at a time. As a public service, new billboards around Teheran provide hourly readings on six different pollutant gases.

"Traffic, pollution, sewage—ninety-five per cent of my time is now spent trying to solve the issues of ordinary people's lives," Asgharzadeh said. "I've learned that people's world view is changed more by dealing with the small problems of life—the issues they care about. And, unfortunately, ideology can't solve them."

THE KIDS

IN the revolution's early years, the clerics called on Iranian women to breed an Islamic generation. They did. The theocracy's decision, early on, to lower the age of maturity for females, from fifteen to nine, contributed mightily. Between 1980 and 1985, the average Iranian woman had more than six pregnancies. By 1999, Iran's population had soared to seventy million—more than double the thirty-four million at the time of the revolution.

Eventually, however, the mullahs recognized the staggering costs of their dictates, and in the early nineties they launched one of the most extensive birth-control programs in the world. Today, no one can get a marriage license in Iran without passing a family-planning course, and everything from condoms to Norplant to vasectomies is free—no questions asked about marital status.

Yet Iran is stuck with a massive demographic bulge: sixty per cent of the population is under twenty-five. With the voting age at fifteen, the revolution's second generation is transforming Iranian society—in potentially more dramatic ways than the impact of the first generation. The youth vote was the biggest single factor in President Khatami's election, and in the birth of a reform movement. Within a decade, voters under thirty will be the majority.

The revolution's successes have added to the challenge. Over the past twenty years, the Islamic Republic has produced the largest educated class of young people in Iranian history. Despite shortcomings, such as double-shift schools, literacy has shot up from fifty-eight per cent to eighty-two per cent, according to government statistics. The number of university graduates has soared from four hundred and thirty thousand to more than four million. All of them feel entitled to good jobs and material comforts.

The result is overwhelming the system. Eight hundred thousand young people are entering the job market every year—in an economy that can produce fewer than three hundred thousand jobs. This fall, a staggering seventy per cent of Iran's unemployed were between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four. And those lucky enough to find employment face the prospect of a per-capita income that is only a quarter of what it was on the eve of the revolution. Not surprisingly, unrest among today's generation of students is growing.

The Office to Foster Islamic Unity, a coalition representing Iranian university students that is the descendant of Students Following the Imam's Line, has its headquarters in a run-down house on Shahid Rajab Begi Street. Shahid means "martyr," and, like everything from highways to health clinics in Iran, the street was named for a soldier killed in the 1980-88 war with Iraq, in which more than a hundred thousand Iranian lives were lost. The office is furnished with desks, chairs, filing cabinets, and other equipment, all now somewhat worn, from the American Embassy.

"They're still quite serviceable," said Farhad, a slightly built, amiable student in his twenties who gave me a brief tour of the American inventory one afternoon this fall, and, like most students I spoke with, asked that I not use his surname. "The file cabinets are particularly good," he told me. The Embassy must have been well stocked, because the students are still using its stationery, with a bald-eagle watermark, in their copier.

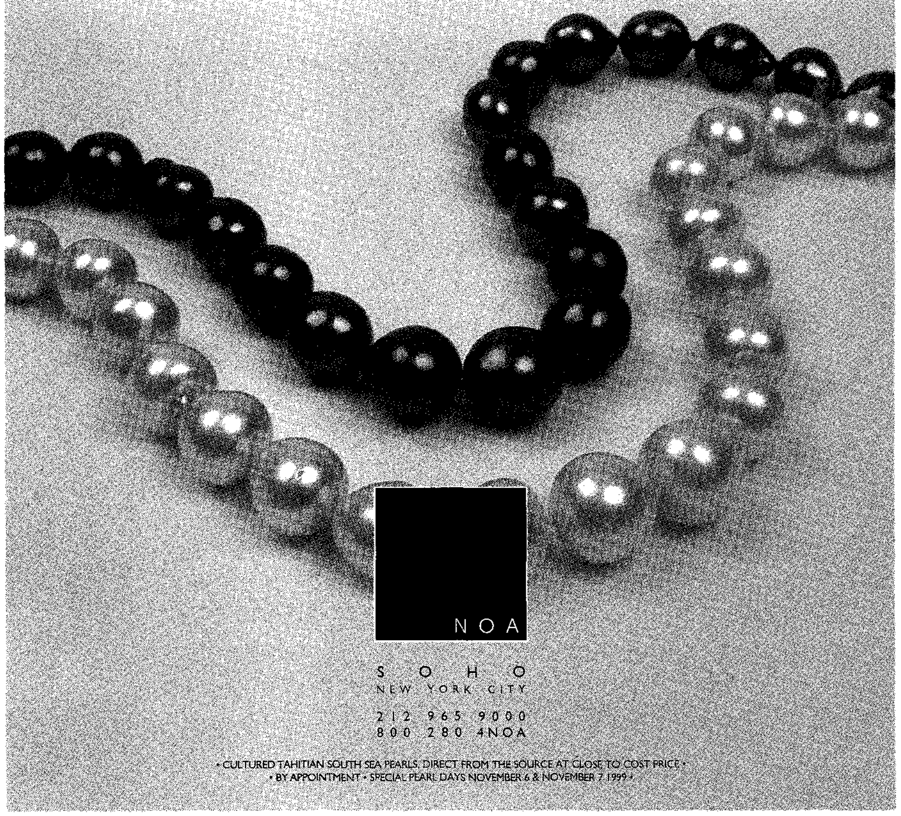
The house was donated by Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, Khomeini's successor, in order to revive a student movement that had been dormant during the war years. In the nineties, the new Supreme Leader apparently viewed students as a way to widen his power base and keep the original vision of the revolution on course. He seems to have miscalculated.

"Students today are pressing hard for individual rights, an open press, freedom to form parties and run for office, and a civil society," Farhad explained. "We're now on the front line of the struggle for democracy. These are critical times for Iran."

Last July, the worst unrest since the revolution erupted. Thousands of students, Farhad among them, started demonstrating at Teheran University after a Revolutionary Court banned a reformist newspaper, on charges of "attempting to create turmoil and instability." Over the next five days, the protests escalated into violent clashes with police and, more important to the theocrats, a humiliating public heckling of the system. "The demonstrations let people say things that they didn't dare say for twenty years," Farhad recalled, smiling with excitement. "And it was real democracy! No one was exempt from criticism."

The students even dared to taunt the Supreme Leader. An attempt to read a statement from his office was greeted by shouts of "Down with the religious dictator!" and "Commander-in-chief, resign!" By the time the trouble was over, students reported that five youths had been killed and hundreds injured. Police said that more than fourteen hundred had been arrested. Four have since been sentenced

Close your eyes.
Imagine the World's most beautiful strand of pearls.
We have one more beautiful.



NOA

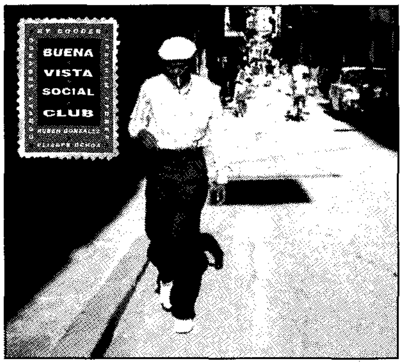
SOHO
NEW YORK CITY

212 965 9000
800 280 4NOA

• CULTURED TAHITIAN SOUTH SEA PEARLS, DIRECT FROM THE SOURCE AT CLOSE TO COST PRICE •
• BY APPOINTMENT • SPECIAL PEARL DAYS NOVEMBER 6 & NOVEMBER 7 1999 •

BORDERS Words on Music

Erika Grande, Borders' World Music Expert, says
"This holiday season, add some flair to your gift list... Include the *Buena Vista Social Club*, and share the nostalgic glory of Cuban song."



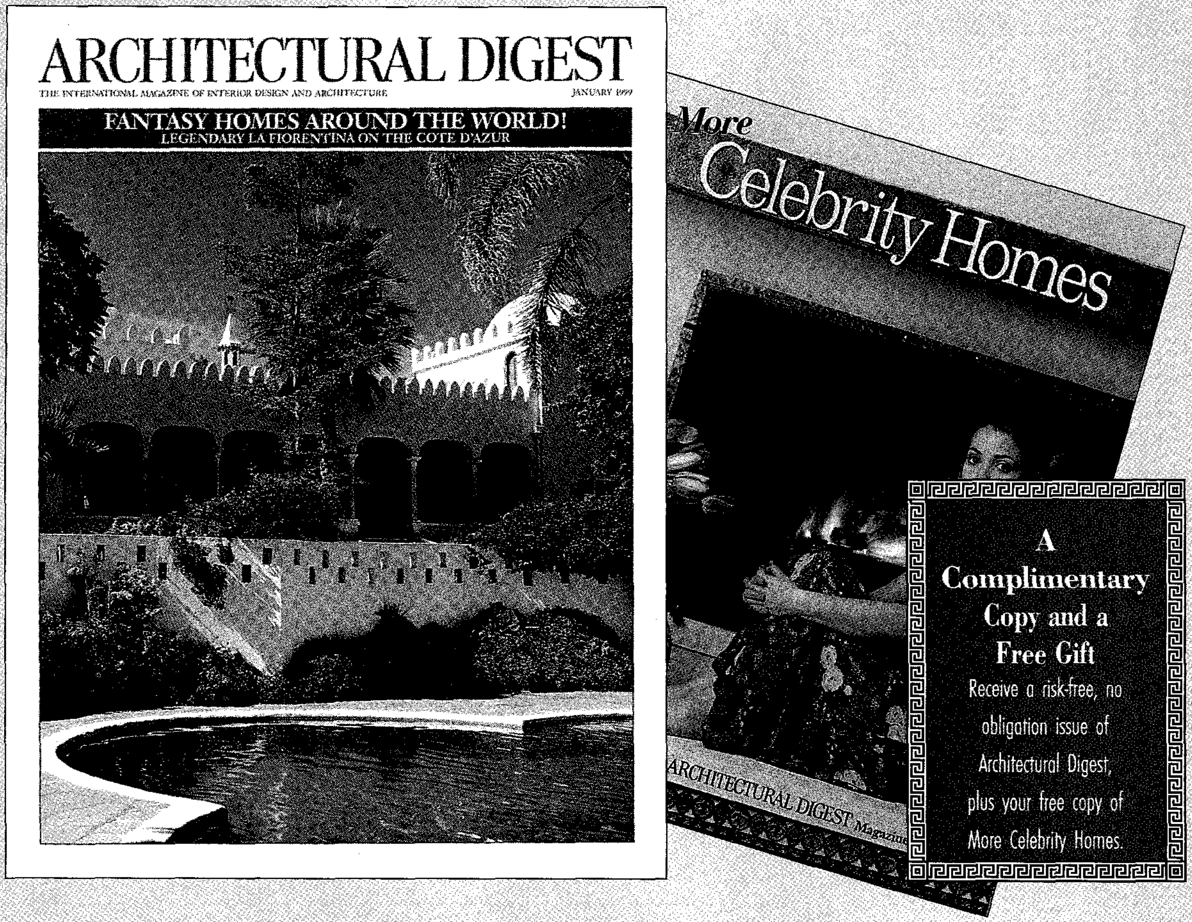
NONESUCH
WORLD CIRCUIT

featuring Ry Cooder, Ibrahim Ferrer, Rubén González,
Eliades Ochoa, Compay Segundo

The Grammy Award-winning gold record dubbed "world music album of the decade" by ***Rolling Stone***.

"If you don't already have it, go out now, this minute, and buy it."
Esquire

BORDERS
BOOKS, MUSIC, VIDEO, AND A CAFE.
www.borders.com


ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF INTERIOR DESIGN AND ARCHITECTURE
JANUARY 1999
FANTASY HOMES AROUND THE WORLD!
LEGENDARY LA FIORENTINA ON THE COTE D'AZUR
More
Celebrity Homes
ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST Magazine

A Complimentary Copy and a Free Gift

Receive a risk-free, no obligation issue of Architectural Digest, plus your free copy of More Celebrity Homes.

The People You Know, the Homes You've Dreamed of Seeing!

OFFERED TO YOU NOW AT OVER 50% OFF THE COVER PRICE.

SEND FOR YOUR COMPLIMENTARY ISSUE

Send for a risk-free, no-obligation issue of Architectural Digest. Enjoy the one and only magazine that takes you inside the luxurious homes of the world's most fascinating people. See how a vision can be transformed into a magnificent reality. Send for your Complimentary Copy today.

PLUS YOUR FREE BONUS!

Tour the homes of the stars in More Celebrity Homes, your Free Gift just for responding to this offer!

WITH NO OBLIGATION!

If you are not delighted with Architectural Digest, just write "cancel" on your bill and return it to us. You won't owe us anything, and you can keep the issue and your Free Gift.

Enter your introductory subscription for 11 additional issues (12 in all) for just $29.95 by mailing the accompanying card today. (If card is missing, please write to... Architectural Digest, P.O. Box 59061, Boulder, CO 80322-9061.)

ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST

to death by Revolutionary Courts. Further trials are pending.

This fall, Iran had a bad case of the jitters when school resumed. But on the day that I visited the university's downtown campus the only rumblings were beneath the surface. Like the revolution's first generation of young activists, including many of the hostage-takers, the most politically engaged students today are engineers. They're also the most fashionable. A noticeable number at the Engineering College either were clean-shaven or had neatly trimmed mustaches and goatees.

"Everything in Iran is political," explained a senior named Mehdi, who wore a goatee and chuckled when I asked him why the young are shaving again. "Beards were the way of the revolution. Shaving is the way of the reformers. We're showing that we've moved on—and that we don't follow limitations imposed on society."

The new generation's challenge to the regime had a particular claim to legitimacy, because many of the protesters were the offspring of the original revolutionaries. Iran's higher-education system gives preference to applicants with Islamic credentials—the children of revolutionaries, civil servants, clerics, and the poor. These students don't necessarily want to abandon the Islamic system; they just want Iran to be more of a republic.

Outside the Amirabad dormitories, where the July unrest began, I met a muscular third-year premed student named Mohammad, who was wearing jeans. "I come from a traditional religious family," he told me. "My father demonstrated during the revolution, and he worked for the government, in the Agriculture Ministry, for many years. But students on this campus are familiar with George Orwell's 'Animal Farm,' and we know revolutions don't give you everything you want. So I demonstrated in July to demand reforms. So did all my friends."

The new generation sees the challenge not from beyond Iran's borders but from within. The previous generation attacked the American Embassy, as an outpost of the Great Satan; this one feels that it is a victim of its own system. Nowhere is that more conspicuous than at the Office to Foster Islamic Unity, where I asked the students how they felt about the United States and about its critics.

"These people abuse the anti-American slogans of the past," Behrooz, a twenty-five-year-old industrial-management major with an unusually square face and a short haircut, told me. "They're hypocrites. Most of them are like everyone else. They're ready for relations with America again. America may have created some of our problems in the past. But dealing with America again is one way to get out of our problems today. On different terms than before, of course—this time as equals. But if a candidate says something against America, he won't get the students' vote!"

THE PHILOSOPHER

ABDULKARIM SOROOSH is a diminutive, almost meek, man. He speaks in a slow, deliberate whisper, and in a land of raven-haired people his most distinguishing feature is a neat, soft-brown beard. Often, just before embarking on an important point, he pulls off his wire-rimmed glasses and cleans them with a handkerchief, or pushes them up on his forehead and rubs his eyes.

"I'm just a writer and a thinker," he told me five years ago, with a self-deprecating laugh. "I'm not such an important man." Soroosh has emerged, however, as Iran's boldest contemporary philosopher, a man increasingly described, by both supporters and critics, as the Martin Luther of Islam. I visited him this fall at the Serat Institute, an adjunct of the Institute for Epistemological Research, a think tank that Soroosh directs. The Serat occupies a few small whitewashed rooms near a dusty back alley not far from Teheran University, and it publishes most of his work.

For a long time, Soroosh was one of the revolution's own. He was born Hossein Dabbagh, in 1945. A follower of Ayatollah Khomeini from childhood—since an uncle took him to see the Imam on the day of his release from the Shah's jail, in 1963—Soroosh was born to the kind of family that formed the revolution's backbone. His mother, Batoul, who was named after one of the Prophet's daughters, never abandoned the chador, even when the monarchy banned it. His father, a gro-

A cashmere scarf
with this much warmth
and personality could only
come from Paul Stuart.
Made in Scotland from
the finest, softest
cashmere, its multi-
color knit stripes
render it perfect
with any hue of
outerwear. And it's
equally appropriate
for him or her.
A generous 10"x72".
$267.

Paul Stuart
Madison & 45th
New York
875 N Michigan Ave
Chicago
TO ORDER, CALL 800.678.8278

BookPricer.com
Find the lowest price
for any book,
In under 30 seconds!
It's Free, Fast &
Saves You Money!

Dragonfly
Pin or Pendant
www.rnstudios.com
Sterling Pin $49.00
14k Gold Pin $265.00
Genuine Diamond eyes add $72.00
Sterling Pendant
with 20" box chain $59.00
14k Gold Pendant
with 20" box chain $315.00
1 1/4" Tall
1-800-235-0471
S/H $5.75
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701
Velvet Box

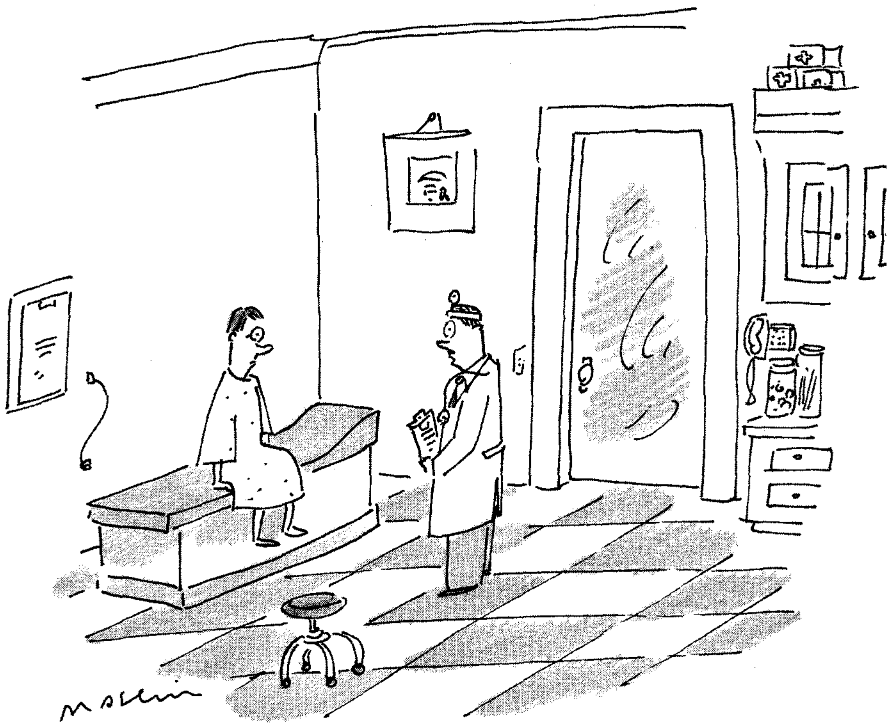
PUZZLE ART
Heirloom quality, intricately handcut
wood jigsaw puzzles personalized
with silhouettes & messages.
$135 and up
Call or write for free catalog:
(612) 827-5757
Dept.N93 , 4255 Garfield Ave. S.
Minneapolis, MN 55409-1858
http://www.rainylakepuzzles.com
Rainy Lake
PUZZLES

tobypress.com

The Toby Press publishes fine fiction, not available in any bookshop. For a free brochure,
contact us at www.tobypress.com, call toll free 1 800 810 7191, fax toll free 1 800 810 7703.

Toby

4006



"Unfortunately, you have what we call 'no insurance.'"

• •

cer, refused to buy a radio to listen to the Shah's state-controlled news. Soroosh and his three siblings grew up in the old part of Teheran, where the mud-brick homes usually had one or two large rooms, little furniture, and no bathroom. Soroosh was the first in his family to go to the university and live in the West. When he was a student in London, he visited Khomeini in Paris during the last phase of the Ayatollah's exile. After the revolution, the Imam appointed him to the Committee of the Cultural Revolution, whose purpose was to make university curriculums consistent with the teachings of Islam. Soroosh still comes under bitter criticism today from exiles and others who were purged during those years. But in the late eighties Soroosh began to view the Imam as an instrument of transition rather than as the personification of the revolution's ultimate goal.

Of the many challenges Iran's theocrats face on the revolution's twentieth anniversary, Soroosh may well represent the most profound. At a critical juncture for Iran's unique political system, he has provided a philosophical framework for reconciling Islam with democracy. In the broader Islamic world, he has helped popularize an Islamic Reformation—with repercussions as sweeping as the Christian Reformation. Soroosh's achievements may be the Islamic Republic's most enduring legacies—far more so than its theocratic form of government, which is now struggling to survive.

"There are two pillars," Soroosh once explained to me. "First, in order to be a true believer one must be free. To become a believer under pressure or coercion isn't true belief. This basic freedom to believe is also the basis of democracy. It's the seed from which all other freedoms grow."

The second pillar, he said, is based on human imperfection. "The essence of religion will always be sacred, but its interpretation by fallible human beings is not sacred—and therefore it can be criticized, modified, refined, and redefined. What single person can say what God meant? Any fixed version would effectively smother religion. It would block the rich exploration of the sacred texts. Interpretations are also influenced by the age you live in, by the conditions and mores of the era, and by other branches of knowledge. So there's no single, inflexible, infallible, or absolute interpretation of Islam for all time.” In other words, it’s O.K. to alter, or even abandon, practices that have prevailed for centuries.

“Islam is organic and dynamic, and can easily be adapted to present conditions,” Soroosh said, with a trace of excitement in his voice. “And Islamic law is expandable. You can’t imagine the extent of its flexibility! In an Islamic democracy, you can realize all its potential.”

Soroosh had originally been something of a recluse, shying away from the press and allowing other intellectuals and clergymen sympathetic to his ideas to apply them to the specifics of Iran’s labyrinthine political scene. Eventually, to protect his family from sporadic physical attacks and anonymous death threats, he permanently adopted a pseudonym that he once used only for writing poetry. “Soroosh” means “angel of revelation.”

Today, Soroosh has a huge following among Iran’s students. When we first met, he taught at three universities, and he invited me to attend one of his classes. Students acted starstruck when he showed up for a seminar at Teheran University’s School of Theology: they stood in the hallway just to watch him walk to class. The theocrats have since forced him out of all three posts, but his influence has only increased. This fall, students at the Office to Foster Islamic Unity told me that they looked to two leaders as their models—President Khatami and Soroosh. Many of the reformist newspapers and magazines are published or edited by Soroosh followers. Teen-agers, businessmen, and housewives pack the Wednesday-evening lectures he now gives in a private home. And in the theological center of Qom, an hour and a half’s drive from Teheran, Soroosh’s work is one of the hottest topics among young clerics. His influence, Iranians tell me, has only begun to be felt.

Since the mid-nineties, Iran’s clerical establishment has made Soroosh a target. In 1995, during a speech commemorating the American Embassy seizure, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei warned, “Interpreting religion isn’t something that can be carried out by just anyone. If someone confronts the clergy, he gladdens the Zionists and the Americans more than anything else . . . because they’ve set their heart on destruction of the clergy. Well, the Islamic system will slap these people hard in the face!”

Over the past year, however, Soroosh has become bolder, as if he senses that the Islamic Republic has reached a precipice. “This is totalitarian rule,” he said to me this fall. “And they are totalitarian rulers. That is a harsh thing to say, but it’s the truth. The regime can’t survive the way it is.”

Soroosh paused. “You know,” he said a moment later, “our revolution was a haphazard, chaotic, and theoryless revolution, in the sense that it really wasn’t well thought out—not by the Leader, not by the people. For the Imam, Islam was everything. He wanted everyone to topple the Shah in order to apply Islam. But he didn’t elaborate on any of these points. So now it’s the intellectuals’ job to provide a theory for the revolution, to rethink it and to offer a new logic for it. And the outcome will be not another revolution but reform. Because—two revolutions in one generation? Well, really! It’s too much!” He laughed softly.

Soroosh’s most recent views have a potentially far-reaching impact on Iran’s place in the world—even on its relations with the United States. Soroosh selected the name Serat for his institute because it means “path,” and he believes that there is more than one path.

“Every day, Muslims recite a prayer ten times entreating God to guide us to the right path,” he explained. “Some say the only right path is Islam, and the rest stray or are on a deviant path. But I argue that there are many right paths. I try to justify a pluralistic view of religions—the internal sects of Sunni, Shia, and others, and also the great religions, like Christianity, Judaism, and the rest.

“We think they go to Hell, and they think we go to Hell,” he said, a smile crossing his face, as if the idea were amusing in its smallness. “But I’m trying to say that Christians and members of other religions are well guided and good servants of God. All are equally rightful in what they believe. To some, this sounds like heresy,” he said, the smile widening. “But this, too, has found listening ears in our society.” ♦

Neat gifts that grow, teach, oink, nurture and even warm cold feet.

This holiday season or any special time, cheer your family and friends with surprising, hard-to-find gifts. For each $35 donation to a Quaker project, you’ll receive a gift card with original art in color. Use it to delight someone with your gift made in the person’s name.

The Kosovo crisis left tens of thousands of refugees to be resettled. AFSC gives material aid to displaced Serbs and returning Kosovars. Your $250 gift provides bedding and blankets to keep one refugee family warm this winter.

Our Community Readers enter four public elementary schools in Pasadena, CA, carrying good books. After they read with the children, the class keeps the books. Your $150 gives stimulating paperbacks to low income city kids.

After a swine flu epidemic, AFSC is helping Haitians reintroduce Creole pigs. Community groups receive five pigs, and distribute five offspring to new families. Your $100 gift supplies two vaccinated pigs and pig food.

AFSC offers literacy kits and classes for rural women in West Virginia. Each bookbag has notebooks, pencils, dictionary, GED reference book, stuff on welfare rights and child health insurance. Your $75 gift buys three literacy kits.

Responding to severe food shortages, AFSC helps North Korean farmers achieve sustainable agriculture via new seeds, fertilizers and advice. Your $35 gift provides 20 lbs. of clover and alfalfa seed to grow and plow under as “green manure” to replenish soil nitrogen.

Quaker peace, justice and development projects are underway the world over. Your gift will help people and the earth. Please be generous.

American Friends Service Committee

Development Office, 1501 Cherry St.
Philadelphia PA 19102

My contribution of $________ for:

☐ refugee aid ☐ books
☐ Creole pigs ☐ literacy kits
☐ green manure seeds

Send_____ cards (min. $35 each)

Name____________________

Address__________________

City/State/Zip______________

Visa/MasterCard 1-888-588-2372 ext.1

NY99

SHOUTS & MURMURS

MIFFED

BY BRUCE McCALL

ISTVAN BANYAI

JACK, whom I will call Turk, was so pathetic that he isn't worth my time writing about. Male dimwittedness? Tell me about it. Vince, on the other hand, put it this way: "You'd be unhappy, too, if I were you." Without knowing it, Vince had put his big, clumsy, masculine thumb on something that men are not allowed to discuss in their world of frost-brewed emotions and hickory-cured relationships. Galoots like him hide behind their welding masks, not because of OSHA rules but because they're afraid of red-hot sparks—*despite* Mom's exhortation to be "brave little boys."

Stan could be the poster boy for male denial. Stan hunts caribou along the Trans-Alaska Pipeline with a rolled-up newspaper, which is just the kind of self-neutering gesture that generations of secret male despair have bred in otherwise healthy specimens like, for example, Ed. Ed, a licensed tire vulcanizer, claimed not to have "the faintest f------ idea" of what I was talking about, insisting that he *enjoyed* "getting ripped" in topless bars.

Ed was in this sense little different from Sam, mired in a dead-end arbitrage job that brought him money and status and satisfaction galore but left him abjectly unable to recall a single thing I had told him about his hidden male misery. His buried pangs were not obvious; far worse, they were not there—a crisis all too often encountered in the course of my indefatigable research. It was as if the men I interviewed felt they knew more about themselves than I did, and the more I talked the more firmly this belief system held.

But, if a lifetime of checking to see if your fly is zipped can do strange things to the male sense of selfhood, Mark's experience did nothing to confound the stereotype. Mark can't remember the moment in adolescence when he realized that, like all males, he was heading straight for the lifetime trap of having to pretend he was the man he thought he was. "I guess I was too busy getting laid," he mumbled sheepishly. And yet again, the more eloquently I sympathized with his plight the more baffled Mark became, his inner male panic quelled but not dispelled by yawns and a glazed expression and constant nervous glances at his wristwatch.

Are men unhappy because they are men, or are men men because they are unhappy? Gus, a three-hundred-pound baby posing as a Hell's Angel, confessed that he had never really thought about it before—neither the first nor the last time one of my profound questions would flummox the allegedly "masterful" male species. As men do, Gus answered my question by asking one of his own: if he ran his Harley-Davidson toward that brick wall over there at ninety miles an hour, would Zeno's Paradox hold? But even Gus could see that he wasn't going to squirm out of it by flattering my erudition. Falling back on that ancient and primitive belief in offense being the best defense, he came at me with a monkey wrench instead, altogether unlike Tom, a draper's assistant. Tom tried to bury his masculine despair under a surface gloss of contentment that had long since metastasized into happiness—with his Camaro, his body, his life, even his maleness. But two could play that game. I told Tom I was far happier than he, and smarter into the bargain. But admitting this, and that his whole life was a sham, was beyond Tom's false male pride. We parted enemies, and he would never know why.

Duke bluntly resented my search for truth. Scraping out a living as a nuclear physicist and escaping into the macho fantasyland of international chess mastery at every opportunity, Duke could respond to my pity for his life in the straitjacket of he-man-ship only by hollowly proclaiming "Hey, lady, get a life!" and slamming the door in my face. Duke, like millions of other so-called men, had been trained from infancy to flaunt this masquerade of brusque maleness. Why was it that only I could see past such façades? The empathic powers of womanhood, perhaps—and perhaps, too, a gift for the sort of breathtaking generalizations given only to persons with enormous brains for their hat size.

But this is men's story, not mine, as I told a fidgety Gabe one day while driving him to his clarinet recital after an all-day interview. He went pale while I expounded my theories on his inability to grasp what I had been trying over and over to get through his thick male skull, taking refuge in screaming "One-way street!" and other classic jock talk. Gabe is one of those men—almost an archetype—so enmeshed in the inherited, mindless daily rituals of shaving, tie-knotting, and suspender display as to have lost all awareness of the dilemma I was explaining so patiently and at such length. He was sweaty and trembling when we finally reached our destination. "Women drivers," he said, smirking, as my car bowled over a parking meter, the thingamajig down there on the whoozis having suddenly, sort of, how was I supposed to know? What poor, benighted, maler-than-male Gabe didn't understand—would never understand—was that driving is just one of those male things. Like harpooning whales. ♦

1-800-522-5000 or www.saturn.com. ©1999 Saturn Corporation.

More power.

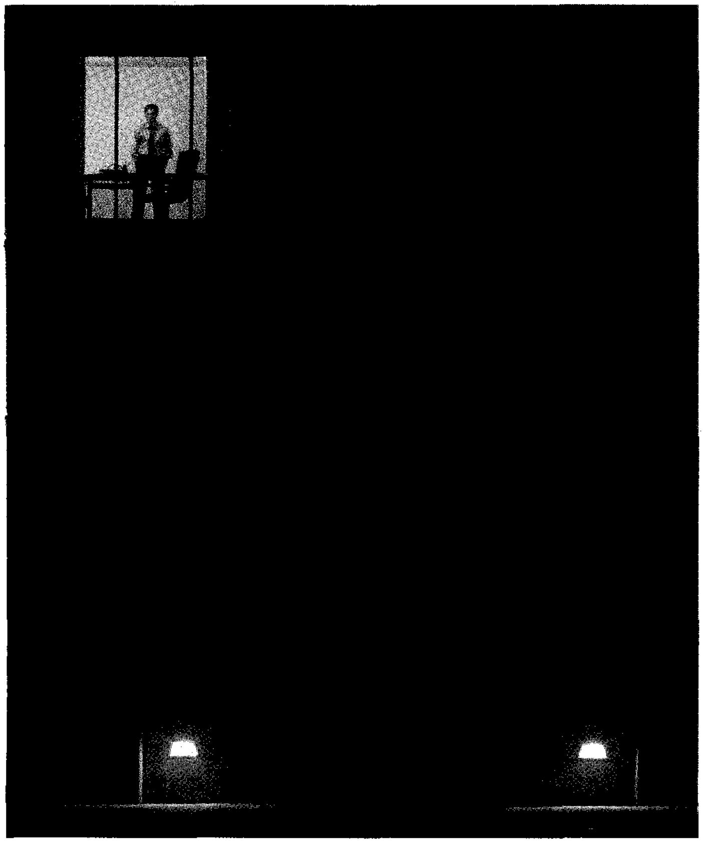
More control.

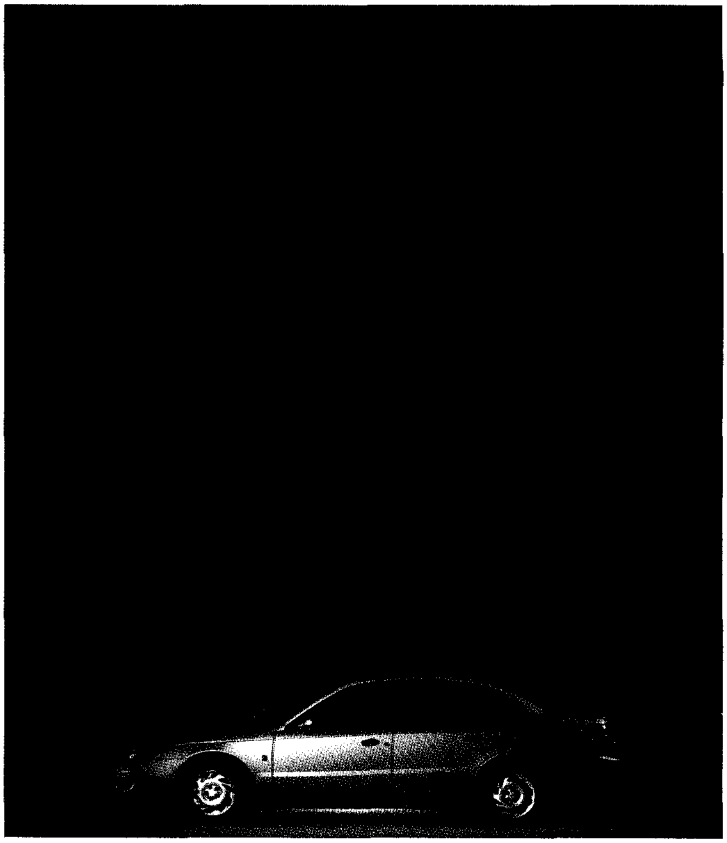
More headroom.

The new Saturn L-Series.

A Different Kind *of* Company.

A Different Kind *of* Car.





Management. The next big thing from Mike Wilmot.

LS. The next big thing from Saturn.

THE POLITICAL SCENE

IT'S ONLY MONEY

But why, exactly, is Steve Forbes running for President?

BY ELIZABETH KOLBERT

IT has been raining off and on all morning in Goffstown, New Hampshire—a lousy day for a barbecue. Nevertheless, more than a hundred and fifty people have gathered among the wet leaves in Emile Beaulieu's yard. They are sitting inside a rented tent, eating hamburgers and hugging themselves against the cold. Suddenly, from down the road come the jaunty strains of a march, which to my untrained ears sound just like the opening theme from "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Steve Forbes has arrived.

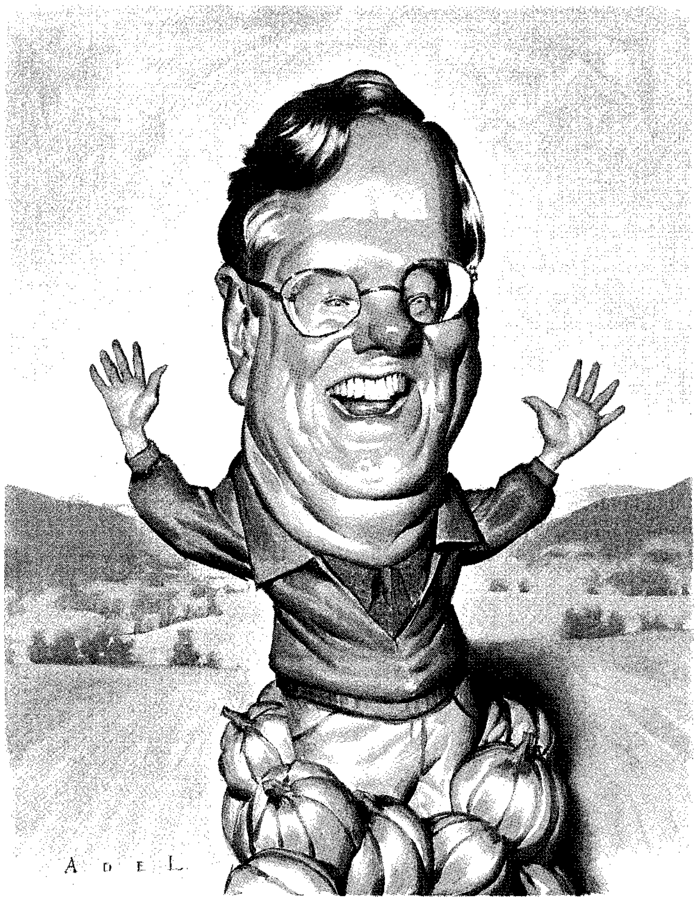
His campaign travel schedule says "casual attire," and Forbes has exchanged his customary dark suit for a plaid shirt, a pair of khakis, and a zip-up jacket from Brooks Brothers. He walks over to a microphone, strategically placed in front of some pumpkins, and, while the crowd works its way through the generous spread his campaign has provided, he launches into his pitch. As soon as he does, it is clear that this is not the same geeky, hopelessly awkward plutocrat who tried to buy the Republican nomination four years ago. This is a geeky, hopelessly awkward plutocrat who has seen the light.

Forbes has borrowed his theme—"a new birth of freedom"—from Lincoln, and in his formulation it encompasses the "freedom to be born," the "freedom to choose your own school," and the freedom of "being safe and secure in this world, which means rebuilding instead of running down our military." His thick glasses make it seem as if he were peering out at his audience from far away. For the most part, he speaks without affect, and, even when he is at his most orotund, his voice has the eerie impassiveness of cheap electronics. "Together, we can redeem our country," he declares in a tinny monotone. "We can get America on the path of righteousness and glory again, and show the world what a free, vibrant, moral people can do."

The last time Forbes ran, his campaign had the clear, if disquieting, logic of an idée fixe. This time around, he has repositioned himself, downplaying his old obsession with the flat tax and taking up an assortment of other causes. The new Steve Forbes is, above all, a social conservative, which is to say precisely the sort of person who did in the hopes of the old Steve Forbes. He favors posting the Ten Commandments in public schools, teaching abstinence, and affirming the sanctity of marriage. Though he used to avoid the issue of abortion, he is now an outspoken pro-lifer, who, in an opera-buffa version of political pragmatism, has vowed that he would appoint only anti-abortion judges to the federal bench, a position that goes further than many of the cause's most committed crusaders.

Forbes seems genuinely to believe in his new strategy, and so far he has spent more than fifteen million dollars of his own money to pursue it. In August, after he finished second in the Iowa straw poll, having shelled out an estimated four hundred dollars per vote, he called the results proof positive that his was "the only conservative candidacy that can win." Since then, the field has narrowed, and two weeks ago, when Elizabeth Dole dropped out, citing Forbes's bank account as one of the reasons, it left the front-runner, George W. Bush, to face, effectively, two challengers: one, Senator John McCain, of Arizona, with a record of heroism and public service; and the other, Forbes, with a huge wad of cash. According to his campaign manager, Bill Dal Col, Forbes has field operations up and running in every state that Bush does, and is determined to spend whatever it takes—an estimated fifty million dollars—to remain competitive.

But the fact that Forbes may actually hope to become President does not in any way diminish his contribution as a satirist. A great deal of what is wrong with American politics no longer shocks, because it is so ordinary; with Forbes, that is never the problem. Pick almost any weary truism about what is undermining the democratic process—the huge war chests, the outlandish promises, the slasher ads, the rampant



Talking about himself, Forbes sounds as if he were discussing someone he had once met in passing.

DANIEL ADEL

hypocrisy and false moralism of the candidates—and he makes it seem funny and scary once again.

At least according to his own account, it was Jude Wanniski, a former journalist who might be described as the Boswell of supply-side economics, who first approached Forbes about running for President, back in March, 1995. Disappointed by former Congressman Jack Kemp's decision to sit out the race, and despondent over Bob Dole, who just couldn't seem to shake an antiquated belief in fiscal responsibility, Wanniski wrote Forbes an eight-page memo on how he could win the Republican nomination. Six months later, when, improbably enough, Forbes materialized on the campaign trail, the press made a sport out of trying to describe his extraordinary inadequacy as a candidate: writing in *Time*, Calvin Trillin memorably likened his appearances to a comedy-club sketch of a "dork robot." Forbes's opponents, meanwhile, mostly ignored him, perhaps assuming that his candidacy would sink under the weight of its own preposterousness. The result was an ugly surprise.

All told, Forbes spent some thirty-seven million dollars on that race, nearly all of it his own. On a dollars-per-week basis, it was the most expensive primary campaign in American history, but just as significant was the way in which the money was expended. In the weeks leading up to the New Hampshire primary, Forbes poured nearly a million and a half dollars into the state for television advertising alone. (In Manchester, WMUR's fancy new studio is still referred to, only half in jest, as the House That Forbes Built.) The other candidates, for their part, were prevented by law even from trying to keep pace: because they had accepted federal matching funds, they had also accepted strict state-by-state spending caps. In the case of New Hampshire, the cap for all expenditures, based on population, was set at just over six hundred thousand dollars.

Most of Forbes's television ads were aggressive, if only moderately accurate, attacks on Dole, which accused the Senator, among other things, of voting to raise taxes by nearly a trillion dollars, and they had a devastating impact. Dole's favorable ratings dropped precip-

Need a good reason to wait by the mailbox?

Join our monthly wine club and receive specially selected wines every month.

wine.com
Buy wine online

©1999 Wine.com Formerly VirtualVineyard.com

Speed reader

The mobile unit cut to fit your reading matter

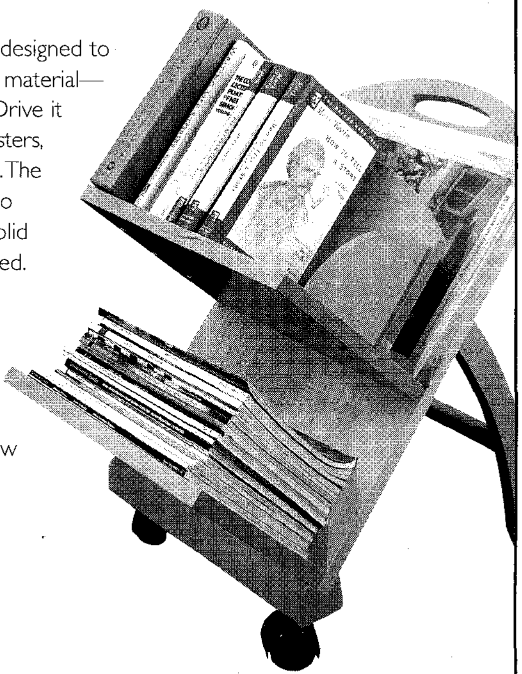
Levenger Reader's Roadster is designed to hold all three major sizes of reading material—books, magazines and newspapers. Drive it from room to room on two front casters, then park where it's most convenient. The angle of the shelves makes it easier to read the spines. In natural or dark solid cherry, and unconditionally guaranteed. **$199** plus **$13.95** shipping.

WANT ONE?
Order anytime by phone or online. Request our **free** catalog of some 200 products, including 50 brand-new tools for reading, writing, and other meaningful pursuits.

800-311-4565
levenger.com/NYR03L

LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS

NYR03L



RHINO

What's missing from your record collection?

"Really big tornadoes."
– William C. P'nisnose
Mayor, Billville

THE FIRESIGN THEATRE: *Boom Dot Bust*

We've got 'em—as well as genetically-mutated high school athletes, *The Glue-It-Yourself Show*, the DevilMaster Exorciser™ by InfermCo®, and a potential mayoral lynching.

It's fun for the whole family from the Grammy®-nominated satyrists (oops) satirists. Sorry.

Available at:
BORDERS® COME INSIDE.
BOOKS, MUSIC, VIDEO, AND A CAFE.
www.rhino.com

EXPERIENCE THE TRUE EUROPE

Our tours combine the best of sightseeing and relaxation. We carefully select smaller hotels with modern conveniences and local ambience. Spend as little as $2,299 for 10 nights, including flights on American Airlines.

27 Exceptional Tours!

TNT VACATIONS
www.tntvacations.com
For your free catalog call:
1-888-468-6846

www.cardrageous.com®
Boxed Christmas & Everyday Notecards
1-888-727-4500 ◆ Santa Fe

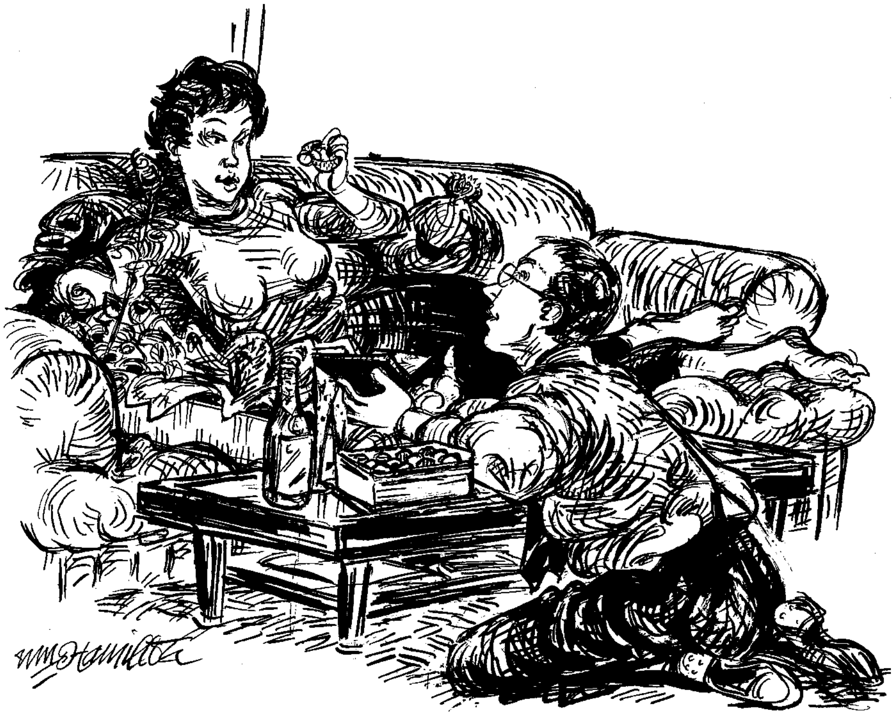
R.M. Williams
Australia's Original Boot
Mens 5-13 Ladies 6-11
'The elastic hugs my ankles in the friendliest way: my feet feel loved and protected'
Susanna Rodell ATTACHÉ Magazine
+61-3-9429-5611
www.bootsonline.com.au
Craftsman

itously, and never recovered. Aides to Bush have claimed that they expect Forbes to launch a similarly nasty ad campaign against the Texas governor this year, and, in preparation, they have gone so far as to produce their own ersatz anti-Bush commercials to test on focus groups, one knocking his spending record and another his record on taxes. More significant, Bush has decided to forgo sixteen million dollars in federal matching funds so that he will not be bound by the state-by-state spending limits. At another moment, this decision might well have been decried as high-handed, or even anti-democratic. Given Forbes's history, and his access to a fortune estimated at four hundred and forty million dollars, it has mostly been accepted as just plain good sense.

TRAVELLING with Forbes is a great deal more comfortable than trailing after your average long shot. Over the summer, I met up with him while he was in the midst of a twenty-seven-stop Iowa bus tour. The campaign had rented two huge buses for about two dozen people. In the bus that I was assigned to, Victory Express II, there was a fax machine, several portable computers, five phone lines, a refrigerator full of drinks, and little bowls of candy and snack mix which were replenished every few hours. At most stops, refreshments were also laid out for the crowd, so that on one day, in the southwestern part of the state, I could have had coffee and doughnuts in Shenandoah, pie à la mode in Creston, and cookies and lemonade in Greenfield.

This time, Forbes has put a lot of resources into building an organization, "doing it block by block," as he told me. In key early primary states, like Iowa and New Hampshire, he has hired experienced political staffers, who have, in turn, created extremely professional field operations. The outcome of the Iowa straw poll, which has, for no particularly good reason, come to be seen as an important early test of strength, demonstrated the effectiveness of the Forbes team: to win second place, he beat out a senator, a onetime governor, and a former Vice-President. He was, it turned out, the only candidate with the vision to put up an air-conditioned tent.

Forbes's organization has worked hard to overcome its candidate's obvious limitations. When Forbes arrives at an event, for instance, the first order of business is typically a photo session, during which anyone who wants to can pose with the candidate while he smiles as if at gunpoint. The photos serve to shield Forbes from the obligation of making small talk, something he all too



"You know, when I get over my thing for bad boys, Chip, you're going to be one of the first to know."

obviously can't manage. One night, in Durham, New Hampshire, there was no camera, and I watched Forbes try to cope with a line of supporters. He couldn't have hoped for a friendlier crowd; many were carrying copies of his book, "A New Birth of Freedom," which they wanted him to sign. Bill Clinton would have emerged from such a gathering with twenty or thirty new best friends; Forbes never mustered anything more personal than "How do you spell 'Jen'? J-E-N?"

Forbes's aides also try hard to minimize the casual chatting that the candidate has to do with the press, parcelling out interviews in fifteen- to twenty-minute units. When I got my first unit, in Iowa, I felt cheated, but after my second, at Forbes headquarters in New Hampshire, I began to feel that time probably was not the problem.

Most politicians have on hand a story about themselves, based partly on actual experience and partly on what they wish it had been. In Forbes's case, experience, consisting of a life of fantastic wealth and privilege, presents an obvious challenge, but, with a dad like Malcolm Forbes, there must, one assumes, be some narrative possibilities. Yet, if Forbes has considered them, he has also rejected them. Talking about himself, he sounds as if he were discussing someone he had once met in passing. When I asked whether his father's political career had inspired his own—Malcolm Forbes twice ran for governor of New Jersey, and got trounced—he would not go further than "It helped whet the appetite for it, or kindled the interest in it." And, when I asked him what he had learned about himself during the campaign, all he would say was "It has reinforced my belief that I can provide the leadership." In a desperate effort to make contact with something genuine, I raised the issue of his father's rumored homosexuality, and asked him to respond to religious conservatives who said they could not vote for him because of it. "If I leave this world with my children feeling about me the way my siblings and I felt about our father, I'll die a very happy man," he said.

Forbes is not an easy person to empathize with; still, at moments on Victory Express II, while the endless Iowa cornfields rolled by and the bowls of snack mix emptied and were refilled, I found myself experiencing odd twinges of sympathy. I wondered how many of the energetic young men and women bustling around in "Forbes 2000" polo shirts really believed in his candidacy and how many were just along, as it were, for the ride. And I couldn't help believing that there were moments when Forbes must wonder about this, too.

FORBES'S supporters like to talk about how knowledgeable he is, and how well read, and to contrast his willingness to discuss esoteric issues with other politicians' tendency to eschew them. "He's got the most specific set of policy plans of anyone," former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who is now the chairman of *Forbes* magazine, told me. And in the abstract this is, indeed, an attractive feature of Forbes's campaign. But the devil, as they say, is in the details.

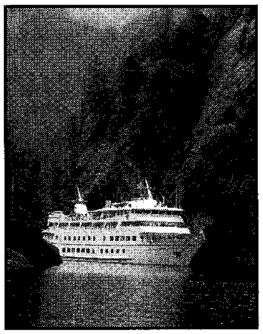
Take, for example, Forbes's flat tax, which is still the closest he comes to a genuine passion. As a general concept, the flat tax has many advocates among economists, who admire its simplicity, its ease of enforcement, and its preferential treatment of savings and investment. Politically, however, the problem with the flat tax has always been that it is regressive; slash tax rates for those at the top, and the difference will have to be made up by everyone else.

Forbes's way around this problem is to conflate his flat tax with a massive, supply-side-inspired tax cut. To replace current revenues, practically all economic models mandate a single rate of at least twenty per cent. Forbes proposes a rate of just seventeen per cent, which, combined with generous exemptions, would guarantee pretty much everyone in the country a tax break. He blithely maintains that the resulting deficit will be more than made up for by the boom that will follow, an assumption virtually no credible economic analysis supports.

Other Forbes prescriptions are even more idiosyncratic. In Iowa, where farmers are facing catastrophically low commodity prices, Forbes has been railing against the Federal Reserve, blaming the central bank's monetary policies for the problem. Iowans themselves, who tend to see the matter in more conventional terms, generally assume that prices have fallen because interna-

Small Ships

14 of the world's finest small ships, offering the discerning traveler more than 34 unique adventures all over the globe.



Request your catalog today.
***1-800-964-0500*,**
or see your travel agent.

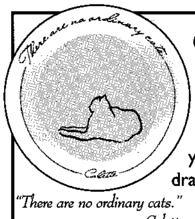
INTRAV®
Exploring the World Since 1959

Visit us on the Web at: www.intrav.com

BookPricer.com

Find the lowest price for any book, In under 30 seconds!

It's Free, Fast & Saves You Money!



Cats in Repose
...surrounded by prose

The set of four different Literary Cat plates will delight your guests with charming drawings and quotes about cats.

"There are no ordinary cats."
-Colette

$45+S/H

8" porcelain plates • dishwasher and microwave safe

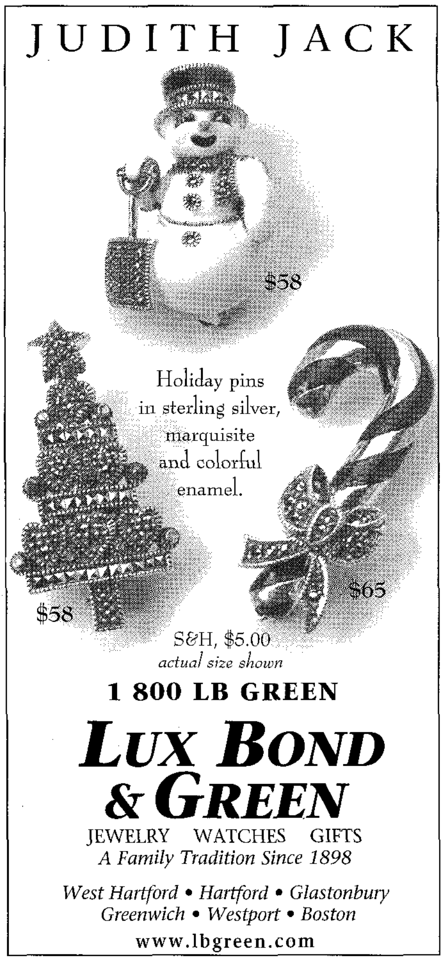
www.monkeyandpeddler.com
Call toll free 877.666.5399

The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris

PARIS notes

To order call toll free:
1-800-677-9660
www.parisnotes.com

publishing since 1992
current events, culture
history, restaurants
hotels, travel tips
$39 10x/yr



JUDITH JACK

Holiday pins
in sterling silver,
marquisite
and colorful
enamel.

$58
$58
$65

S&H, $5.00
actual size shown

1 800 LB GREEN

LUX BOND & GREEN

JEWELRY WATCHES GIFTS
A Family Tradition Since 1898

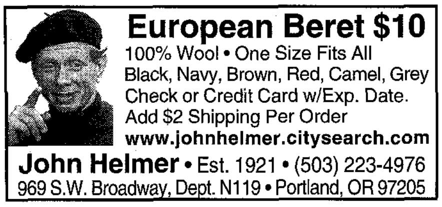
West Hartford • Hartford • Glastonbury
Greenwich • Westport • Boston
www.lbgreen.com

THROWLEIGH CLUB FENDERS

Custom made in Virginia,
available in brass or black steel construction with
leather upholstery; starting at $1,600
800-896-1314 www.clubfenderusa.com

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Pigs" Bracelet
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. Pin or Pendant
14K $95, Sterling $35. V/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514



European Beret $10
100% Wool • One Size Fits All
Black, Navy, Brown, Red, Camel, Grey
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add $2 Shipping Per Order
www.johnhelmer.citysearch.com
John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. N119 • Portland, OR 97205

tional markets are glutted. I watched more than one farmer gamely try to understand Forbes's theory, only to give up in perplexity. Eventually, I asked Forbes about it directly, and he explained that when the Fed tightened up the money supply people who needed to raise cash did so by selling commodities, thus depressing their prices. After I got back from Iowa, I called up half a dozen economists of different political persuasions to try out this idea, which still eluded me. Without exception, they pronounced themselves flummoxed. "That's madness" was how one of them, Robert Solow, a Nobel Prize winner, put it.

The truly disconcerting thing about listening to Forbes elaborate on his far-fetched theories is that he seems so confident about them. In a wonderful twist of logic, he construes the almost universal disinterest in his arguments as proof that he is in possession of some explosive truth. "I'm the only campaign that's willing to discuss this," he says frequently, and with evident pride, of his cash-squeeze theory of commodity prices.

On lower Fifth Avenue, on the ground floor of the building that houses the publishing empire Forbes and his siblings inherited from their father, there is a museum that brings together several of Malcolm Forbes's many, varied obsessions. One section of the museum is devoted to his famous collection of baubles from Fabergé, another to toy boats, and yet another to trophies from contests long forgotten, including a silver plate presented for the "best five acres of swedes grown with Bradburn's Manure" in 1898. At the entrance to the exhibit of toy soldiers, there is a plaque that explains how Forbes senior found himself suddenly and irreversibly drawn in. One day, he purchased a set of "worse for wear" First World War doughboys at an auction. "Up went my hand," he is quoted as recalling, "and it's not been often or long lowered since." The plaque goes on to relate that the toy-soldier collection eventually grew to encompass a hundred thousand pieces.

Steve Forbes could have had the world's largest collection of ships in bottles, or antique lace, or Pokémon cards; instead, he has decided to run for President. To get as far as he has, he has already sacrificed a great deal—to keep his campaign afloat, Forbes has quietly sold part of his stake in the family's privately held publishing empire—and it's hard to say exactly to what end. His ideas now have no more currency than they did when he started out, and, despite his showing over the summer in Iowa, he still has not drawn within striking distance of the White House. Even though he has the resources to keep going until Bush—or whoever—clinches the Republican nomination, it would be difficult, especially now, to maintain that he is simply fighting for what he believes in, or to speculate, as one might for Pat Buchanan, or Ross Perot, that he just gets a kick out of the whole messy business. If Forbes spends what he says he is going to spend, he will surpass even Perot in terms of the amount of personal wealth he has devoted to his campaign. Yet, by all accounts, he hates wasting money. Wanniski related to me how, during the last race, whenever Forbes took him out to eat, they ended up going to the local Friendly's, where Forbes would order the two-dollar-and-twenty-two-cent breakfast special. Rick Ahearn, a deputy campaign manager, described his boss to me as "Scottish, through and through."

Many theories have been proposed to explain Forbes's behavior. There is the arrogance-of-wealth theory, the shy-fellow-who-deep-down-is-longing-for-attention theory, and the blame-it-on-dad theory, which has it that by running Forbes is trying, finally, to outdo his father. What these theories have in common is an impulse to rationalize Forbes's behavior—in other words, to obscure what is obviously true: there is no rational explanation for what he is doing. But is there one for Gary Bauer or Orrin Hatch, and was there ever one for Lamar Alexander(!)? Forbes may move in his own cartoon version of American politics, but it is one that is increasingly indistinguishable from the real thing. What he shows us is a form of political ambition that is simply much more pointless, hopeless, and absurdly self-punishing than that which we've come to expect. ♦

May 6, 1961
THE NEW YORKER
Price 25 cents

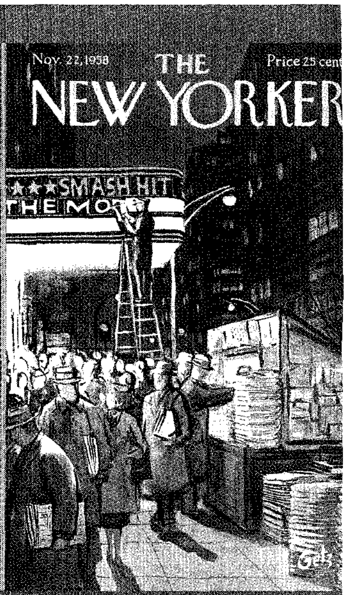
ADVERTISEMENT

THE FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER PRESENTS

THE NEW YORKER GOES TO THE MOVIES

NOVEMBER 30—DECEMBER 9

WALTER READE THEATER
165 WEST 65TH STREET BETWEEN B'WAY & AMSTERDAM
NEW YORK CITY



The New Yorker proudly presents its first-ever film festival. Celebrating 75 years in "reel time," this dynamic series spotlights the relationship between one magazine and the movies. The marquee features films based on New Yorker stories, written by New Yorker writers, or made famous by New Yorker reviews.

LAST TANGO IN PARIS

A whole lotta Brando & a bit of Maria Schneider in Bertolucci's Parisian folie à deux. Thursday December 2 at 1:00 & 6:00

IN COLD BLOOD

Robert Blake & Scott Wilson as Perry & Dick, the thrill-kill murderers of Truman Capote's non-fiction novel. Wednesday December 8 at 2:30 & 6:45

BANANAS

Vintage early Woody, posing as a revolutionary in a fictional Latin American country. Wednesday December 1 at 3:00 & 7:45

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS

Homegrown surrealist farce starring W.C. Fields and Jack Oakie. Wednesday December 1 at 1:00, 6:00 & 9:45

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

Turn of the century St. Louis in blazing technicolor, with Judy Garland and "The Trolley Song." Saturday December 4 at 4:30 & 8:45

MONKEY BUSINESS

The Marx Brothers pretend they're Maurice Chevalier in this shipboard comedy. Tuesday November 30 at 2:00

TRADE WINDS

Fredric March and Joan Bennett trade wisecracks at sea. Friday December 3 at 1:00, 6:00 & 10:00

HORSE FEATHERS

Groucho as a college president: the password is "swordfish." Tuesday November 30 at 4:00

MIDNIGHT

Claudette Colbert crashes French society as a fake countess and attracts the eye of cab driver Don Ameche. Friday December 3 at 3:00 & 8:00

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

An Alexander Woollcott-type played by Monty Woolley takes over a midwestern household. Tuesday December 7 at 1:00 & 6:00

THE MALE ANIMAL

A comedy of communism & college football with Henry Fonda as a professor battling for career & wife Olivia de Havilland. Tuesday December 7 at 3:15 & 10:15

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

War hero Audie Murphy in John Huston's adaptation of Stephen Crane's classic. Wednesday December 8 at 1:00, 5:15 & 9:30

CRIES AND WHISPERS

Bergman's death dreamscape in red and white, about three sisters in a country house. Sunday December 5 at 7:00

MY SISTER EILEEN

Musical version of Ruth McKenney's stories of life in Greenwich Village, choreographed by Bob Fosse. Saturday December 4 at 6:45

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY

Murray Head loves both Glenda Jackson & Peter Finch in this London-set love triangle. Thursday December 9 at 1:00 & 6:00

THE LEFT-HANDED WOMAN

Peter Handke's adaptation of his own novella, with Edna Clever as an Austrian woman "finding herself" in Paris. Sunday December 5 at 4:30 & 9:00

CASUALTIES OF WAR

Soldiers rape and murder a young Vietnamese woman in this harrowing, visceral Brian De Palma film. Thursday December 9 at 3:30 & 8:30

L.A. STORY

Steve Martin's satirical valentine to L.A.—watch for the coffee ordering scene. Thursday December 2 at 3:30 & 8:30 and Tuesday December 7 at 8:15

To purchase tickets, visit www.filmlinc.com, stop by the Walter Reade box office after November 15th, or call 777.FILM on the day of the show.

Sponsored by

B&B THE COGNAC LIQUEUR DU PONT® MOTOROLA Panasonic® Drivers wanted.®

[illegible] illustrations by Arthur Getz. © 1999 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved.

NICK KELSH

ANNALS OF PARENTHOOD

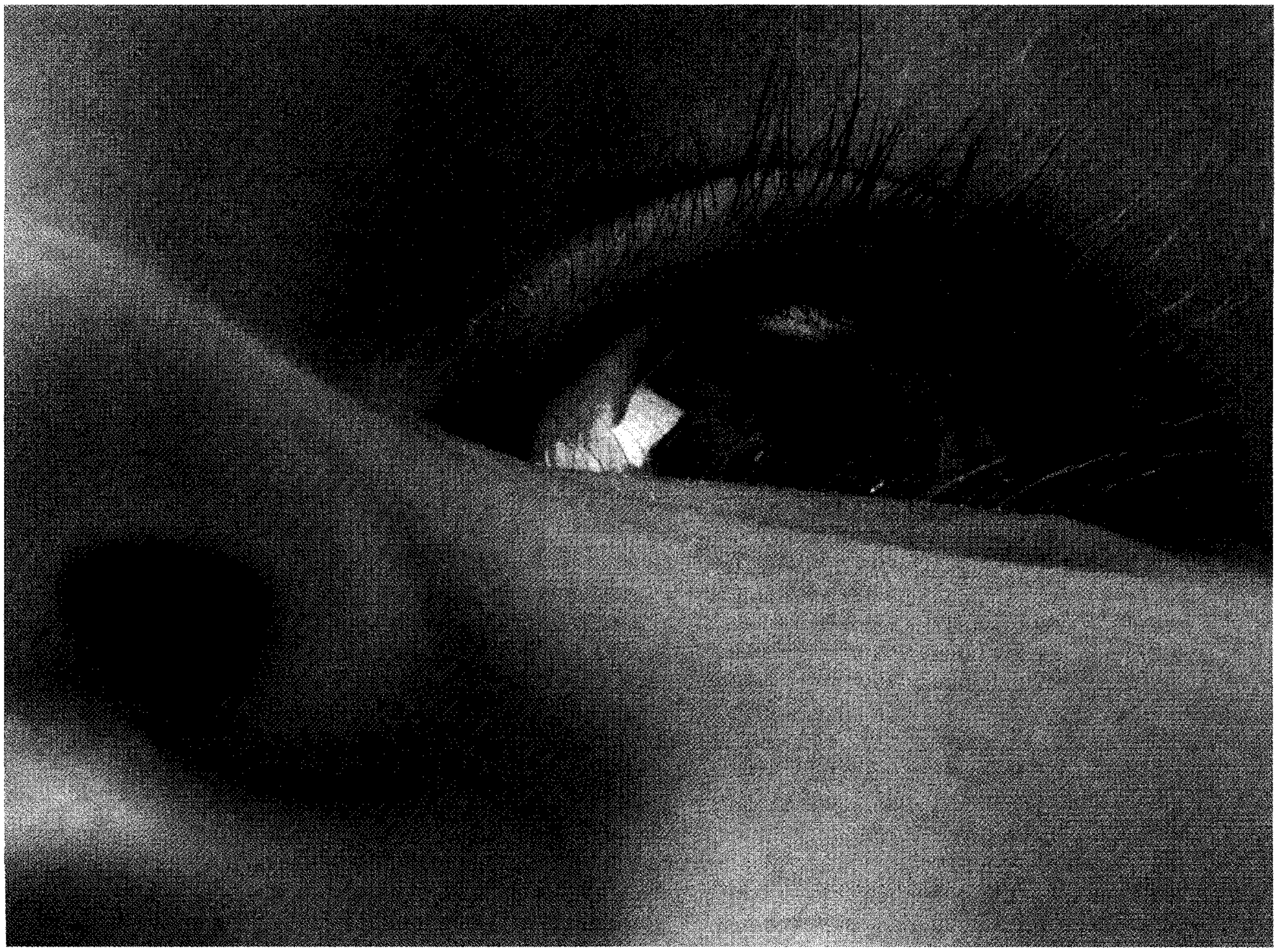
SLEEPING WITH THE BABY

Which side of the bed are you on? The author and his wife defied the experts.

BY JOHN SEABROOK

I AM a co-sleeper. That is, my wife and I sleep with our ten-month-old son, and we've been sleeping with him since he was born. This puts us on the wrong side of the federal government's recent edict about co-sleeping, which is that parents should never sleep with children younger than age two. "Don't sleep with your baby or put your baby down to sleep in an adult bed," stated Ann Brown, chairwoman of the United States Consumer Product Safety Commission, announcing the results of an eight-year study sponsored by her agency, published in October in the *Archives of Pediatrics and Adolescent Medicine*. As a co-sleeper, I wondered, on reading her remarks in the newspaper, after another night in the sack with the boy, what does sleep have to do with consuming product? Sleep is one of the secret channels by which parents communicate with their kids—under the radar, one hopes, of commercial influence and government control. The Consumer Product Safety Commission is the federal agency built at the intersection of those interests.

As a father, I was ambivalent about the announcement. Ten months ago—at the other end of the long, dark tunnel of sleeplessness that is new parenthood—I was firmly against co-sleeping. Had the study been available then, I'm sure I would have welcomed it as ammo for the argument I was having with my wife about how to put our baby to sleep. Like many fathers, I didn't like the idea of sleeping with the baby. Since we had prepared a bedroom for him, and filled it with C.P.S.C.-approved products, I thought he should use it. But I didn't



really have a choice about where the baby slept. The bottom line was that my wife favored co-sleeping. Being a father means lots of new responsibilities, but most of those are easy to accept; what's hard to accept is your secondary role in making key parenting decisions. Grudgingly at first, I adapted to the family bed, and as I did my views about co-sleeping evolved.

What makes the commission's report particularly obnoxious is that Americans are prone to believe the advice of institutional authorities when it comes to parenting. And sleep is, of all the issues new parents face, the most complex. A 1995 study conducted in the Boston area by Sara Harkness, Charles Super, and Constance Keefer found that more parents seek advice on how to get their children to sleep than on any other health or behavioral subject. Science, culture, and gender politics all play a role in the discussion—matters that are hard enough to think about when you're rested, let alone when you're sleep-deprived.

The science on which the C.P.S.C.'s declaration was founded is very shaky. The agency's position was based on a single survey, conducted over an eight-year period by Dr. Suad Nakamura, which identified five hundred and fifteen U.S. infant deaths in adults' beds, a hundred and twenty-one caused by "overlaying"—one of the adults rolling over on the baby—and the others by entrapment in the bedding (water beds accounted for seventy-nine of the deaths). The study made no attempt to measure the relative statistical significance of these five hundred and fifteen infant deaths—an average of sixty-four a year—out of 3.9 million babies born annually in the United States.

If the decision about where a baby should sleep is purely a matter of the child's welfare, the evidence suggests that co-sleeping is marginally safer than sleeping alone. In this country, twenty-seven hundred and five babies died in 1997 of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, far more than the five hundred and fifteen infants who died in adults' beds over an eight-year period. Most SIDS babies die while sleeping by themselves, in their cribs. A series of studies performed by James J. McKenna, a biological anthropologist at Notre Dame, suggest, he says, that "solitariness may conspire with infantile deficits to increase SIDS risks." SIDS is thought to occur when the baby goes into such a deep sleep that he stops breathing; having the mother's heartbeat and breathing nearby re-starts the baby's system. In fact, ninety per cent of the world's parents sleep with their children. "If you have a baby," McKenna says, "sleep close to it."

As always, the baby's left eyelid is the first one to close. It could just be a blink, but now the second eyelid is sliding down, definitely heavier than a blink would be. The muscles around the chin relax, and the head settles sideways. "Go, baby," I whisper. "Go to sleep."

But, just as I'm starting to work out the minimum number of moves it will take for me to get up from the sofa and put the baby down in his crib, he startles: his arms fly upward, his fingers clutching the air in fear, and his eyes snap open, staring at some dreadful image—definitely not the candy-colored clown they call the sandman.

Damn.

It's not that he won't sleep. The problem is that he doesn't sleep when we sleep. At three months, the baby is a "polyphasic" sleeper, meaning that he sleeps in six or seven bouts per twenty-four hours, without distinguishing between night and day. His parents are "monophasic" sleepers, who are used to sleeping in one seven- or eight-hour chunk at night. Teaching the noble savage what adults mean by sleep is the first great challenge all parents face. Sleep is the beginning of culture—our first attempt to pass our habits along to our children. Sleep is also the beginning of moral judgments, both about the baby (Is he a good sleeper or a bad sleeper? everyone wants to know right away) and, more searchingly, about one's own ability as a parent. His sleep, or lack thereof, is a comment on our ability to provide contentment and peace; it seems articulate in a way that his cries and grumbles and cooing do not, perhaps because sleep is one of the few states that we have in common at this point. It's a universal language that we share at a level deeper than words.

My wife comes in from the bedroom, literally staggering with sleep deprivation. She listens to the baby's bleating and divines that it is his "tired" cry, as opposed to his hungry cry or his pained cry. I say, "He's not tired. We're tired. That's the problem."

She stretches her arms out toward the baby, meaning, Give him to me and I'll take him to bed. I say, "Wait." At this point, I am still a believer in putting kids into their own beds as early as possible, so that they can learn how to get to sleep by themselves, even if it means letting a baby cry in his crib until he realizes he's going to be fine. Piled around us on the sofa where we sit with the baby are the parenting books from which my argument against co-sleeping is derived: Benjamin Spock's "Baby and Child Care," T. Berry Brazelton's "Touchpoints," Burton L. White's "The New First Three Years of Life," Arlene Eisenberg's "What to Expect the First Year," and Penelope Leach's "Your Baby and Child." My mother-in-law, who is living with us during these early months, wonders why we bother with all these books. But we are more inclined to trust books than family members. Grandmother is cherished for her love and her willingness to hold the crying baby, but her methods are suspect, because they are based on tradition and not on information.

Spock says don't sleep with the baby after six months, unless you want the baby sleeping with you for years. "What to Expect" recommends leaving them in their cribs and letting them cry it out for as long as you can stand it, an hour or more. "In our society," Brazelton writes, "to be able to sleep alone in childhood is part of being an independent person." White writes ominously, "You can certainly do it"—i.e., co-sleep—"but I can't help you with the complications the practice usually leads to." Even Leach, the most permissive of the major experts (and the only female), doesn't endorse co-sleeping: "Once your baby is, say, three or four months old, it is sensible to make sure that she sometimes goes to sleep on her own so that she knows how to do it." Leach also points out that if your child needs to be with you to fall asleep, you'll have to go to bed when he goes to bed, or you'll have him on your lap or sleeping on the sofa next to you until you're ready to turn in for the night.

Sounds sensible to me, but my wife was deeply suspicious of the male-dominated rule-makers of child rearing. She resented these authorities' trying to prevent her from doing what was intuitive to her, which was to nurse the child to sleep in bed. To her, this synod of experts who sit in permanent convention on our coffee table was a textbook case of "hegemony."

The co-sleepers also have texts, and we own most of them: "The Family Bed," a Betty Friedan-like manifesto written by Tine Thevenin, a stay-at-home mom, in the nineteen-eighties (and featuring a blurb from Jane Goodall that reads, "Western Society is wrong in putting a social taboo on children sleeping with their parents"); "The Womanly Art of Breastfeeding," by La Leche League International, which advocates breast-feeding and is also a hotbed of co-sleepers; and "Nighttime Parenting," by Dr. William Sears, a San Clemente pediatrician. Sears, a Christian who supports the kind of sleeping arrangements most Christian writers on child care oppose, is an intriguing character; together with his wife, Martha Sears, a La Leche League leader, he raised eight kids in a king-size bed. His

"Go to accounting and crunch the numbers people."

book is persuasive when he describes co-sleeping as part of the larger philosophy of Attachment Parenting, an approach to child rearing that posits the unity of the family rather than the child's independence as the crucial goal of parenthood. But there's a certain New Ageyness in Sears's writing which grates on my post-sixties sensibility; for example, he's not above using a word like "hormoneous" to describe his theory of how sleep-sharing between mother and child puts their endocrine systems in synch.

Not one of the anti-co-sleeping authorities gives any really compelling reason that kids should sleep on their own, other than the parents' convenience. Most give lip service to the notion that it is important for babies to sleep by themselves in order to develop a sense of "independence." But independence is a notoriously slippery concept: does it mean autonomy, self-reliance, or solitary confinement? And, as the co-sleeping advocates point out, sleeping alone may mean merely switching dependence from the parents to objects in the crib—pacifiers, blankies, Teddy bears, and Teletubbies.

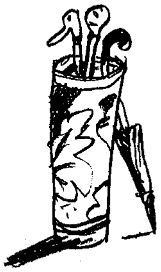
Is there any actual scientific evidence that where the baby sleeps matters to his future? A 1996 study conducted at the University of Michigan showed that kids who sleep alone wake up fewer times during the night than kids who sleep with their parents. Other studies have suggested that mothers and babies who sleep together eventually develop similar sleep cycles, which is why they tend to wake each other up: they are both in light sleep at the same time. That's interesting, but such studies don't answer the question I really want answered as a parent, which is how my child's early sleeping habits will affect his waking habits as an adult—whether he'll ever get a good night's sleep, or be at work on time, or keep a schedule, if we don't teach him the rules of sleep now.

Handing my wife the wide-awake baby, I say, "Well, what if he's sleeping with us when he's five?"

And she says, "What if he is? I slept with my parents until I was at least five."

What? This is a revelation: I married a co-sleeper. I do not come from co-sleepers. I was put in my crib and left to cry it out, more or less. I wanted to sleep in my parents' bed, and I remember the delicious warmth and the feeling of safety the few times I did. But my father made it clear that he wasn't thrilled to have me in the bed; by three I was "getting too old for this." I developed into a head-banger—I'd get on all fours and bash the top of my head against the headboard. It was comforting, like listening to punk rock sixteen years later.

In the morning, when I ask Grandmother if it's true that her daughter slept with her until she was five or so, she indignantly denies it. "Oh no, that's not true at all!" she exclaims. "We let all our children come into our bed when they wanted to, but they always left by the time they were two."



As with Grandmother, one detects a distinct reluctance to come clean about sleeping with the kids, which makes me think that a lot more of it goes on than anyone realizes. Most pediatricians I spoke to reported seeing more co-sleeping now than at any other time in recent memory; some saw this as part of the same trend that has led to longer time in diapers and longer use of the pacifier. Also, many mothers work all day, and nighttime is the only extended time that they have with their children. Michael Kaplan, a child psychiatrist at the Yale Child Study Center, makes a related point: that under the guise of soothing the child's fears of abandonment the mother is soothing her own fears of separation. Single mothers are more likely to sleep with their kids than married mothers are, he told me, and he also knows of some mothers who sleep with their kids when their husbands are away on business, without telling the husband. "They say, 'It's our secret from Daddy.'"

If I volunteer that I myself seem to be a co-sleeper, then the person I am talking to will often confess that he or she is a co-sleeper, too. But you have to be careful: you don't know quite how people will judge you when you admit that you're doing it. It seems that the issue of where the children sleep is also about class. The white-bread middle-class view tends to be that poor people and immigrants co-sleep, while "proper" American families sleep in separate bedrooms, because they can. (Interestingly, there is less of a stigma against the practice among African-Americans; in one study, only seventeen per cent of white Americans admitted to co-sleeping, while fifty-seven per cent of African-Americans said that they did it.) It's not a coincidence that the height of anti-co-sleeping sentiment, in the fifties, coincided with the explosion of postwar bedroom communities.

Of the newish fathers I have questioned about family sleeping arrangements, the biggest reason for not wanting to share the bed with the baby is that they won't be able to have sex with their wives anymore. "Don't have sex when a child is in your room, even if he is sleeping," cautioned the Boston *Globe* in a sidebar to a 1997 sleep-related story, under the heading "Suggestions for Parents," and this seems like a sensible policy. Yet the practice of co-sleeping invites a distinction in the primal taboo. At four months, does the baby really care if you have sex while he's in the bed? Chances are he'll sleep through it, but even if he doesn't he'll probably think it's funny. And it is funny. (Thank you for reminding us.) But then, at a certain point, you definitely want to knock it off, right? At what point is that? Six months? Ten months?

Since co-sleeping after a year or two does seem to mean that you may be in it for the long haul, some co-sleepers advocate setting up a special "sex room" in the house. The bedroom has been made the site of two not always compatible functions: sex and sleep. (Americans use "sleeping together" as a euphemism for sex, borrowing lamely from the French, but our usage misses the sexiness of simply curling up next to someone and taking a nap together.) However, the sex room, while an interesting idea for Ikea, isn't really practical for most parents in New York City. We don't have enough space for the baby stuff, much less for a sex room.

So we slept with the baby. But it wasn't as if we said, O.K., let's co-sleep, and then did it. That's not the way it works. It starts with the decision to breast-feed. Co-sleeping is like the fine print at the bottom of the breast-feeding contract. The baby falls asleep at the breast around seven-thirty, and you put him down in his crib. Maybe he wakes up again at eleven-thirty, and you repeat the process. Then he wakes up at

2 A.M. Some really committed parents continue to get up at this point, and nurse the baby sitting up in a rocker in his room, but if the parents are at all ambivalent the mother gets the baby and brings him into bed, where she can at least lie down and doze while he eats. As the father, you're not going to tell the exhausted mother that she has to feed him outside of the bed. (And, if you do, you'll also have to get up once in a while yourself to give him a bottle of expressed breast milk.)

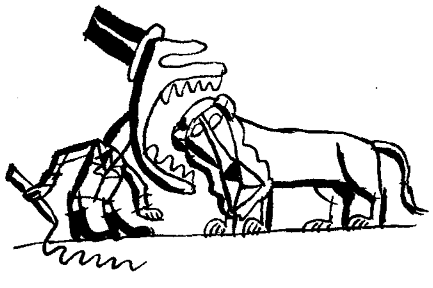
But we didn't sleep well at all. After four months of co-sleeping, the situation began to deteriorate. His polyphasic habits did not seem to be shifting toward our monophasic sleep. Instead, the opposite seemed to be happening: my formerly unified block of sleep was now broken into two parts, according to the baby's schedule, but, unlike him, I couldn't easily go back to sleep once I'd been awakened at 3 A.M., and spent the rest of the night in a hypnagogic state between sleep and wakefulness, with surreal images drifting across my unrested brain. Then his four-hour sleep phases shortened to two hours. Instead of sleeping in his crib until 2 A.M. and coming into our bed, he was coming in at midnight. He still seemed to be getting the sleep he needed, even if he wasn't learning to do it by himself. My wife and I, however, were beginning to exhibit symptoms of sleep deprivation: the burning eyes; the band of fatigue that tightens around the skull, a sensation some liken to the feeling that you're always wearing a hat; the irritation—at each other, at friends, at the cat's water bowl, which I kept kicking by accident; and astereognosis, or the inability to recognize things by touch, which is a classic sign of sleep deprivation. There was a sense of growing distance between ourselves and the world. Did I go out this morning to get the *Times*, or was that yesterday morning? I glance at the weather report in the top right-hand corner of the front page, and it says "Interesting clouds." Hmm. Interesting clouds. Never seen that forecast before. Then I realize it says "Increasing clouds." But "Interesting clouds" made perfect sense.

BABY'S crying in his crib again. I try to focus on the big red-lettered digital clock: 3:32 A.M. He almost invariably wakes up within ten or fifteen minutes of the hour he was born (3:21 A.M.), which has led to my primal-wakeup-call theory: that he is reënacting nightly the trauma of being rudely rousted from the womb.

My wife fetches him and brings him back to the bed. She puts him on her side, as she always does, and turns toward him, though sometimes by morning he's been moved in between us. I lie there wide awake, Father Time, while Mother Nature and her baby go at it next to me, eating and giving life, in a deep rhythmic bond. My main job is to avoid rolling over on my son. (Dr. Sears suggests that the father be a "warm fuzzy" in bed and, by way of illustration, he includes a picture of his own hairy-chested self, lying in bed with one of his kids. But I'm not feeling much like a warm fuzzy right now.)

Sleeping with babies is not like sleeping with adults. Babies have a different agenda when they sleep, and they behave differently in bed as a result. Infants are in REM sleep—the so-called rapid-eye-movement phase of sleep, which is associated with dreaming—twice as much as adults are. Thirty-week-old human fetuses are in REM sleep virtually all the time, newborns about half their sleep time. Building on experiments performed on baby rabbits and cats, which show that newborns prevented from REM sleep develop behavioral difficulties as adults, sleep experts believe that REM sleep in infants plays an important role in the structural development of the brain. As the psychiatrist J. Allan Hobson has put it, babies are literally "making up their minds" when they sleep. Michel Jouvet, an eminent French sleep scientist, theorizes in his recent book, "The Paradox of Sleep," that human infants are born with crucial parts of their genome unfinished, and that the "genetic programming occurs during dreaming." We are all born essentially the same, he argues, and babies' dreams help program unconscious reactions that are the basis of individual personality.

Adults in REM sleep are paralyzed, presumably to prevent them from acting out their dreams. Babies aren't paralyzed (where exactly are they going to go?), so they move around a lot more at night. They twitch, squirm, bicycle, grumble, smile, head-butt, thrash, and make weird half-laughs: it's almost as if they were awake. (Indeed, the brain waves of an infant in REM sleep hardly differ from his waking alpha waves.) All this activity was fine when Baby was tiny, but now that he's growing the dreaming baby's presence in our bed is not conducive to our getting the sleep we really want, which is deep, or delta-wave, sleep: the big slow rollers you see on the EEGs, which are caused by billions of neurons firing at once. It is during delta sleep that the neurotransmitters which are important to making sleep feel refreshing, such as acetylcholine and serotonin, are released. Also, without deep sleep the pituitary gland doesn't release as much human growth hormone, which is what keeps the muscles toned. And you know what that means: Puff Daddy.

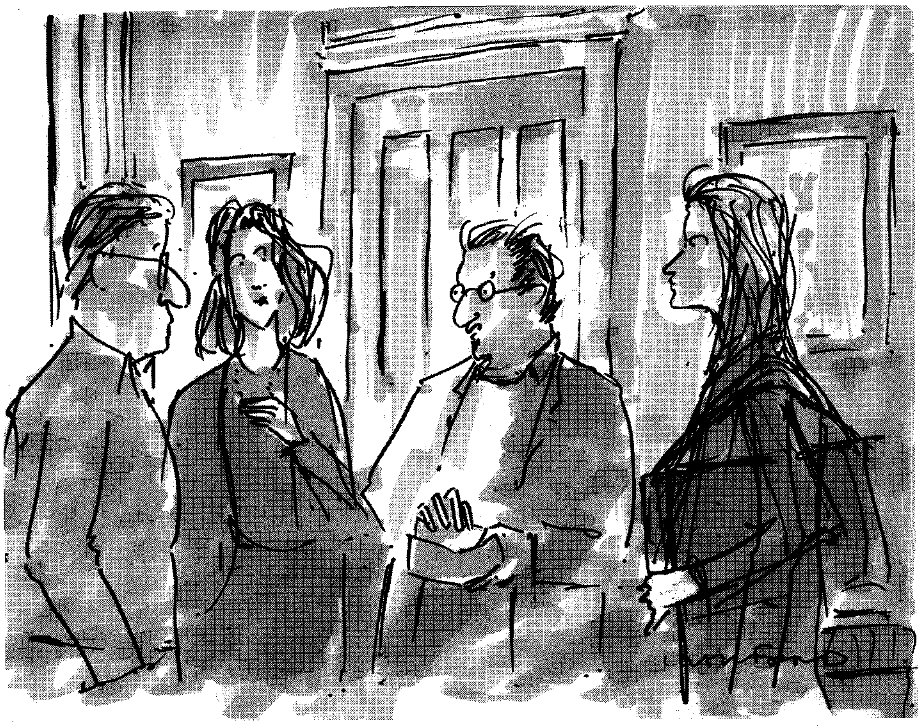


THE depths of my sleep deprivation happened to coincide with the second annual Sleep Awareness Week, which is the National Sleep Foundation's attempt to get people to take sleep deprivation more seriously as a health risk. The Exxon Valdez spill, Chernobyl, and the Bhopal disaster all happened at the hands of sleep-deprived workers. Auto fatalities are more likely to be caused by the sleepy than by the drunk, but because there is no stigma attached to sleep deprivation—indeed, it is often considered a sign of virtuous hard work—few blame the sleepless drivers. (In one recent poll, cited by William C. Dement in his new book, "The Promise of Sleep," twenty-three per cent of drivers admitted to falling asleep at the wheel at least once a year.) People who would never tolerate a pilot or a surgeon who has been drinking often put themselves in the hands of one who hasn't slept for twenty-four hours. In his recent book, "Sleep Thieves," Stanley Coren writes that each year sleep-related errors and accidents cost the United States over $56 billion, cause nearly twenty-five thousand deaths, and result in almost two and a half million disabling injuries.

But the ethos of sleep deprivation may be changing. One could take heart from a recent story in the *Wall Street Journal* which reported that the founder of Amazon.com, Jeff Bezos, and the president of Netscape, Marc Andreessen, two of the builders of the twenty-four-hour world, proudly boast of sleeping eight hours or more a night.

Montaigne records that the ancient Romans killed King Perseus of Macedonia by keeping him awake, but in modern times no human is known to have died from lack of sleep. In 1959, Peter Tripp, a popular d.j. on WMGM, in New York City, stayed awake in a booth in Times Square for two hundred and one hours, to raise money for charity. He experienced delusions and paranoia, and, at the end, when a doctor in a dark suit was examining him, Tripp thought the man was an undertaker preparing to bury him alive and fled the room screaming. In 1965, Randy Gardner, a seventeen-year-old high-school student in San Diego, stayed awake for two hundred and sixty-four hours, and, according to Dr. Dement, who played pinball games with Gardner toward the end of his vigil, showed no hallucinatory behavior or adverse effects, other than being really, really tired (and he won all the games). Both Tripp and Gardner recovered from their ordeal with one long sleep.

Animals, however, have died from lack of sleep. In the classic book "Sleep and Wakefulness," Nathaniel Kleitman clinically reports killing puppies by keeping them awake (it took five to six days), and other researchers have deprived adult dogs of sleep until they died (that took thirteen days). But the most famous of all sleep-deprivation experiments on animals was performed by Dr. Allan Rechtschaffen, a now famous sleep researcher in Chicago. He placed two rats, both wired to an electroencephalograph, on a revolving circular platform, separated by a barrier. As soon as the EEG showed that the designated sleep-deprived rat was falling asleep, the platform would begin to tilt, and the rat would be plunged into cold water, or, in other experiments, smacked against a wall. (The control rat was allowed to fall asleep.) The sleep-deprived rats developed sores on their feet, and ate two and a half times as much as they normally did, but still lost weight—it was as though their sped-up metabolisms consumed them. All the sleepless rats died within twenty-one days. However, extensive autopsies revealed no cause of death. The rats simply died. Finally, sleep and death—Hypnos and Thanatos, who were twin brothers in Greek mythology—were united in the absolute perfect moment of drifting away.



"Since we don't do payback dinners, how does eighty bucks sound for the reasonably decent evening I think we've all had?"

• •

"DR. FERBER saved my life." More than one parent has said something like this to me about Dr. Richard Ferber's theories on sleep, and by the time our baby is five months old I am ready to believe them. "We put her in the crib," one male friend of mine said, "closed the door, and basically had to tie ourselves to the bed to stop from going in. When the crying finally stopped we looked in and our daughter had actually stuck her head through the bars and gone to sleep. But it worked in two nights."

First published quietly with a small printing in 1985, Ferber's "Solve Your Child's Sleep Problems" has to date sold about seven hundred and fifty thousand copies, and currently sells more than fifty thousand copies a year. According to Fred Hills, Ferber's editor at Simon & Schuster, people buy multiple copies to give to friends who are new parents. (It's a "you have to read this" book.) Anyone who doubts that sleep is a highly politicized issue should try dropping Ferber's name at a parenting group and gauging the polarized reaction. To a committed co-sleeper, Ferber is the enemy, because he brings cold methodology—what Lewis Mumford once called "technics"—to the enchanted and still largely uncolonized kingdom of sleep. But to a sleepless parent in urgent need of help, Ferber is indeed a savior.

The most famous part of the book is an incremental chart that lays out Ferber's step-by-step method of getting a child to go to sleep by himself. On the first night, you place the baby in his crib, close the door, and don't reënter for five minutes. The second night you wait ten minutes, the third night fifteen, and so on, until by the seventh night you're waiting thirty-five minutes. (There's something sort of Biblical about it all.) The child cries, the agonized parents stand outside the door, desperate to go in and stop the crying—but not, Ferber says, until "time's up." Under certain circumstances you can go in and comfort your angel, and perhaps pat him a little, but even if the child cries so hard he throws up you are not to pick him up from the crib. "Clean him up and change the sheets and pajamas as needed," Ferber writes, "and then leave again." If you can stand this, you will be rewarded with a child who is "Ferberized"—i.e., able to go to sleep alone in his own bed.

It sounds almost sadistic, and yet for

me the idea of solving this problem by an efficient, ingenious method is very seductive. The appeal of Ferberizing springs from the same place in the American character that delights in eliminating dirt by "simonizing" the car, or ridding oneself of stains by "mercurizing" the dry cleaning—a faith in salvation through method that goes back to Ben Franklin's time-saving tips in "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Families from all over the world go to the Center for Pediatric Sleep Disorders, which Dr. Ferber runs at the Children's Hospital in Boston, in search of answers to their kids' sleep problems. Dr. Ferber or one of his senior fellows sees the family for one two-hour session, with the sleepless child, and the center works up a program for the parents, who try it and report back in two to four months. In certain cases, Ferber will do a "sleep study" on the child, which means the child spends the night wired up in the sleep lab.

I met Dr. Ferber in early April, on a Friday, which is one of the days when he is away from his clinical practice, seeing patients at the lab. A sleepy child, with dark circles under his eyes, was in one of the three sleep rooms. Outside the lab, a mother was pulling a wagon in which her six-year-old was lying down, a big pacifier stuck into her mouth.

Dr. Ferber is a slight, soft-spoken man, with a white Freudian-style beard that makes him look older than his fifty-five years. His reading glasses hang on a braided strap around his neck. He is hardly as large as he looms in the sleepless parent's imagination. He showed me around, demonstrating how he can simulate day and night in one room by gradually turning up banks of lights. While there was a certain crispness in Dr. Ferber's manner, a suggestion that he likes a firm schedule for himself ("I absolutely cannot be here after six," he told me, when we were making plans for my visit), there was nothing about him that seemed sadistic.

Ferber was trained as a pediatrician, and initially had no special interest in sleep. In medical school he conducted a research project on biorhythms in mice, through which he became more interested in sleep rhythms. And that has been the emphasis throughout his career—understanding the extent to which sleep is actually a matter of clockwork, or habit.

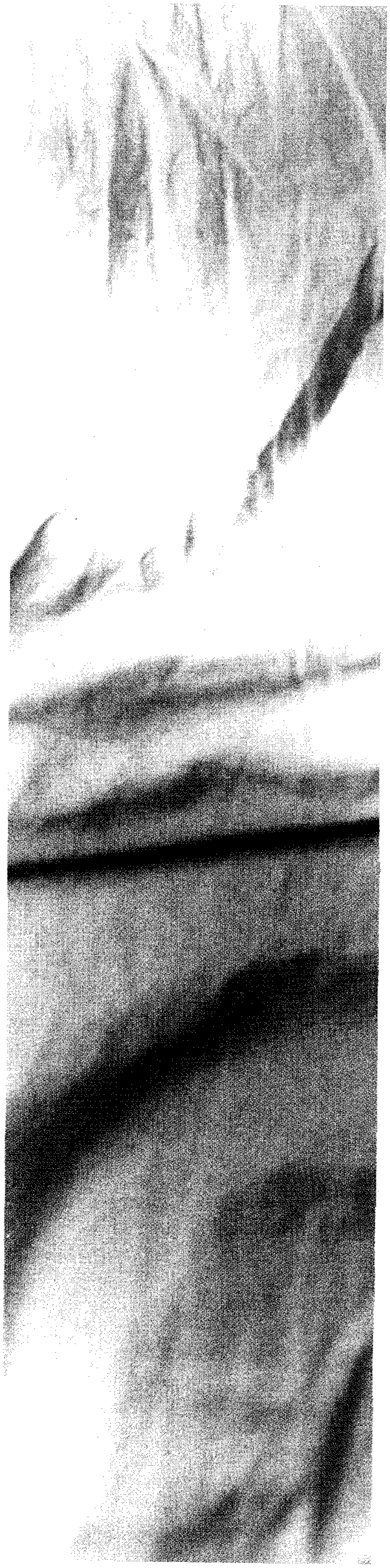
At the heart of Ferber's approach to sleep is his theory of "associations." In his book he uses the example of a pillow. Just as an adult gets into the habit of falling asleep with a pillow, and should he wake up and find his pillow missing can't get back to sleep until he finds it, so the baby needs whatever he first associates with sleep in order to get to sleep. If it's a breast, or the parents' bed, then he will need that, and nothing else will do. If the parents pick the child up from his crib each time he cries, he will associate crying with comfort.

Ferber's theory of associations resembles the ideas of the Russian scientist Ivan Pavlov, who won a Nobel Prize for his work on conditioned reflexes in dogs but who spent years trying to prove similar ideas about sleep—that sleep was brought on by the inhibition of certain areas of the cerebral cortex, and that the inhibition was a conditioned reflex. Pavlov's ideas were criticized by Kleitman in "Sleep and Wakefulness," and they are no longer accepted as theories to explain the physiology of sleep. But, as an aid to getting to sleep, Ferber's Pavlovian approach—that children can be trained to sleep just as animals can be trained to salivate at the ringing of a bell—seems to work.

IT had started to rain, and the gloom seeped into the corners of the odd, triangle-shaped room where we were sitting. Ferber was saying that he became interested in applying what he knew about sleep rhythms to children in the early seventies, when he was a new parent. "Both our kids stayed in the room with us when they were babies," he told me, "and they'd wake up and have to be rocked to sleep again. I didn't understand why they were waking up. I do now—it was because they didn't know how to get to sleep on their own." Slowly, using a crude version of what would become his famous method, Ferber weaned the kids from his and his wife's bed; they were the original Ferberized children.

Ferber does not like the word "Ferberize." "It's like it's a diet," he told me. "It makes it seem like that's all my work is about—that chart—whereas the whole purpose of our work here at the center is

What studies don't answer is the question of how a child's sleeping habits will affect his waking habits as an adult—whether he'll ever get a good night's sleep or be at work on time.



BASTIENNE SCHMIDT

to come up with a solution that is right for each child's sleep problem. When you look at a sleep problem, you have to take everything into account—the age of the child, the sleeping situation, the parents, whether the bedrooms are next to each other. There are situations where that chart works, but it doesn't work for everyone. When I get a letter that says, 'We've been using your technique for six weeks and he cries all night'—I think that's horrible. That's very cruel."

I confessed to Dr. Ferber that we were sleeping with our baby. "We bring him into our bed, or my wife nurses him to sleep and then puts him down—anyway, he almost never goes to sleep on his own. And I'm worried that he's going to get in the habit of it. . . ." I trailed off guiltily.

Dr. Ferber's voice was reassuring. "Well, several things could happen. He might settle at around six months and start sleeping better. Then you've got no problem, if you're happy with the co-sleeping. Or his problems might persist, and the longer they go on the harder it will be to overcome them. At any rate, he's still young enough that you've got some freedom to decide what you want to do. Because either co-sleeping or putting him in his crib can work."

"But it says here in your book . . ." I read him two sentences I had read to my wife during one of our 2 A.M. showdowns: "Although taking your child into bed with you for a night or two may be reasonable if he is ill or very upset about something, for the most part this is not a good idea." And, "Sleeping alone is an important part of his learning to be able to separate from you without anxiety and to see himself as an independent individual."

"I wish I hadn't written those sentences," Ferber replied. "That came out of some of the existing literature. It is a blanket statement that is just not right. There's plenty of examples of co-sleeping where it works out just fine. My feeling now is that children can sleep with or without their parents. What's really important is that the parents work out what they want to do."

Back at Logan Airport to catch the shuttle, I called home from a pay phone.

"Guess what. Ferber recanted."

"He recanted?"

"He says he's sorry he ever wrote those words about how co-sleeping interferes with the kid's independence."

"Really? Wow."

I was thinking that now my last line of defense had fallen and we would be sleeping with the baby forever. But instead, once my wife understood that Ferber wasn't telling her that she couldn't sleep with the baby, she became more interested in what he had to say. The following week, she asked me where that Ferber book was, and not long after that we tried a modified version of the chart—and failed miserably. It turns out that not every child is Ferberizable: as Ferber himself had pointed out, some just keep crying. And some parents aren't Ferberizable, either: they can't bear to hear their baby cry. When we reached the thirty-five-minute mark—he was still howling his head off and we were simply wrecked—we gave up. Maybe it was because it was too late to go back: by now he'd been sleeping with us for six months, and we were all starting to get conditioned. What if we'd tried it earlier? In any case, it didn't work, and none of the books, including Ferber's, talk about what to do next.

"*I can't really talk about it. They're all for secret sexual stuff.*"

IF we couldn't change our little polyphasic's habits, the question became: Could we change ours? How much sleep do adults really need, and what form should it take? I asked Dr. Neil Kavey, the director of the Sleep Disorders Center at Columbia-Presbyterian, whether it is possible for an adult to adjust his internal clock to match a baby's clock—for a monophasic to change into a polyphasic. Kavey said that he wouldn't advise it, but he does know of a similar condition, which he has named "writer's syndrome." As a sleep doctor in Manhattan, he sees a lot of this. "Young people come to the city to be artists or writers or what have you—creative types. Because they have no fixed schedule, they tend to stay up late, or perhaps all night, and sleep during the day. They do this for so long that they actually reset their circadian clock. But of course it's not easy to make it as an artist, and many don't make it, and at some point they have to get day jobs. But after years of staying up all night their clock has shifted, and they can't stay awake during the day. Hence, writer's syndrome."

I also spent some time with recently published books by sleep scientists, which, in addition to Jouvet's and Dement's books, include "Dreaming Souls," by Owen Flanagan, a professor at Duke University, and "The Enchanted World of Sleep," by Peretz Lavie. The study of sleep, a synthesis of neurology, psychology, physiology, and general practice, seems to attract scientists with a literary bent, perhaps because a poet's gift for metaphor can win a sleep scientist almost as much renown as a breakthrough in the lab. Some of the most persuasive recent theories about sleep and dreaming are also the most beautiful, such as Francis Crick and Graeme Mitchison's notion that "we dream in order to forget"—that the purpose of dreaming is to wash out the part of the day's sensory intake that isn't useful, and fix in amber the stuff that is. Without that necessary disk maintenance, they theorize, all the random information flying around in our heads would drive us mad.

In "The Interpretation of Dreams," published in 1900, Freud claimed sleep for the study of dreams, and dreaming for psychoanalysis, thereby cutting the physiologists and neurologists out of the field. The mechanistic study of sleep—sleep as measured by eye movements and electrical impulses in the brain—did not get under way until 1953, when the rapid-eye-movement phase of sleep was discovered in Chicago by Nathaniel Kleitman and his graduate student Eugene Aserinsky, who observed it in his eight-year-old son. That discovery, and Dement's linking of REM sleep to dreaming, led to a thirty-year period of extraordinary interest in the field. As Jouvet writes, "The whole domain of dream function, apart from a few rearguard actions, slowly quit the psychoanalyst's couch to enter the neurobiologist's laboratory."

In the nineteen-sixties, the "monoamine theory" of sleep was developed. According to this theory, the purpose of sleep is to replenish neurotransmitters in the brain—those chemicals like acetylcholine and seratonin, which are depleted in waking consciousness. Jouvet isolated the part of the brain that triggers sleep, and it was believed to be only a matter of time before the major REM sleep inducers and inhibitors would be synthesized in the lab.

However, with the passing years other neurotransmitters were added to the soup, and the monoamine theory became murkier. Today, a complex mixture of neurotransmitters is thought to be involved in our nighttime lives, and sleep scientists are still struggling to understand how all of them work together. "Now we have dozens," writes Jouvet, "but to have dozens is like having none at all." With a certain fin-de-siècle weariness, he calls the early excitement over serotonin "a second-rate novel."

At the same time, funding for sleep science has shifted from basic research to "sleep medicine," which deals with more practical sleep problems, like insomnia, narcolepsy, and sleep apnea. Most of the research funding comes from drug companies; sleep medication is prescribed more often than any other class of prescription drugs in the United States. Sleep centers that prescribe medicine, like Dr. Kavey's clinic at Columbia, have sprung up all around the country.

For many years, sleep was thought to be the opposite of wakefulness—rest for the mind. But the prevailing trend in neurological studies of sleeping brains is toward an active-mind theory of sleep. In sleep there is only a twenty per cent decrease from waking neural activity. Some neurons are resting—specifically in the parts of the brain associated with attention and memory—but others are firing away just as busily as when we're awake. J. Allan Hobson writes in "The Dreaming Brain" (1988), "As many neurons are turned on as turned off during sleep, and almost all the cells in the brain are spectacularly active during REM sleep." He suggests that the brain is "talking to itself" while we sleep. "Much more than recovery from the wear and tear of today, tonight's sleep may be an active and dynamic preparation for the challenges of tomorrow."

In an article published in the journal *Neuroscience* in 1992, two professors of neurology, R. R. Llinás and D. Paré, summarizing the state of research on sleep and dreams, wrote that "wakefulness is nothing other than a dreamlike state modulated by the constraints produced by specific sensory inputs." Wakefulness, they added, is "one element in a category of intrinsic brain functions, of which REM sleep is another element." The only difference between waking and dreaming is that the former receives input from the senses and the latter from the neurons. Subjectivity, Llinás and Paré wrote, emerges out of "the dialogue between the thalamus and the cortex"—two areas in the brain which, studies suggest, communicate during sleep. "I think, therefore I am" should really be "I dream, therefore I am"—but, then, Descartes's famous definition of consciousness came to him in a dream.

AROUND eight months into sleeping with the baby, my sleep pattern began to change. The turning point was my first night alone with my son; his mother was away, and it was just the two of us together. It was absolutely awful—he cried most of the night, rooting around for breasts that weren't there, until eventually he fell asleep on my chest, and I drifted off, too. After that night I wasn't afraid of his nighttime self anymore, and the situation has been getting better ever since. I will not go so far as to say that we have become "hormoneous," but I now find that I can get the rest I need, even if I wake up once or twice a night. It's a different kind of sleep than I used to get, but I'm not as tired as I was in the early months, and I dream a lot more.

Perhaps the American veneration for a night of unbroken sleep is another culturally determined prejudice, posing as science. Here, if you're awake, you're supposed to be busy with wireless communications. Sleep is the only private time you've got left, and it's not surprising that people tend to make a fetish of it.

I have enjoyed sleeping without the baby, on those few nights when I have been away from home. Sleeping alone in a hotel bed, I have had the kind of rest that now seems like a distant memory. I am also hopeful that one day our son will want to sleep in his own bed; even Ferber allows that this sometimes happens without the parents' intervention.

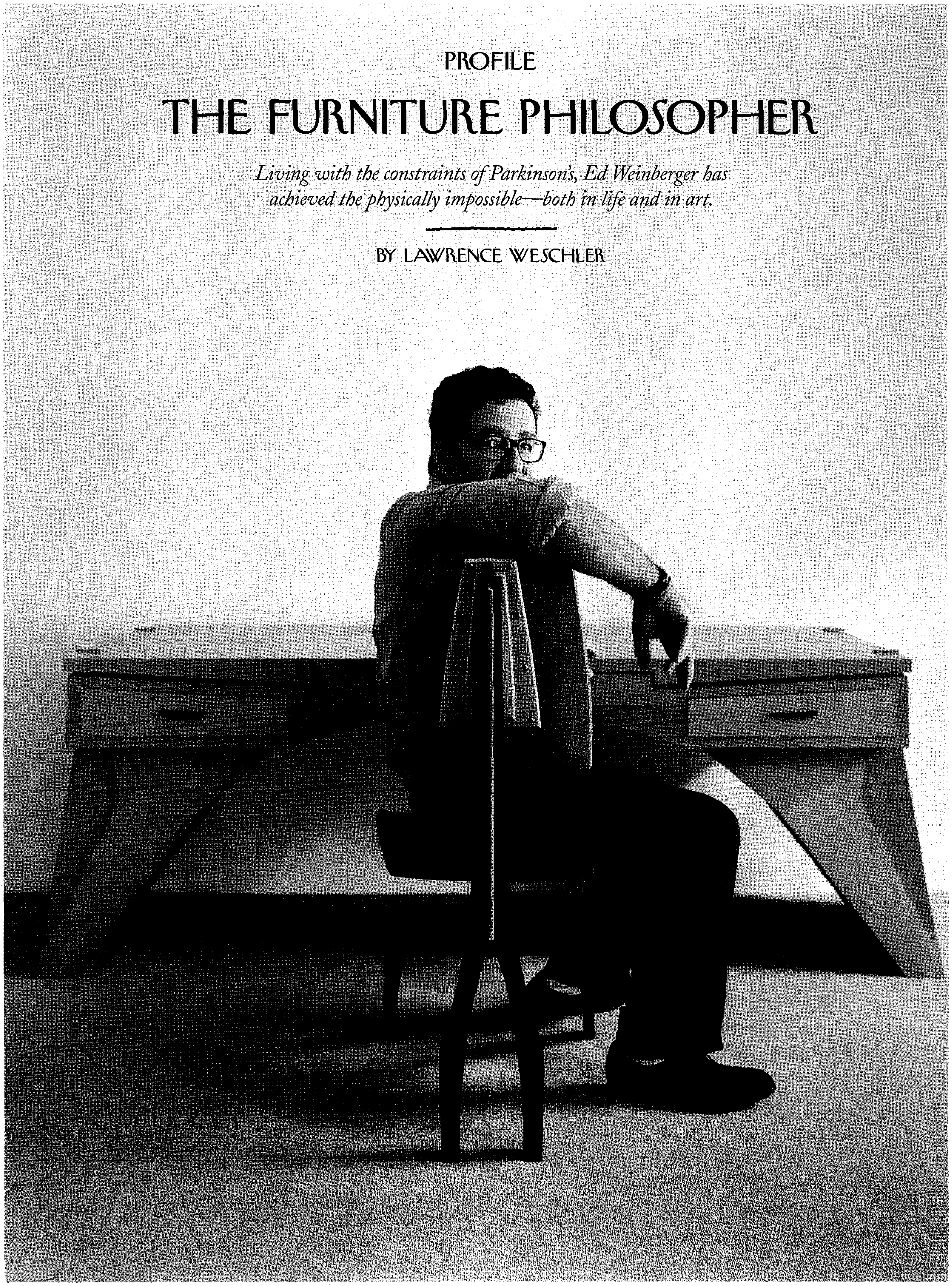
But what I would miss is the sight of my son's face just as he is waking up. First comes that moment of balance between sleep and wakefulness, when the nighttime visions are fading from his eyes (does he know he's been dreaming?) but nothing like real wakefulness has registered yet. And then there is the smile, a big radiant grin provoked by nothing more than the mere presence of another day. It is remarkable to see a person wake up with a big smile on his face each day—even if it is way too early in the morning. I'm trying to figure out how he does it. ♦

PROFILE

THE FURNITURE PHILOSOPHER

Living with the constraints of Parkinson's, Ed Weinberger has achieved the physically impossible—both in life and in art.

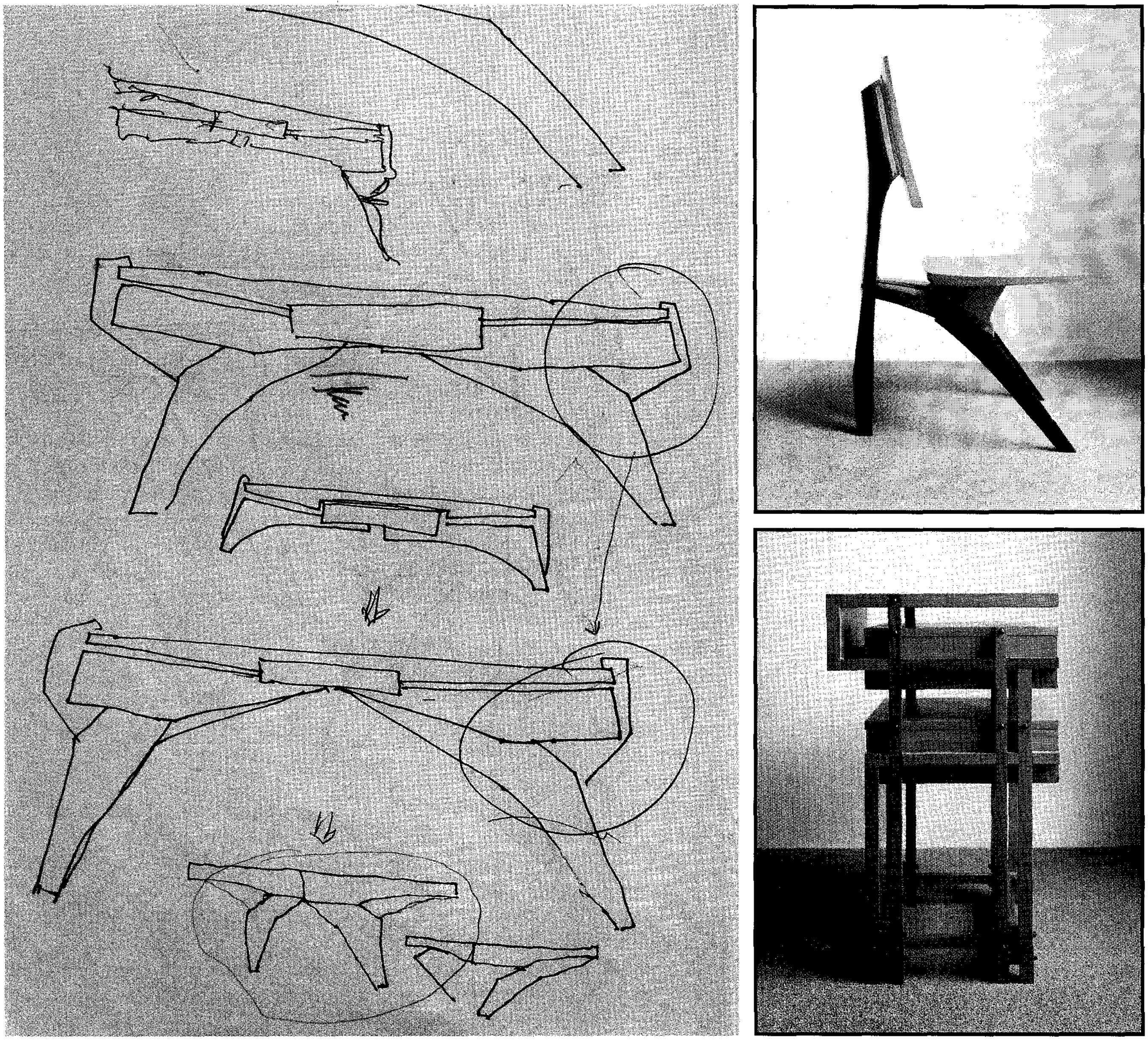
BY LAWRENCE WESCHLER



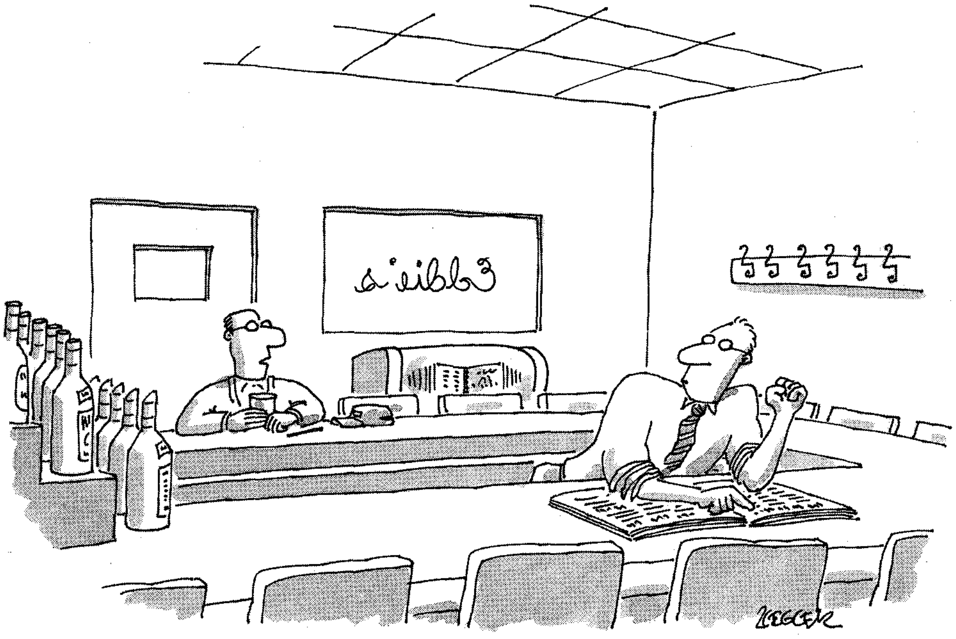
Weinberger seated at the split-arch bridge desk that he created with his partner, the master builder Scott Schmidt; Weinberg

ONE morning in the autumn of 1982, Ed Weinberger simply couldn't bring himself to climb out of bed. Forty years old, an accomplished venture capitalist (a director at the investment firm of Allen & Company) and a vivid outdoorsman (veteran of the last kayaking expedition down the whitewater rapids of British Columbia's remote Peace River, before it got dammed up), it was as if he'd forgotten how. Not that he didn't want to or that he didn't have plenty of things that he was eager to be getting on with. Rather, it was as if he'd lost the will, or, more precisely, the ability to will movement of any sort. For an hour or, maybe, two, in rising confusion and panic, he tried to will himself to will, to no avail. At length, haltingly, he succeeded: he managed to dress himself, and then he fumbled out into the world, hailed a cab, and immediately reported to his doctor. Almost first thing, the doctor had him write out a sentence on a pad of blank paper. Weinberger's writing, which seemed normal to him, had in fact deteriorated dramatically: it was crumpled, crushed—minuscule. The doctor ordered a battery of tests, but he had already guessed (correctly, as things turned out) that Ed was presenting him with an exceptionally ferocious onset of Parkinson's disease.

Ed was quite young to have been thus visited (the average age for the onset of parkinsonism is around sixty), though not that young (roughly fifteen per cent of cases affect people under fifty). The disease appears to attack concentrations of nerve cells deep in the midbrain, disrupting communication between the cells. Various drug therapies attempt to compensate for this situation. Although Weinberger was immediately put on a steady dosage of one such drug, Sinemet, his condition worsened; indeed, by the end of the decade, when the actor Robert De Niro was looking for someone to study with in preparation for his role as the ravaged post-encephalitic parkinsonian in the film version of Oliver Sacks's "Awakenings," it was suggested that Ed Weinberger be his man. On the set of the film, where I happened to be for other reasons, several of the principals were awed by the uncanny precision with which De Niro's performance captured the welter of Weinberger's symptoms; but



eliminary sketches; the design team's First Chair; and their Cubist-Constructivist side table. Photographs by Jason Schmidt.



"To avoid the tedium of this endless socializing, Eddie, I have decided, beginning Monday, to obtain all my future booze from Amazon.com."

• •

De Niro himself and several others spoke in even more marvelling tones about Weinberger and the remarkable body of work he appeared to be in the process of creating.

Some months later, I telephoned Weinberger to see if we could meet, and he invited me to his apartment, on West End Avenue, near Zabar's. The man who greeted me at the door was short, though perhaps, on second glance, merely scrunched over. He was vaguely pudgy, but he was also, as I quickly realized when he extended his hand to shake mine, incredibly strong: taut pudge. Parkinsonism seems, in one of its aspects, to set the body against itself, such that every impulse feels as if it were being met by an immediate counter-impulse, the parkinsonian living in a perpetual, unrelieved isometric clench, seemingly slack while growing stronger all the while. Or, anyway, that seemed to be the case with Ed. (His grip, indeed, grew so powerful that some years later, shaking my hand in greeting, he cracked a knuckle in my wrist.)

His clean-shaven, boyish face, topped with cropped dark curls, was pudgy and slack as well, his mouth downturned in a generalized expression of dulled dismay; his eyes, though, behind smudged glasses, gleamed with intelligence and engagement. He moved about with shuffling ministeps, sometimes quickly (as if being propelled down a steep incline); now and then, in mid-gesture, in mid-sentence, he'd freeze up altogether, for minutes on end, and then seamlessly resume where he had left off. When he was seated at his dining-room table, his body occasionally became a tempest of tics and tremors (especially as he grew more excited), the wooden chair under him creaking so violently that you expected it to come apart at any moment (several had). He would pop the lid off a plastic container of variously colored pills, shakingly spear one or two, and, after swallowing them, usually calm down. Through all this, he soldiered on, not so much resigned as resolutely, obliviously sovereign.

Shelves and glass cabinets in his apartment held a collection of antique mechanical objects, evidence of a consuming passion that, he explained, had long predated his illness: brass-plated galvanometers, cylindrical calculators, surveyor's theodolites. "They all have a strange sort of architectural quality," Weinberger explained, "and something odd about the scale." On coffee tables were books on pre-Columbian Indian masks from the Pacific Northwest, luxury roadsters of the twenties, hollow-box concrete-bridge construction, medieval armor and frontier gunsmithery, early-modern furniture design.

The walls featured a medley of assemblages and geometric paintings, all of which, it turned out, had been done by Weinberger, and all in the wake of his illness. There was, for example, an elegant piece fashioned out of an array of architect's rulers: on one side, the rulers rose in a steady arithmetic progression; on the other side, their progression was more algebraic. "That's Euclid to one side, the world I used to live in, regular and steady," Ed said. "Leibniz, Einstein to the other—the difference of a difference, a world of inexorably compressing gradations, increasingly reductive, the world I live in now."

There were triptychs of paintings: rectangular planes made out of smaller rectangular panels and slathered over with layers of pigment, scratched and scoured away, as if in archeological excavation. ("Order out of chaos," Weinberger said, following my gaze. "Order imposed atop chaos.") There was a series of intricately compact three-dimensional constructions, made of painted rods and panels, which had been vised together by tiny clamps.

"The thing about parkinsonism," Weinberger said, in a sudden staccato of phrases, "is that it can get to be infinitely absorbing, like a black hole—an incredible gravitational pull collapsing in on itself. I collapse in on myself, am lost to the world, but then the drugs—everything in parkinsonism being paradox and contradiction—have this tendency to blow me outward, pell-mell, infinite scatter, inability to focus at all, complete loss of sense of self. And the art, these things—I would work on them late at night when I couldn't sleep—they helped me in two ways, since now I could *focus*, but on something *outside* myself."

AND then there was the thing that had astounded the people on the "Awakenings" set—the *furniture*, the product of his past few years of focussed concentration. For example, there was a side table—a nightstand, I suppose—a set of two drawers made out of a sensuously smoothed dark wood (tropical wenge, I later learned), which looked strangely familiar (early modern in idiom) but unlike anything I'd seen before. It took me a moment to grasp its precise oddness—for one thing, it was top-heavy and awkward, as if it couldn't possibly remain standing, and yet manifestly grounded and serene—but then I understood: it had no skin, no casement; it was utterly transparent. The piece was constructed of dozens of perpendicularly aligned long rods and flat rectangular planes, such that the two drawers seemed to hover in midair; when you opened them (for the piece cried out to be handled, buffed, manipulated, nudged), they slid out noiselessly from beneath their fixed lids, and you could watch the entire rectangular solid as it floated on an almost invisible railing, the negative space behind it ballooning out in perfect proportion as the drawer emerged. "Incredibly challenging to build," Ed was saying. "Ruthless. Sixty rods, which means two hundred and forty sides, every one of them having to be absolutely straight along its edge and flat across its surface, and every joint—seventy-eight of them—having to be absolutely right, perfectly perpendicular."

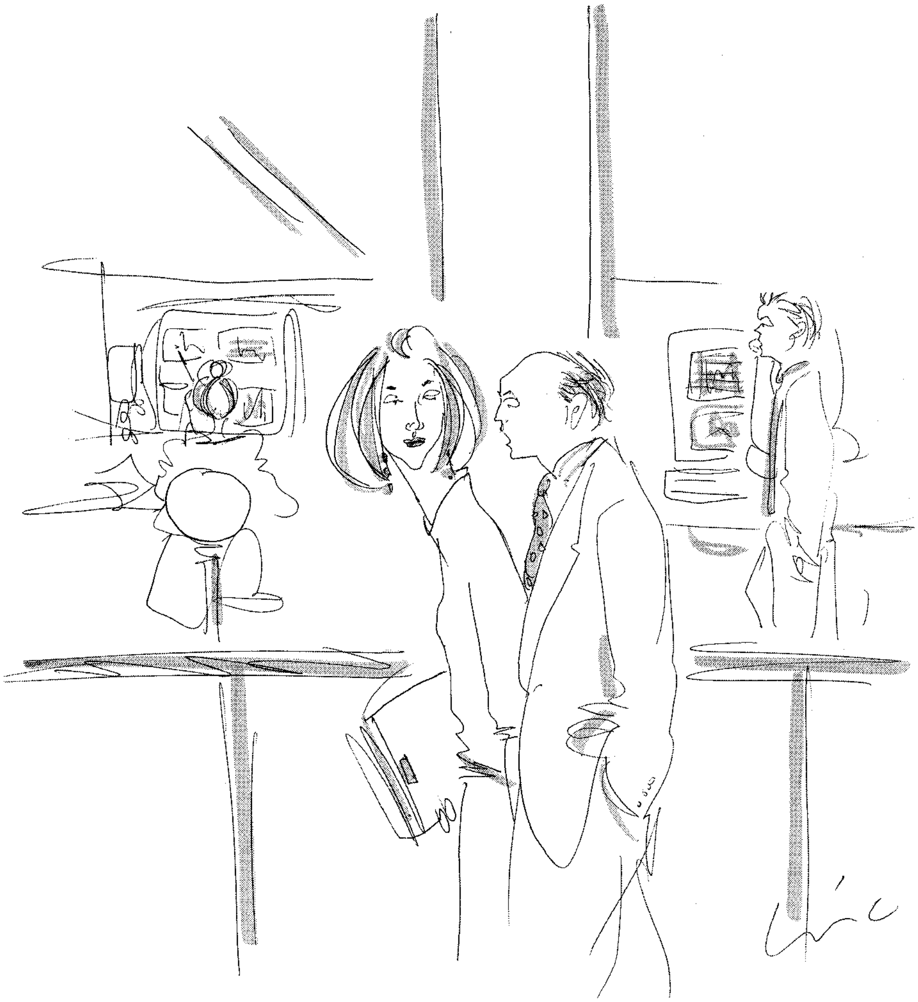
He reached for a notebook from amid a stack of notebooks—hundreds of pages covered with urgent sketches—and grabbed a pencil. His hand was trembling violently, but as it approached the page it became steady, its gestures emphatic, the pencil slicing clean across the paper. "See," he was explaining, "each joint meant that there was less and less tolerance for error at the next one. Ordinarily, carpenters and cabinetmakers work in tolerances of, say, a thirty-second of an inch or a sixty-fourth. Here we had to achieve machined tolerances, *aerospace* tolerances, treat wood as if it were steel: three one-thousandths of an inch. Necessary, unavoidable extravagance." It seemed that as his body had slackened his mind had started straining toward an almost infinite perfection.

" 'Impossible,' people said. 'Can't be done,' " he went on. "And it almost can't. There's only one person I know who can do it, and it took me a long time to find him. Young guy up in New Hampshire. Scott Schmidt. And, luckily, in those days I could afford to pay him for his time, to completely retool his workshop. Thanks to my other career, money, time was no object."

I remarked on the piece's early-modern look. "Well, yes," Weinberger concurred. "In fact, it's part of what I call my Cubist-Constructivist series. Malevich, Mondrian. But especially Rietveld, with his marvellously colorful geometric pieces. And yet these pieces are neither nostalgic reversion nor ghostly homage." The drugs seemed to be kicking in, his sentences attaining fluency. "Rather, I wanted to experience what it must have been like for them, the early modernists, to play unrehearsed in the formative grounds of their discoveries, when everything that had been taken for granted up to that point was suddenly being rendered strange and new and up for grabs. I wanted to reëxperience that moment, forgetfully, as it were, without privileged anticipation as to how things were going to jell."

On the other side of the room stood a more recent, and even more mysterious, piece—a tension-rod credenza, Ed called it. Great luxuriantly soft pinkish-blond horizontal planes (pear veneer over Swiss pear) seemed to levitate, sustained, for the most part, by an elegant system of vertical silvered-brass turnbuckles, another of Weinberger's innovations—long, sculpted shafts, with separate threaded rods emerging from their ends, which in turn attached to the horizontal planes. If you rotated the turnbuckles one way, the threaded rods extended out; turn them the other way, and the rods contracted. "Last thing before this piece comes together," Ed explained, "it's all slack, like a boat's sail, the stays all wobbly. But then you tighten the turnbuckles just right and suddenly the thing tautens up, perfectly stiff and tuned. And it's the damnedest thing, drives architects crazy, because the thing that's holding the planes up is at the same time pulling them apart. Complete contradiction: simultaneous push and pull."

Suddenly, the drugs seemed to be wearing off again, and Ed began trem-



"I know I said I would marry you, but that was four hundred points ago!"

bling violently. “And the thing of it is,” he was saying, slowing precipitately as he leaned down toward one of the turnbuckles, struggling to get the words out and his pointing arm extended, “although this piece is completely solid . . . stable . . . exists in perfect tension . . . if you somehow managed . . . to snip it . . . right here . . . the whole thing . . . would *explode*.”

THAT first meeting was about ten years ago, and since then Weinberger and Schmidt have persisted in their remarkable collaboration, a journey of almost pure inquiry, as Ed points out, largely stripped of ulterior motives or ambitions—a secret passion. Or, I sometimes felt, visiting Ed’s apartment over the years as, one by one, the new pieces emerged, my own sweet secret—mine and maybe a few dozen others’. Occasionally, I’d bring along visitors—museum people, critics, design aficionados—and they’d shake their heads in astonishment. (New York is such an amazing city, the things that go on behind closed doors!) At one point, Ed quietly parked one of his pieces in a midtown gallery, but he seemed hesitant about hazarding a full-scale show. This month, however, Ed and Scott (they’re now signing the pieces together) are mounting a career-embracing retrospective, through early January, at the Barry Friedman gallery, on East Sixty-seventh Street. I decided to mark the occasion by joining Ed for a trip up to Scott’s workshop, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where they were racing to complete some last pieces for the show.

On the flight to Boston, it occurred to me that I’d never asked Ed about his childhood. The drugs were making conversation relatively easy, and Ed told me that he was born in 1942, the second child of a Jewish furrier and his wife, who were a couple of generations out of Austria-Hungary. He grew up on the Upper West Side. “The Museum of Natural History was my main hangout,” he recalled. “I loved the Indian and Eskimo stuff: the masks and bows and tools, the harpoons—all the paraphernalia—and that great Haida canoe in the entranceway. I would spend hours looking at all that stuff. And, over at the Met, the arms and armor. Shields, helmets, swords. Matchlocks, flintlocks. Fantasies of King Arthur and Daniel Boone, I suppose. But mainly how those things all *looked*, and how they *worked*. I mean, for instance, I had no particular interest in envisioning the *trajectory* of the bullets, where they might be headed once they were fired.”

From high school (Stuyvesant), Ed went on to St. John’s College, in Annapolis, which, he now insisted, was easily the most transformative experience of his life: “A classic great-books education. Four years: entirely required program. No electives. Lab sciences: Aristotle, Harvey, Newton. Astronomy: Galileo, Copernicus. Philosophy: Plato, Descartes, Kant, Hegel. And then, maybe most important, mathematics, with a teacher named Eva Brann: Apollonius on conic sections. The Pythagorean generation: how a point moved through space becomes a line, a line moved through space becomes a plane, a plane moved through space becomes a solid—all of which, of course, would come back to me years later.”

Ed folded out the tray on the seat in front of him, reached for a pad, and began absently sketching—lines, angles, swirls, figures—before going on. “Harmonic proportions with Euclid. Golden sections, golden rectangles: an overpowering aesthetic experience, and, what’s more, demonstrably true and, for that matter, ubiquitous—these ratios keep recurring everywhere, from the Parthenon to the way the seeds get distributed in the pod of a sunflower, and a hankering after them seems deeply ingrained within us.”

Ed told me that he had got married two months out of college and had taught elementary-school math for a few years, but eventually he decided to do graduate studies—international business, at the Wharton School. One thing led to another, and after a few years he found himself working for a company whose principal shareholder was Allen & Company. He so excelled that by 1976 he had joined the parent company, and soon rose to one of its fifteen direc-

QE 2

When the host arrived to translate the menu
it was revealed that the stew was one-third male.
The chef had been trained overseas. His fame was well known.
The wine was wine, the host explained,
though we were urged to taste in it the history
of a blighted coastal nation. And then another wave

hit us, and hit us again. Flatware slid across the table.
A candle was blown out and a slab of frothy cake
landed in my lap. My companion retrieved it,

silently, with trembling fingers. We could see
the sky above the distant town, smeared with purple slag.
We could see the ships in the harbor, the great gray ships.
The host passed out our pills and the dancing began.

My partner held me tight. She whispered into my coat.
She had a pageboy haircut and wore a striped sailor’s shirt.
Her breasts were flattened by a corset.
I knew she had been sent to me
from an agency, though I was glad

that when I asked her where she came from
she said “Nowhere” and looked toward the sky.
Her back was hairy. I allowed myself the vague hope
that later, in the dark, I would be surprised.

There would be no returning to shore for a long time.
The gray ships cruised the harbor and blocked our return.

My lands were being taken from me,
my inherited lands, their rolling hills
and factories no longer mine. My childhood pasture
was gone, my church in the grove gone.
Would I be buried in a foreign land?

Plenty of food on the ship, an oval
swimming pool, a jazz band. And a horde
of youthful prostitutes who could be made to dress
as stableboys or princes or peasants or victims
of an event too horrible to mention.
I could wait this out; I would.

I started it.
Either I started it or I strained to prevent it
and failed—those are the versions I
can bear to consider. But I wish my skin

would improve. Some nights it stings.
Some nights it is difficult to look at.
I resist treatment. I want to feel it as it dies.

I think I am the child of a saint
who lingers in the sea, singing wasted songs.

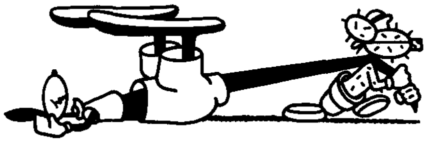
The deck is covered with brilliant glinting fish.
No one who looks at me believes I am dancing.
I want my lands back.

—Mark Levine

torships. His venture specialty was West Virginia oil exploration and development, and he clearly had a knack for it, racking up a considerable fortune over the next several years. (In the meantime, Ed and his first wife had had a son and had amicably divorced. Some years later, he met his second wife, who has been scrupulous about protecting her privacy.) He had always intended to amass a decent-sized nest egg and then retire early and devote the rest of his life to, well, he wasn't quite sure what. But not that early; and not like that.

He began sketching the side table on the pad, his mind seemingly adrift in reminiscence. "Early on in my work with Scott," he recalled, "he built a mockup of the Cubist-Constructivist table for me, and I had it in my living room, and I'd stare at it for hours. In fact, feeling myself starting to freeze up, I'd arrange to crumple slowly onto the floor, falling on my side right there, beside the table, my arm extended toward the back of the drawer. Frozen, I'd gaze at the drawer, referencing the perpendicular, trying, as it were, to gain conceptual leverage, a sense of uprightness. I would follow a plane and shift to the next plane—the intersection of one plane with another, the distribution of weight, tension across space, fulcrum and transparency. These were all classically modernist themes, but what for them"—the modernists—"had been metaphor for me was immediate experience.

"I'd barely be able to move; at most, with great effort, I could just tap the back of the drawer, nudging it along in the tiniest, most infinitesimal increments. And I'd study them: those little spaces became like the whole world for me. I'd notice how the smallest physical change could have a huge impact on the piece's over-all physical presence. For example, I'd think about the overhang of the horizontal lid above the drawer. Should it be flush to the drawer or, maybe, proud, and, if so, how proud? Cabinetmakers have a wonderful vocabulary: if one plane juts out over another, it's said to be proud, and the other one, the one jutted out over, is said to be shy. And that's a great thing about making furniture: in the end it all has to be resolved. A given plane can't be both proud and shy in relation to another; you're forced to decide, and it's got to make sense."



Ed looked out the airplane window and then back at his drawing. He reached into his pocket and downed another pill. "It's funny," he continued, "how, early on, especially before I joined up with Scott, I'd draw detailed plans for structures that turned out to be utterly impossible to build. Going after what your mind can conceive or project but turns out to be physically impossible—that's an echt-parkinsonian way of proceeding. That's maybe why parkinsonians so often recognize their situations in Escher's paradoxical drawings: you know, the square tower with its endlessly rising perimeter staircase. Physically impossible, but exactly what it can get to feeling like. Later on, with the series of desks Scott and I embarked on after the tension-rod pieces, I consciously tried to flip that conundrum, to create a desk that was manifestly—physically and, indeed, massively—*there,* but which somehow didn't add up conceptually, didn't seem as though it could be holding up at all."

He was speaking of the "winged tripèd desks," a series of imposing and confounding pieces that he and Scott had started producing in the early nineties. As the title implied, these huge desks were characterized by the three burnished bronze legs that sustained them—one on either side of the front and the third in the middle of the far side, facing the sitter. "From almost any angle the geometry of those desks seemed awry," Ed continued. "They seemed inherently unstable, as if at any moment they'd collapse under their own weight, shake loose at the joints, rack hopelessly from side to side, or flip over entirely if you placed the slightest load on top of one of those overhanging corners. Far from it, though: they were completely stable. A man can sit on the overhanging ledge and the desk won't register even a shudder. I know: I made that claim once when we had some visitors up to the workshop, and they didn't believe me. I could walk out onto it, I assured them. How did I know? they challenged me. 'Because Scott built it,' I replied, 'and I trust Scott.' Whereupon I took off my shoes, clambered up onto the desktop—it must have been quite a scene, I was ticcing and shaking pretty wildly that afternoon—and proceeded to inch out toward the corner, finally curling my toes out over the ledge in triumph."

SCOTT was there to meet us as we came off the plane. He is forty-one, a well-tanned fellow of medium build, with short curly dark hair glinting strawberry-blond highlights and framing a squarish face, which, with its flattened nose, vaguely resembles one of Dürer's or Holbein's Northern Renaissance burghers. We got into his car for the hour's drive north to Portsmouth, on the Maine border.

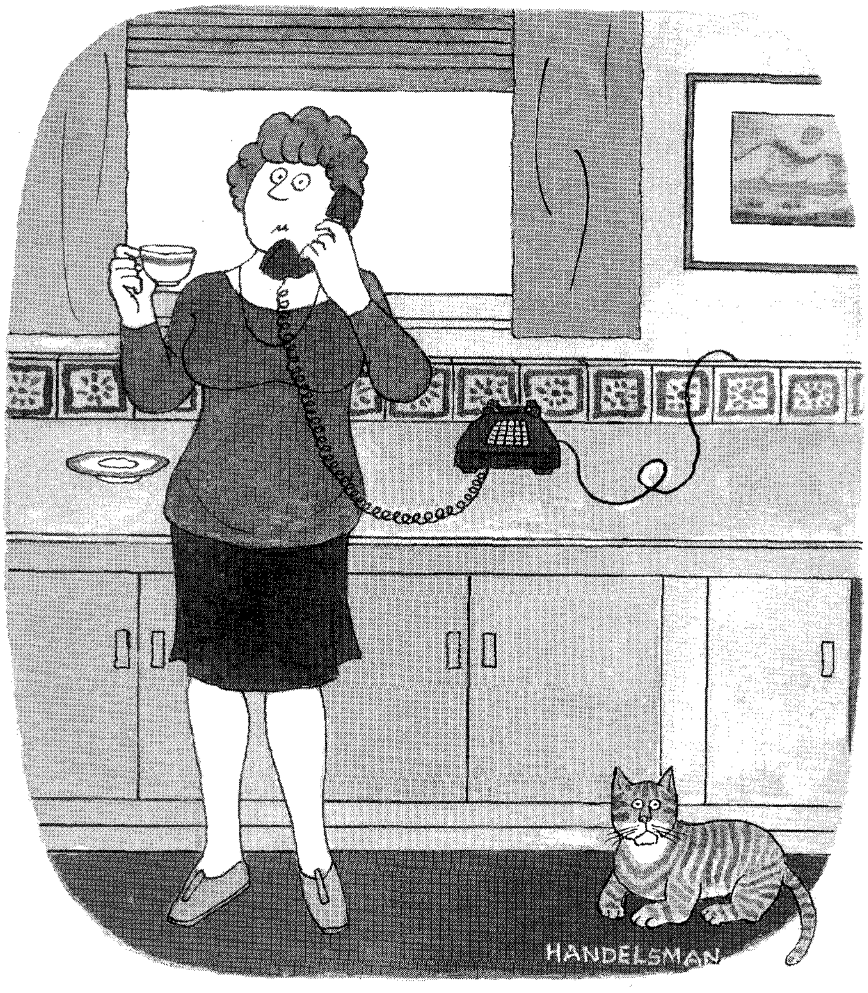
Ed hunched silently in the front seat as Scott filled me in on his own background. Born in Rockford, Illinois, into a Seventh-Day Adventist family from whose strict constraints he'd progressively fallen away, Scott attended the Montserrat College of Art, in Massachusetts; like most of his fellow-students, he said, he was too impatient to acquire any basic skills. Somewhere along the way, he encountered a master furniture-maker named Bill Turner; although he had never given furniture-making much thought, he had always been fascinated by the way things slotted together—insect joints, feathers, seashells, machined mechanisms—and he decided to apprentice himself to the master. Subsequently, he attended Turner's alma mater, the North Bennet Street School, in Boston, one of the country's premier cabinetry institutes.

"The funny thing is that neither Ed nor I particularly loves furniture per se," he observed. "Correct me if I'm wrong, Ed. We see it as an excuse for exploring other things. Something one can create that tells you what to do—sit here, put something on this, pull that open—and gives you, as it were, an entry point, a door through which to begin exploring the experience, as opposed to an art object whose very essence can stand as a sort of barrier: 'Is it art or what?' I mean, sometimes Ed will say—for instance, regarding one of our more recent experiments—'It's just a chair,' whereas clearly it's more than that. Somehow, I don't know, it's more like the *experience* of a chair."

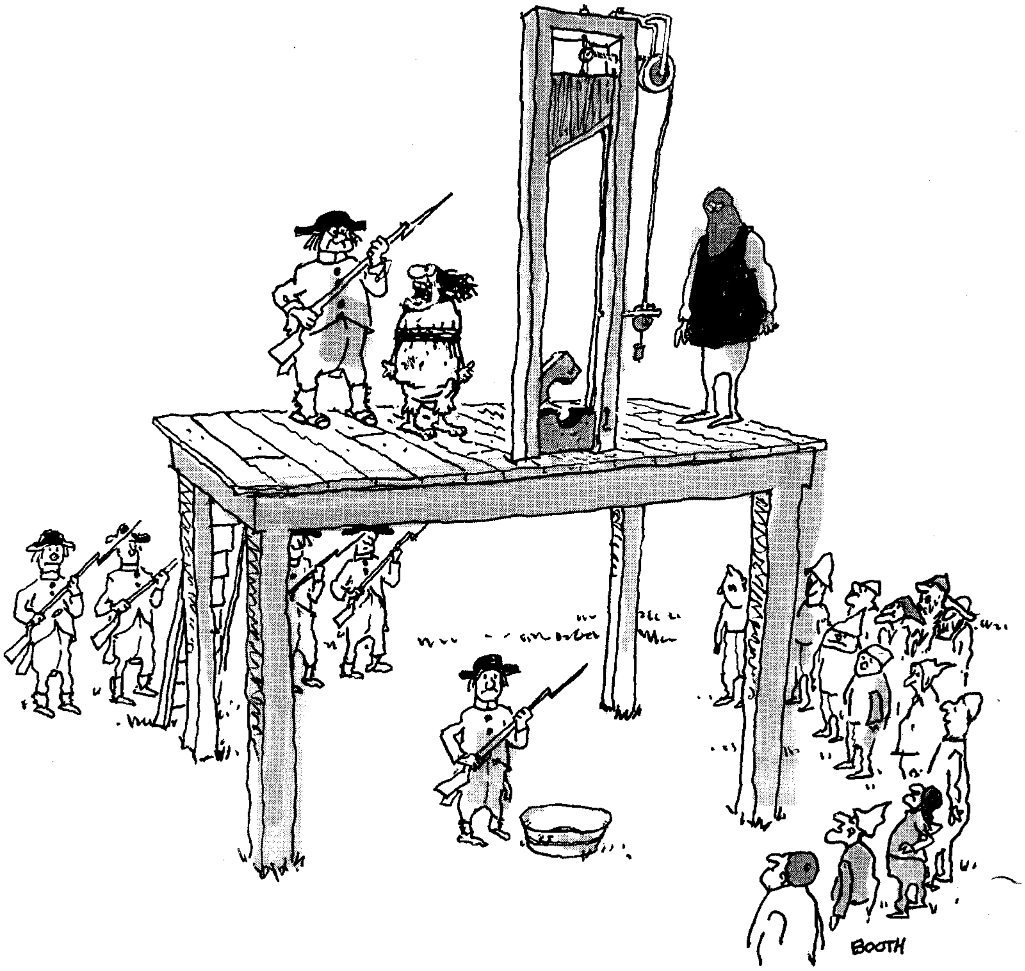
"But it's not art," Ed interjected. "It's not art furniture, which I find precious and prissy, and it's not furniture masquerading as art. It is just a chair, but a chair taken seriously as such—a chair truly interrogated, a chair raised to the level of a question."

Scott then told how, graduating from North Bennet, he'd moved up to Portsmouth to launch his own woodworking business. As a business proposition, it was decidedly touch and go. Once, in despair, he'd had a job consultant do a workup on his predicament, and, after reviewing things for several hours, the consultant had said, "Tell you what, if all hell were about to break loose, there's no question—you're the fellow I'd want to have by my side. Short of that, however, have you given any thought to going back to school?" Instead, Ed wandered into his life.

We were pulling into Portsmouth now. Since Ed seemed momentarily exhausted, we dropped him off at the hotel for a nap, and Scott and I headed out to the workshop. On the way, Scott told me how a mutual friend, a New York gallery owner, had told him about this strange fellow who was looking for help building furniture. Scott had initially put Ed in touch with the carpenter with whom he was sharing his studio, but that match hadn't taken. "The guy was constantly complaining about these entirely impossible and amateurish design sketches. Ed would come up and they'd get into these horrendous shouting matches: 'This just can't be done!' 'You're simply not trying hard enough!' I'd overhear all of this, and occasionally I'd wander over and riffle through the sketches. They *were*



"Please stay on the line. All of our customer-service representatives are kidding around and throwing paper airplanes at each other."



"I have to go wee-wee."

• •

strange. For instance, Ed was having a hard time depicting three-dimensional space: he would represent different layers of planes by way of different colored inks. And his sense of scale could get, well, uneven. But there was obviously something going on there, and increasingly I found myself talking with the guy, and presently my workshop mate left, and I was left with Ed."

We pulled into a parking lot fronting a hulking, dark brick-faced industrial building, an abandoned Civil War-era button factory (as a sign above the entrance still attested) that had been converted into a bevy of artists' and artisans' spaces. To one side of the entrance, a small gallery featured work by some of the building's denizens. Just beyond, on the ground floor, was Scott's studio—two large rooms, the first a combination design and wood-storage space, and the second (roughly the dimensions of a full-sized basketball court) stuffed with heavy-duty machinery: two table saws, two band saws, a milling machine, a drill press, a planer, a huge jointer. "State of the art," Scott told me, "which is to say, old. You can't get equipment this exacting anymore, or, anyway, it would be way too expensive: 1958, 1969, 1949—a lot of it Northfield Foundry and Machine, out of Northfield, Minnesota. It's still family-run: you call up to ask about tolerances, say, and you're talking to the grandson of the guy who designed and built the machine."

Scott paused, seeming to return to the early days of their collaboration. "Ed would come up here, and we'd work and work, completely focussed on the problem at hand, and then, taking a break, we'd go out for lunch," he said. "When we were working by ourselves like that, I could almost forget his condition and, in fact, often entirely did; but out in the world we'd be sitting at a restaurant table, and he was still completely engaged by whatever problem we'd been working on back in the shop, growing more and more excited, his mind exploding. Only the more excited he got, the more he'd be throwing his food all over the place, uncontrollably, making a spectacle of himself, and everybody in the room would become increasingly uncomfortable. And yet Ed seemed oblivious to it all, acting as if not the slightest thing were amiss."

SEEMED? Acting as if? I asked Scott whether he didn't imagine that at some level Ed was thoroughly mortified.

"No," he said. "You know, I really don't. He just had, he *has* this incredible strength of character—I don't know how else to describe it—this powerful sense that, no matter what, he was going to go on, he wasn't going to allow himself to become trapped by this thing. For example, I never heard him cursing his fate or anything like that; I never caught him wallowing in self-pity, which would have been entirely understandable. To the extent possible, he insisted on rising clean outside of his condition: that was what the work was for—it made it possible for him to go on as if there weren't any condition. And yet there were times . . .

"I remember once, down in New York, we were working on a Cubist-Constructivist table, arguing back and forth over an eighth of an inch, with him tapping the drawer forward just slightly: was it right this way or should it be this other way? Golden sections, golden rectangles. Incredibly intense—for *hours!* Finally, he said, 'Let's take a break, let's go out.' We took the elevator downstairs and continued talking as we walked toward Broadway. He was slowing down a bit as we started crossing the street, and suddenly he wasn't there. I turned around and, to my horror, he'd frozen, back in the middle of the street, in mid-traffic! I rushed back, tried to grasp him, but he was like a block of solid muscle: clenched, planted, immovable. 'No,' he hissed, 'don't touch me, just walk a few inches out in front of me, and I'll be able—there, like that.' And, indeed, that did the trick. He *was* able to move again, and we got out of the street. But I realized that this talk of inches, of planes one in relation to the other—this wasn't simply furniture with him.

"His focus, of course, was remarkable. I'd leave a working model with him there in New York and return up here to work on the next version, and he'd telephone with his comments. I remember once I was in here working and I had a visitor, had the speaker phone on, and Ed was going over the piece we were working on, for well over an hour. After we'd rung off, my friend commented, dumbfounded, 'That was amazing: it was like you were talking to an ant as he slowly made his way over every surface of the piece.' And that was it exactly. He was treating every surface, every facet, visible or not, as if it were the fulcrum of the entire piece, dead center on the very top."

It was a passion that carried down to the smallest details. "The bolt heads on those Cubist-Constructivist pieces!" Scott exclaimed. "Did he ever describe the work on those to you? It was easily a year's labor. He had a particular look in mind, unlike anything then commercially available. 'I want them to look new off the shelf,' he'd say, 'but as if the box they're coming out of had been on the shelf for a hundred years.' We went through dozens of designs. Often we'd communicate by way of analogy. That's where his incredible collections of books and objects came in so handy; we had a huge vocabulary to draw on. Eventually, he based a particular repeating facet along the edge of the bolt head on the eyelid from a Tlingit Indian mask—Pacific Northwest Indian. Something hardly anyone was going to notice, let alone see, but it was essential that it be just right. Cost us literally thousands of dollars to manufacture those bolts from scratch. People thought we'd lost our minds.

"And then we had to figure out how to finish them—that was a whole other production. He had a particular look in mind, a particular sheen, particular patina. He was intrigued by the surfaces of guns, especially the blueing, as it's called, on eighteenth-century Kentucky long rifles, which almost no one any longer knows how to accomplish. I was eventually able to track down a gunsmith in Virginia who seemed to know, but he wasn't telling. Turns out it's a very protected art. I mean, it was his bread and butter that he was one of the few people who knew how to burnish those rifles. I talked to that guy for two hours, tried to assure him, Look, we're not trying to steal your art, we just need it for some furniture we're building. Two hours: nothing. Finally, as I was getting set to hang up, the guy says, Well, O.K., you seem like a nice guy, I'll tell you the secret: it's roadkill. Whereupon he hung up.

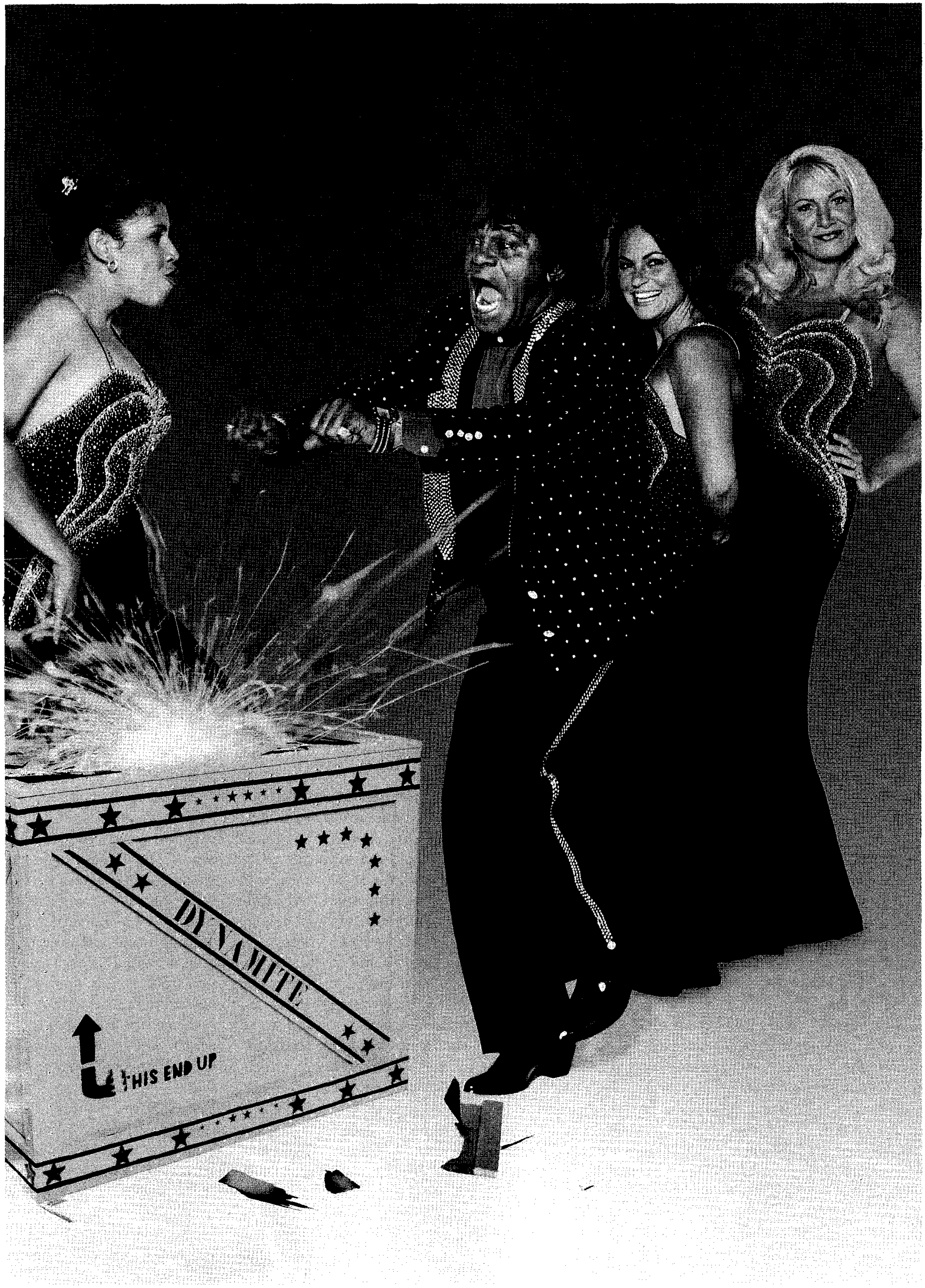
"I thought about that for a while, and suddenly I realized he was talking about wrapping animal remains around the barrel of the gun and cremating them: somehow the smoke and boiling organic mist resulted in the remarkable effervescence, the opalescence that characterized the blued barrel's sheen. I began calling around to undertakers and places with pizza ovens, sounding them out about whether . . . Luckily, in the midst of all this, Ed's squeamishness kicked in—he's a very squeamish guy—and he eased up slightly on the precise sheen."

There were times when, working at such intensity, Scott confessed, he'd had his doubts. "I mean, I'd occasionally ask some of my colleagues, 'Is this crazy?' I'd be working on a desk, they'd go off

KING JAMES

It's a drag of global proportions that James Brown will be ringing in the New Year in Lisbon. Shouldn't the Godfather of Soul be preaching someplace closer to home—like the Apollo—when the next millennium begins? The past decade has been rough on Brown: a few years ago, he led some troopers on a high-speed car chase and subsequently spent time in prison; his most recent New York gig was marred by the embarrassing appearance of Al Sharpton doing the funky chicken. But, although Brown may have lost a little rubber in his hips and the bite in his trademark howl, his newest album, "I'm Back," and his current American tour (which continues through late November) are evidence that he's got what it takes to be a sex machine forever.

Photograph by Max Vadukul


DYNAMITE
THIS END UP

"And this is Daniel, who is busy working toward his degree in money."

• •

for three months and build a whole house, they'd come back and I'd still be working on the same desk—the same drawer! And they'd give me a look. But then sometimes, three in the morning, the phone would ring, and it would be Ed under the desk, exultant, having just noticed some tiny little detail that had taken me days to accomplish, and that I'd put there just for him. And the crazy thing is that at moments like that it all did make sense."

By 1993, Ed and Scott's collaboration had led to perhaps their most ambitious and sumptuous project yet: a so-called "hollow-box split-arch bridge desk." One such desk—they have made three—was on view at the button-factory gallery. Ed's inspiration had been Robert Maillart's revolutionary reinforced-concrete bridge spanning the precipitous Salginatobel gorge, outside Schiers, in the eastern Swiss Alps. (Once, Ed had almost got himself killed craning out over the forested abyss in an attempt to photograph Maillart's masterpiece.) For the first time, Ed included in his work an other-than-straight line: a gracefully arced and elegantly ribbed vault, under which the sitter could slide his legs or, as the desk all but cried out to have him do, his entire body. Despite the desk's imposing heft—two massive sides leaning ponderously into that lithe center—the piece seemed like a floating, weightless dream.

The desk's grace belied the urgency of its fabrication, for Ed's condition was deteriorating rapidly; the disease was proving less responsive to the drugs his doctors were continuing to throw at it. Ed's swings from rigidity to festination were growing more extreme, and his stiffness more rackingly pervasive, and it was by no means clear how much longer he'd be able to go on working at all. In the midst of this desperately foreshortening horizon, disaster struck.

One Friday afternoon in August, 1993, a week after the birth of Scott's first daughter—"a week, obviously, of high-octane excitement and anxiety," as he recalled—Scott was pushing himself through a backlog of work. "Actually, this wasn't work I was doing for Ed," Scott explained as we returned to his studio. "All through these years, I was working on other projects as well. And this one involved a complicated cut on this Cuisinart-like, high-r.p.m. contraption called a shaper, for which I'd constructed an elaborate jig into which to wedge the piece of wood so as to be able to guide it through the machine. That thing over there. Anyway, there was a series of such pieces that had to be shaped, and in my exhaustion I apparently picked up one I'd already done, something I realized almost immediately—there was this explosion of sound as the saw grabbed the wood—but too late. The machine climbed up the wood, as we say, and pulled me in, and there was another explosion, this one more muffled, the sound of blade ripping into flesh and bone, a red mist spraying all over the place. I jerked my hand away, and three of my fingers were dangling, almost completely sliced off, barely hanging by a skein of mangled flesh."

A friend in the building helped him swathe his hand in a sweater (his left hand: up till then, he'd been proudly and almost necessarily ambidextrous), and they hurried to the hospital. A surgeon there told Scott that it was by no means clear what they were going to be able to salvage, but the first thing they were going to have to do, no matter what, was stabilize things so that the bones could heal and he'd have time to grow some more flesh. " 'So,' the guy says," Scott recalled, " 'I'm going to be sewing your hand either into your chest or your groin, where it'll have to remain for about six weeks. Listen, I'm going to go get something to eat, back in half an hour. You decide which you want and tell me then.' The anesthesiologist, meanwhile, was lacing me with sedatives and painkillers. I was almost completely zonked out when the surgeon returned, chomping on a muffin and thrusting a medical journal in my face. 'Hmm,' he says, 'Look at this,' and he shows me this article about a novel procedure called a reverse arterial digital island flap. 'Maybe we'll try that,' he says, by which time it no longer mattered: I was out."

And that was what the doctors did try, taking flesh from the pad of his hand and reversing the artery's orientation in the first of what would prove to be eight operations over the next couple of years. During several of the procedures, Scott was awake and watching as, for instance, the surgeon drilled a thin wire down the length of one of his reconstructed fingers, missed, and had to try again, at which point Scott offered helpfully that it might make more sense to first build a jig to help guide the drill. Most excruciating by far (even more so than the operations in which bone fragments were extracted from his hips to grind into a putty, which was used in fusing his knuckles) were the hours of physical therapy. "It turns out that a huge chunk of your brain and nervous system is taken up with the movements of your hand," Scott explained, "and having to force my hand into positions it manifestly did not want to assume, for months and months on end—you can have no idea how painful and exhausting that got to be."

Scott gazed at one of his band saws and shook his head, laughing grimly. "One Christmas Eve," he recalled, "working here in the studio, I accidentally broke one of those reconstituted fingers. I didn't want to go to the doctor and have him redrill one of those wires, and anyway I figured I knew enough to do it myself. So I realigned the finger, and in fact gave it a little extra added crook that I figured might prove useful someday, workwise, and then I used some of this remarkable thermal-plastic casting material I had around the workshop. Only, a few hours later, I realized I'd done it wrong; so I called my brother and he came over and helped me, and we went over to that band saw and carefully sliced off the cast—a tricky procedure, I realize, but that's where knowing what a thousandth of an inch feels like really comes in handy. After which I reset it, and it eventually got better: it's six years ago now and I can honestly say that I've regained the use of most of it."

I asked Scott how Ed had taken the news of the accident. "He was of course horrified," Scott replied, "and, naturally, deeply concerned and supportive, but then almost in denial: it was as if he couldn't stand to hear about it. And, anyway, somehow, through the whole thing, I managed to keep working."

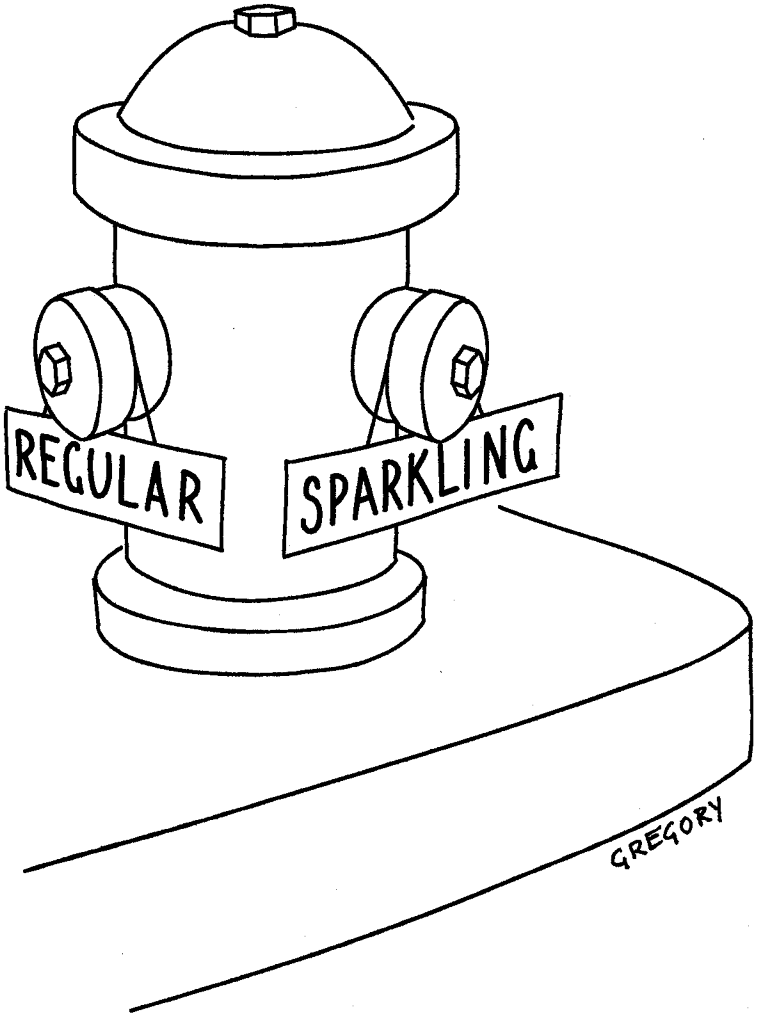
Almost on cue, Ed walked into the workshop, refreshed from his nap. We mentioned that we'd been talking about Scott's accident, and he cringed. "*Awk,* no," he said, "I can't stand it. You know how squeamish I am."

"And, anyway," Scott pointed out, "within a few months Ed was being consumed by a medical drama of his own."

CRUISING the Internet with increasing desperation during the shrinking number of hours when he retained any physical plasticity whatsoever, Ed started gleaning references to a daring operation that was being attempted in Sweden. Developed under the auspices of a Finnish neurosurgeon named Lauri Laitinen, who was working in Stockholm, the procedure was being referred to as a posteroventral pallidotomy, and claims regarding its effectiveness were quite startling. Ed began corresponding with Dr. Laitinen, travelled to Stockholm to tour his clinic in May of 1994, and then, that Thanksgiving, reported back for the operation itself.

"Essentially, the operation involved inserting a long, narrow probe through the skull, locating a particular clump of hyperactive neurons or motor pathways at the base of the brain in a region called the pallidum, and burning them out," he explained. "All this while you the patient were quite awake." No one was exactly sure why it worked, but, according to one theory, the procedure appeared to interrupt the brain patterns that induced rigidities and tremors. The trick, of course, was locating precisely the right clump of neurons—a slippery needle in a wet haystack.

"The morning of the operation Dr. Laitinen himself came into the pre-op room to shave my head," Ed recounted. "He administered an intravenous sedative that made me feel light-headed and gay, and then two of his very friendly and encouraging nurses escorted me into the operating theatre, where they placed me in a special chair angled at about fifty degrees. They injected a local anesthetic at several places around my head and then attached this lattice-like grid helmet, screwing it tightly into my skull. And that really hurt: I was no longer quite such a happy camper. Laitinen now appeared behind me, made a few soothing comments, and began drilling into a spot near the top of my skull, a hole about the size of a



dime. It felt very strange, like being at the dentist's. I could hear the bore and feel the vibrations, but there was no pain. This went on for about twenty minutes, and then I felt him boring through to airspace. Now he changed instruments and began threading his probe through the brain itself, the tissue of which, as you may know, registers no pain in any case. The entire time he was asking me questions, like 'Tell me if you see any flashes of light; that would mean we're brushing up against the optic pathway and we wouldn't want to be doing that,' and so forth, and having me move parts of my body, while he observed the progress of the probe on an M.R.I. screen by his side.

"This went on for a while, and as he was getting closer he began asking me to cycle my legs and arms, which, given my rigidity, was quite difficult, and then suddenly, at a certain point, it was like the blanket of God lifting, like a choir of angels singing 'Hallelujah!' I don't know how else to describe it—the rigidity on my right side disappeared completely, and even my left side seemed to ease. He asked me to gaze up at the ceiling, and what had seemed like a blotch suddenly swam into focus, the image of a horse, and that, too, was a good sign, because a sudden surge in visual acuity was an indication that he'd hit the right spot. He burned a small piece of brain tissue for a few seconds, carefully extracted the probe, unscrewed the lattice helmet, spent about five minutes plugging up the hole in my skull with some kind of gel foam or something, and then said, 'O.K., that's it, you can go now.' And I got up and walked away, all giggly and slaphappy. It was a miracle."

Ed walked back to his room—celebration all around—eventually drifted off to sleep for a few hours, woke up ravenously hungry, ate several sandwiches, and went back to sleep. He slept soundly and peacefully through the night for the first time in more than ten years, woke up entirely refreshed, got out of bed, and, satisfied, got dressed and went on a walking tour of Stockholm, visiting, among other places, an exhibit of arms and armor. "Which is where you called me from," Scott interjected at this point, beaming.

A COUPLE of years later, as per the protocol, Ed returned to Stockholm for the same operation on the other side, and the procedures brought a remarkable change in the quality of his life. Over time, as with all parkinsonian interventions, the burst of well-being subsided, and several of his symptoms began returning (though nowhere near as badly as just before the operation). Still, for a few years he experienced an unparalleled resurgence of vitality. "For one thing," Scott reported, "he was *driving*. He was tooling all over in this British touring coupe, a metallic-blue 1960 Bristol, itself no mean feat of engineering."

Ed smiled, a happy, demonic gleam in his eye. "Six o'clock, some mornings," he said, "I'd wake up and take the Bristol out for a few laps around Central Park, my own private rally course." His demeanor darkened slightly. "On the other hand, later, as the parkinsonism came flowing back in, if I happened to be out driving empty roads in the countryside, where there wasn't any oncoming traffic to keep me engaged, I'd find myself slowing and slowing, and occasionally I'd even have to pull over as I ground to a halt."

This last remark reverberated as the afternoon progressed and I watched the two of them engaged in a serious dance of collaboration around their latest piece, a tall mahogany stand-up desk, for it was obvious that Scott's role was more than that of a simple facilitator—the fabricator to Ed's designer, the realizer of his inspirations. "Ed makes them pretty," Scott boasted at one point, "and I make them last."

But Scott's contribution was more subtle as well, for he was continually providing Ed with a necessary traction—the sense of oncoming traffic, as it were—that helped to keep him in creative motion. Scott's style was characterized by an extraordinary negative capability and forbearance. In some instances, Ed's reconsiderations might portend hours of extra labor, but Scott would withhold judgment, except with regard to what was manifestly impossible, and even then his interventions would have the lightest touch. The two men worked with utmost collegiality and mutual regard, and, if Scott initially seemed to defer to Ed, Ed was as likely to defer to Scott by the end. Most of their interactions were virtually wordless—a pointed finger, a single syllable, a nod, a grunt, a laugh—and when there were words they often fed off that vast trove of common metaphors: "Like one of your microscope legs," "that samurai recurve bow you love so much," "the Maori war club over there."

"This haunch here."

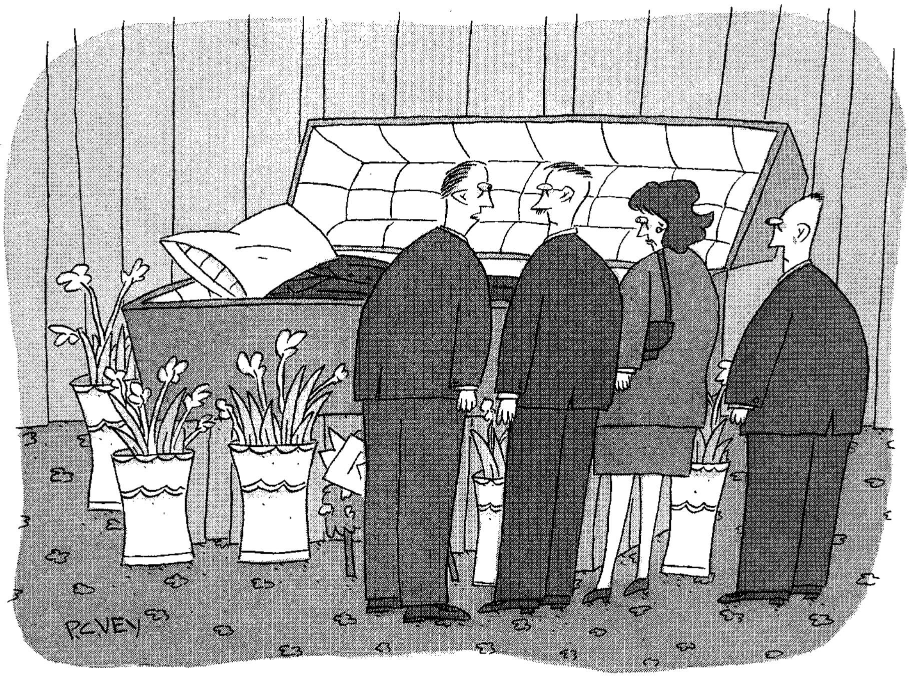
Ed was pointing to where the piece's long leg jutted up against the underbelly of the tabletop mass. And it did seem

"Is the homework fresh?"

haunchlike—a word that would never have come to mind with any of their early creations. But Ed's style seemed to have undergone a metamorphosis in the wake of his operation—or, perhaps, themes barely latent in the earlier work had now blossomed. "I'm trying to imagine what it would have been like for a primitive to encounter the modern," Ed had said to me one afternoon when I was first getting to know him. And the fantasy was not entirely without basis, for the early modernists had themselves been transfixed by the primitive and the archaic. (Think of the mask-faces in "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon.") With his more recent work, on the other hand, Ed seemed to have made that imaginative leap in reverse, trying to feel what it might be like for a sophisticated modern to encounter the authentically primitive. The pieces were less geometric (concerned with angularity, perpendicularity, golden sections, and so forth) and more organic (in fact, there were hardly any straight lines at all anymore: the surfaces now bowed and swelled, if ever so subtly)."The first thing I thought when Ed showed me the initial drawings for the first of these new pieces," Scott now said, "was that one of those cave drawings at Lascaux had somehow climbed off the wall and taken on a life of its own."

Anyway, they were having a problem with the piece's haunch. Ed was clearly drawn to the sinewy quality of the table leg's upper thigh, its sensuous muscularity. (When he pulled the leg out from under the table and tucked it, violinlike, under the crook of his chin, stroking its surface absent-mindedly, his afternoon stiffness seemed momentarily to melt away.) At the same time, something about the swell bulked wrong, was too heavy for that juncture. Ed and Scott agreed to scale it back, and Scott walked over to the band saw and, without the slightest hesitation, carved out a slice. ("I suppose I could have built a proper jig first, to secure it better," he said later, "but I prefer the freedom of direct access. It's like shaving: you know where your hand is, you know where the blade is." Still, it was a bit terrifying to watch.) A half hour later, he carved out another slice and, an hour after that, another. By evening, the haunch was all but gone.

Scott laughed. "Five years ago, it would have taken us a month to achieve what we just did in a mere afternoon. We're getting better."



"They suspect foul play."

• •

"It happens like that sometimes," Ed said with a sigh. "You have to give up the thing you love the most because it just doesn't belong in that piece."

"Yeah," Scott agreed. "But you can always save it for the next one."

And, indeed, one of Ed's deepest sources of inspiration for his future pieces often turns out to be the refuse pile of the ones he's working on. Between decisions, Ed rummaged through the pile of shards, experimentally sliding one fragment on top of another and then interleafing a third. He was nearly lost to the world, adrift in a material daydream.

"ALL along," Ed said at one point, "this has been for me an attempt to create for myself a life of my own, to assert that life, to safeguard it in the face of an otherwise overpowering condition. It's been about achieving an emotional state connected to the beautiful, the graceful, the sublime—though not the precious—as a sort of countervailing passion, countervailing, that is, to a parkinsonism whose principal characteristics are its harshness and, above all, its smothering indifference."

For Ed, I realized, this had all been about making a difference, in the most primordial meaning of the phrase. It was a story that relied on the confluence of three factors: a vigorous young man felled by parkinsonism, who just happened to be quite wealthy—and just happened to be some kind of genius. Any two of those factors would not have been enough by themselves to foster such an extraordinary body of work.

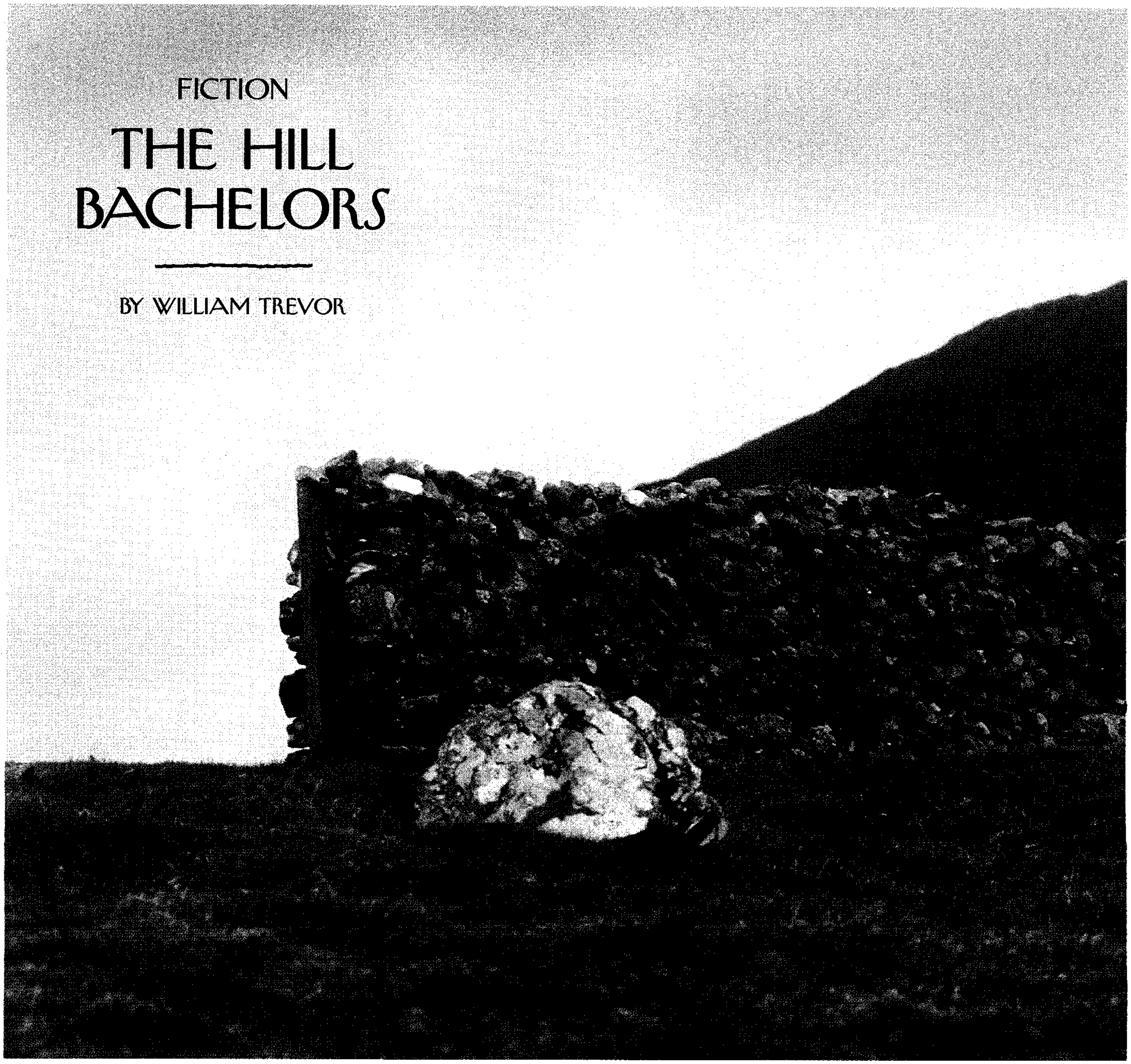
And this was a bittersweet realization, for, with the current series of pieces, Ed's money, after his fifteen-year lavish passion, was finally on the verge of running out. He was no longer going to be able to afford the sorts of blithe expenditures—on exotic woods, on eccentric bolts, on Scott's precious time—that had thus far underwritten the adventure of pure inquiry. This was one of the reasons for the upcoming show: Scott and Ed were planning to sell the pieces as a way of financing future work.

In preparation for the New York show, Ed had been scribbling some notes. On the plane ride to Boston, he'd handed me a folder filled with such jottings—journal entries, topical broadsides, imaginary lectures, computer readouts. With evening coming on and Scott and Ed still hunched over their evolving table, I retired to a corner of the studio and opened the folder. The first sentence of the first page declared, "The furniture designs presented here were developed under exceptionally favorable circumstances." ♦

FICTION

THE HILL BACHELORS

BY WILLIAM TREVOR

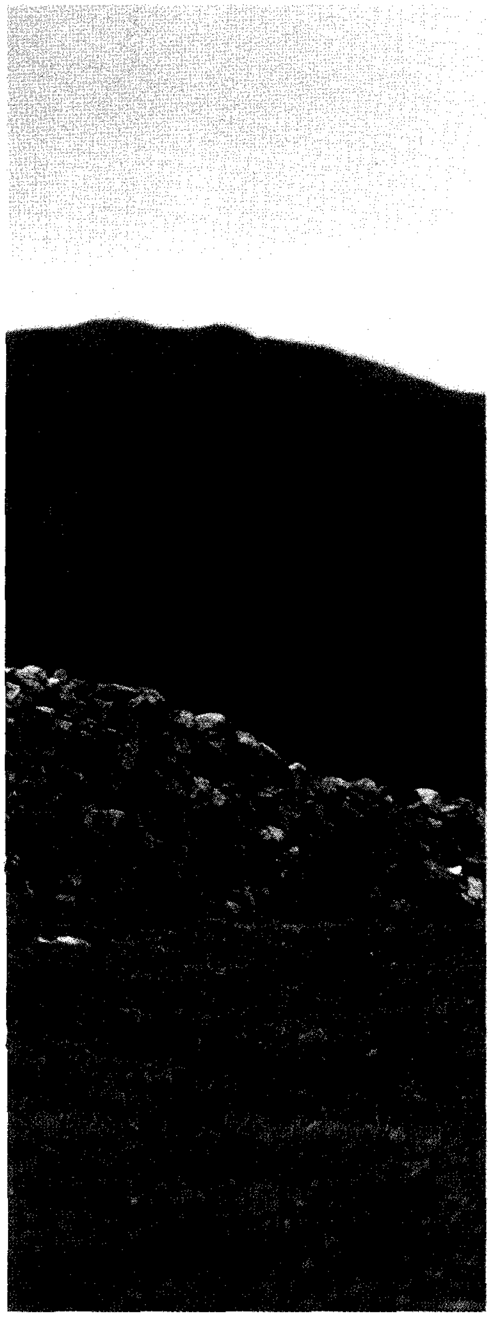


IN the kitchen of the farmhouse she wondered what they'd do about her, what they'd suggest. It was up to them; she couldn't ask. It wouldn't be seemly to ask, it wouldn't feel right.

She was a small woman, spare and wiry, her mourning clothes becoming her. At sixty-eight she had ailments: arthritis in her knuckles and her ankles, though only slightly a nuisance to her; a cataract she was not yet aware of. She had given birth without much difficulty to five children, and was a grandmother to nine. Born herself far from the hills that were her home now, she had come to this house forty-seven years ago, had shared its kitchen and the rearing of geese and hens with her husband's mother, until the kitchen and the rearing became entirely her own. She hadn't thought she would be left. She hadn't wanted it. She didn't now.

HE walked into the hills from where the bus had dropped him on the main road, by Caslin's petrol pumps and shop across the road from the Master McGrath Bar and Lounge, owned by the Caslins also. It was midday and it was fine. After four hours in two different buses he welcomed the walk and the fresh air. He had dressed himself for the funeral so that he wouldn't have to bring the extra clothes in a suitcase he'd have had to borrow. Overnight necessities were in a ragged blue shopping bag that, every working day, accompanied him in the cab of the lorry he drove, delivering sacks of flour to the premises of bakers, and prepacked cartons to retailers.

Everything was familiar to him: the narrow road, in need of repair for as long as he had known it, the slope rising gently at first, the hills in the far distance becoming mountains, fields and conifers giving way to marsh and a growth that couldn't be identified from



ALEN MACWEENEY, "CONNEMARA"/RICCO/MARESCA GALLERY

where he walked but which he knew was fern, then heather and bog cotton with here and there a patch of grass. Not far below the skyline were the high lakes he had never seen.

He was a red-haired young man of twenty-nine, slightly made, pink cheeks and a certain chubbiness about his features giving him a genial, easygoing air. He was untroubled as he walked on, reflecting only that a drink and a packet of potato crisps at the Master McGrath might have been a good idea. He wondered how Maureen Caslin had turned out; when they were both fifteen he'd thought the world of her.

At a crossroads he turned to the left, onto an unmade-up boreen, scarcely more than a track. Around him there was a silence he remembered also, quite different from the kind of silence he had become used to in or around the midland towns for which, eleven years ago, he had left these hills. It was broken when he had walked another mile by no more than what seemed like a vibration in the air, a faint disturbance that might have been, at some great distance, the throb of an airplane. Five minutes later, rust-eaten and muddy, a front wing replaced but not yet painted, Hartigan's old red Toyota clattered over the potholes and the tractor tracks. The two men waved to each other and then the ramshackle car stopped.

"How're you, Paulie?" Hartigan said.

"I'm all right, Mr. Hartigan. How're you doing yourself?"

Hartigan said he'd been better. He leaned across to open the passenger door. He said he was sorry, and Paulie said he knew. He had wondered if he'd be in luck, if Hartigan would be coming back from Drunbeg this midday. A small, florid man, Hartigan lived higher up in the hills with a sister who was more than a foot taller than he was, a lean, gangling woman who liked to be known only as Miss Hartigan. On the boreen there were no other houses.

"They'll be coming back?" Hartigan inquired above the rasping noise of the Toyota's engine, referring to Paulie's two brothers and two sisters.

"Ah, they will surely."

"He was out in the big field on the Tuesday."

Paulie nodded. Hartigan drove slowly. It wasn't a time for conversation, and that was observed.

"Thanks, Mr. Hartigan," Paulie said as they parted, and waved when the Toyota drove on. The sheepdogs barked at him and he patted their heads, recognizing the older one. The yard was tidy. Hartigan hadn't said he'd been down lending a hand but Paulie could tell he had. The back door was open, his mother expecting him.

"It's good you came back," she said.

He shook his head, realizing as soon as he had made it that the gesture was too slight for her to have noticed. He couldn't not have come back. "How're you doing?" he said.

"All right. All right."

They were in the kitchen. His father was upstairs. The others would come and then the coffin would be closed and his father would be taken to the church. That was how she wanted it: the way it always was when death was taken from the house.

"It was never good between you," she said.

"I'd come all the same."

Nothing was different in the kitchen: the same green paint, worn away to the timber at two corners of the dresser and around the latches of the doors that led to the yard and to the stairs; the same Delft seeming no more chipped or cracked on the dresser shelves, the big scrubbed table, the clutter on the smoky mantel shelf above the Rayburn, the uncomfortable chairs, the flagged floor, the receipts on the spike in the window.

"Sit with him awhile, Paulie."

His father had always called him Paul, and he was called Paul in his employment, among the people of the midland towns. Paul was what Patsy Finucane called him.

"Go up to him, Paulie. God rest him," she said, a plea in her tone that bygones should be bygones, that the past should be misted away now that death had come, that prayer for the safe delivery of a soul was what mattered more.

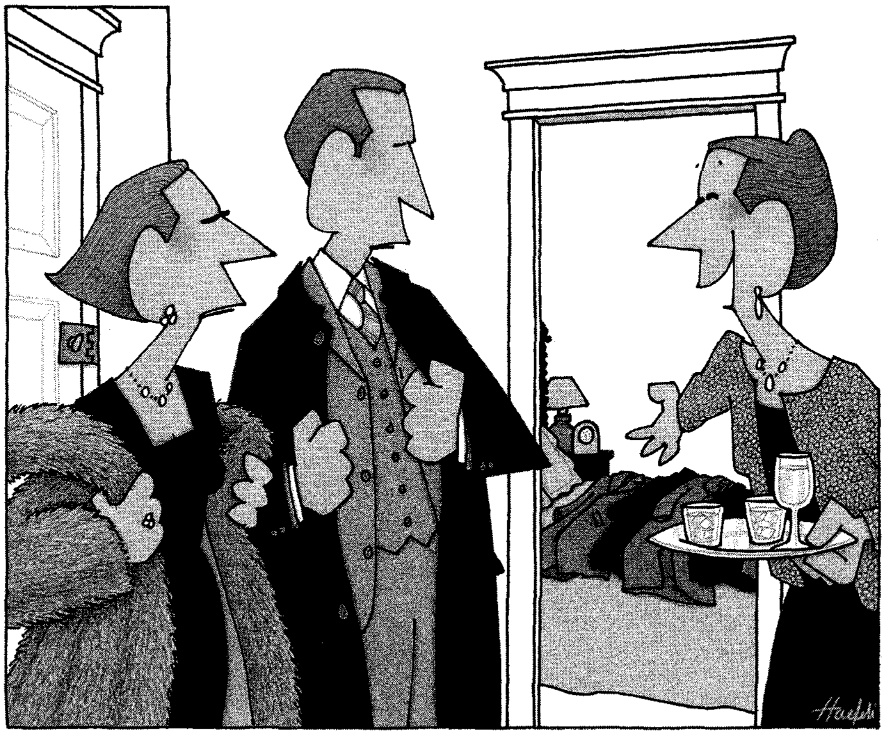
"Will they all come together?" he asked, still sitting there. "Did they say that?"

"They'll be here by three. Kevin's car and one Aidan'll hire."

He stood up, his chair scraping on the flagstones. He had asked the questions in order to delay going up to his father's bedside. But it was what she wanted, and what she was saying without saying it was that it was what his father wanted also. There would be forgiveness in the bedroom, his own spoken in a mumble, his father's taken for granted.

He took the rosary she held out to him, not wishing to cause offense.

HEARING his footsteps on the brief, steeply pitched stairs, hearing the bedroom door open and close, the footsteps again in the room above her, then silence, she saw now what her returned son saw: the bloodless pallor, the stubble that had come, eyelids drawn, lips set, the gray hair she had combed. Frances had been the favor-



"Leave your coats on the bed for collateral."

• •

ite; then Mena; Kevin was approved of because he was reliable; Aidan was the firstborn. Paulie hadn't been often mentioned.

There was the sound of cars, far back on the boreen. A while they would take to arrive at the farmhouse. She set out cups and saucers on the table, not hurrying. The kettle had boiled earlier and she pushed it back onto the hot plate of the Rayburn. Not since they were children had they all been back at the same time. There wouldn't be room for them for the two nights they'd have to spend, but they'd have their own ideas about how to manage that. She opened the back door so that there'd be a welcome.

PAULIE looked down at the stretched body, not trusting himself to address it in any way. Then he heard the cars arriving and crossed the room to the window. In the yard Frances was getting out of one and the other was being backed so that it wouldn't be in the way, a white Ford he'd never seen before. The window was open at the top and he could hear the voices, Kevin saying it hadn't been a bad drive at all and Aidan agreeing. The Ford was hired, "Cahill of Limerick" it said on a sticker; picked up at Shannon it would have been.

The husbands of Paulie's sisters hadn't come, maybe because of the shortage of sleeping space. They'd be looking after the Dublin children, and it seemed that Kevin's Sharon had stayed behind with theirs in Carlow. Aidan had come on his own from Boston. Paulie had never met Aidan's wife and Sharon only once; he'd never met any of the children. They could have managed in a single car, he calculated, watching his brothers and sisters lifting out their suitcases, but it might have been difficult to organize, Kevin's having to drive round by Shannon.

His brothers wore black ties, his sisters were in mourning of a kind, not entirely, because that could wait till later. Mena looked pregnant again. Kevin had a bald patch now. Aidan took off the glasses he had worn to drive. Their suitcases weren't heavy: you could tell there was no intention to stay longer than was necessary.

Looking down into the yard, Paulie knew that an assumption had already been made, as he had known it in the kitchen when he sat there with his mother. He was the bachelor of the family, the employment he had wasn't much. His mother couldn't manage on her own.

He had known it in Meagher's back bar when he told Patsy Finucane he had a funeral to go to. The death had lost him Patsy Finucane: it was her, not his father, he thought about when he heard of it, and in Meagher's the stout ran away with him and he spoke too soon. "Jeez," she said, "what would I do in a farmhouse!"

AFTERWARD—the journey through the hills had become a funeral procession at the edge of the town, the coffin had been delivered to its night's resting place and the burial was complete, and the family had returned to the farmhouse and had dispersed the next morning—Paulie remained.

He had not intended to. He had hoped to get a lift in one of the two cars, and then to take a bus, and another bus, as he had on his journey over.

"Where is it they'll separate?" his mother asked in the quietness that followed the departure.

He didn't know. Somewhere that was convenient; in some town they would pull in and have a drink, they weren't in a house of mourning. They would exchange news it hadn't seemed right to exchange before. Aidan would talk about Boston, offering his sisters and his brother hospitality there.

"Warm yourself at the fire, Paulie."

"Wait till I see to the heifers first."

"His boots are there."

"I know."

His brothers had borrowed the gum boots, too: wherever you went, you needed them. Kevin had fixed a fence, Aidan had got the water going again in the pipe up to the sheep. Between them, they'd taken the slack out of the barbed wire beyond the turf bog.

"Put on a waterproof, Paulie."

It wasn't going to rain, but the waterproof kept the wind out. Whenever he remembered the farmhouse from his childhood it was windy—the fertilizer bags blowing about in the yard, blustery on the track up to the sheep hills, in the big field that had been the family's mainstay ever since his father had cleared the rocks from it, in the potato field. Wind, more than rain or frost, characterized the place, not that there wasn't a lot of rain, too. "But who'd mind the rain?" his father used to say.

The heifers didn't need seeing to, as he had known they wouldn't. They stood, miserably crouched in against the wall of a fallen barn, mud that the wind had dried hanging from them. His father had taken off the roof when one of the other walls had collapsed, needing the corrugated iron for somewhere else. He'd left the standing wall for the purpose the heifers put it to now.

Paulie, too, stood in the shelter of the wall, the puddles at his feet not yet blown dry, as the mud had on the animals. He remembered the red roof lifted down, piece by piece, Kevin waiting below to receive it, Aidan wrenching out the bolts. He had backed the tractor, easing the trailer close to where they were. "What's he want it for?" he'd asked Kevin, and Kevin said the corrugated iron would be used for filling the gaps in the hedges.

Slowly, Paulie walked back the way he had come. "D'you think of coming back?" Aidan had said, saying it in the yard when they were alone. Paulie had known it would be said and had guessed it would be Aidan who'd say it, Aidan being the oldest. "I'm only mentioning it," Aidan had said. "I'm only touching on it."

BLOWING at the turf with the wheel bellows, she watched the glow spread, sparks rising and falling away. It hadn't been the time to make arrangements or even to talk about them. Nothing could have been more out of place, and she was glad they realized that. Kevin had had a word with Hartigan after the funeral, something temporary fixed up, she could tell from the gestures.

They'd write. Frances had said she would, and Aidan had. Sharon would write for Kevin, as she always did. Mena would. Wherever it was they stopped to say goodbye to one another they'd talk about it and later on they'd write.

"Sit down, Paulie, sit down," she said when her son came in, bringing the cold with him.

She said again that Father Kinally had done it beautifully. She'd said so yesterday to her daughters in the car, she'd said it to Kevin and to Aidan this morning. Paulie would have heard, yet you'd want to repeat it. You felt the better for it.

"Ah, he did," Paulie said. "He did of course."

He'd taken over. She could feel he'd taken over, the way he'd gone out to see were the heifers all right, the way it was he who remembered, last evening and this morning, that there was the bit of milking to do, that he'd done it without a word. She watched him ease off the gum boots and set them down by the door. He hung the waterproof on the door hook that was there for it and came to the fire in his socks, with his shoes in one hand. She turned away so that he wouldn't notice she'd been reminded of his father coming into the kitchen also.

"Aren't the heifers looking good?" she said.

"Oh, they are, they are."

"He was pleased with them this year."

"They're not bad, all right."

"Nothing's fetching at the minute, all the same."

He nodded. He naturally would know times were bad, neither sheep nor cattle fetching what they were a year ago, everything gone quiet, the way you'd never have believed it.

"We're in for the night so," she said.

"We are."

She washed the eggs Mena had collected earlier, brushing off the marks on them, then wiped the shells clean before she piled them in the bowl. The eggs would keep them going, with the rashers left over and half a saucepan of stew in the fridge. "You've enough for an army!" Kevin had said, looking into the deep-freeze, and she reminded him you had to have enough in case the weather came in bad.

"What'd we do without it?" she said now, mentioning the deep-freeze. They'd had half a pig from the Caslins, only a portion of the belly used up so far. "And mutton till Doomsday," she said.

"How're they these days, the Caslins? I didn't notice Maureen at the funeral."

"Maureen married a man in Tralee. She's there since."

"Who's the man?"

"He's in a shoe shop."

They could have gone to the wedding, only it had been a period of the year when you wouldn't want to spare the time. The Hartigans had gone. They'd have taken her but she'd said no.

"Hartigan came back drunk, you should have seen the cut of him! And

GALAPAGOS

EX-PE-DI-TION (ek'spi dish'ən)
n, 1a. A journey undertaken by
an organized group of people
with a definite objective.

Lindblad
Special
Expeditions

Explore the world
with the family that
pioneered
expedition travel.

FOR INFORMATION ON GALAPAGOS
AND OUR OTHER WORLDWIDE EXPEDITIONS,
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL:

1-800-EXPEDITION
(800-397-3348)
WWW.EXPEDITIONS.COM

REFER TO: 3NY-GA019

The Honey Bee
www.rnstudios.com

This little fellow
from Roger Nichols
Studios is searching
for a beautiful flower.

Sterling Pin is $49.00 and
the 14k Gold Pin $325.00.

1 1/4" Tall

ROGER NICHOLS Studios
1-800-235-0471
S/H $5.75
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701
Velvet Box

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY
Beautiful homes for rent at affordable weekly rates
in Abruzzo, Tuscany, Umbria, Lakes Como & Garda, the
Italian Riviera, Rome, Amalfi, Capri, Venice, Sicily & more.
800 280 2811
www.theparkercompany.com
THE PARKER COMPANY
ITALIAN VILLAS & TOURS

Click on
Pure New England.com

PureNewEngland.com
Quality products from
the hands and hearts of
New England...maple
syrup, baskets, bowls,
toys, cutting boards,
pottery, chowders & more.

** Introductory Offer **
One 1904o Morgan Dollar - Better date
from the New Orleans Mint
Certified MS64 by PCI / Limit One
Regulary $54.00 / Now $45.00 del.
Hobby Coin Exchange
4415 Metro Pkwy Ste 202 * Fort Myers FL 33916
www.hobbycoinexchange.com *1-800-293-8926

herself with a frost on her that would have quenched the fire!"

"He's driving down in the morning. He'll pick me up."

Rashers and black pudding and fried bread were ready on the pan. She cracked two eggs into the fat, turned them when they were ready because he liked them turned. When she placed the plate in front of him he took a mouthful of tea before he ate anything. He said, "You couldn't manage. No way."

"It wasn't a time to talk about it, Paulie."

"I'll come back."

He began to eat, the yoke of the eggs spreading yellow on the plate. He left the black pudding and the crisp fat of the bacon until last. He'd always done that.

"Hartigan'd still come down. I'm all right on the bit of milking. I'm all right on most things. The Caslins would come up."

"You couldn't live like that."

"They're neighbors, Paulie. They got help from himself if they wanted it. I looked over and saw Kevin having a word with Hartigan in the graveyard. It won't be something for nothing, not with Hartigan: Kevin'll tell me later."

"You'd be dependent."

"You have your own life, Paulie."

"You have what there is."

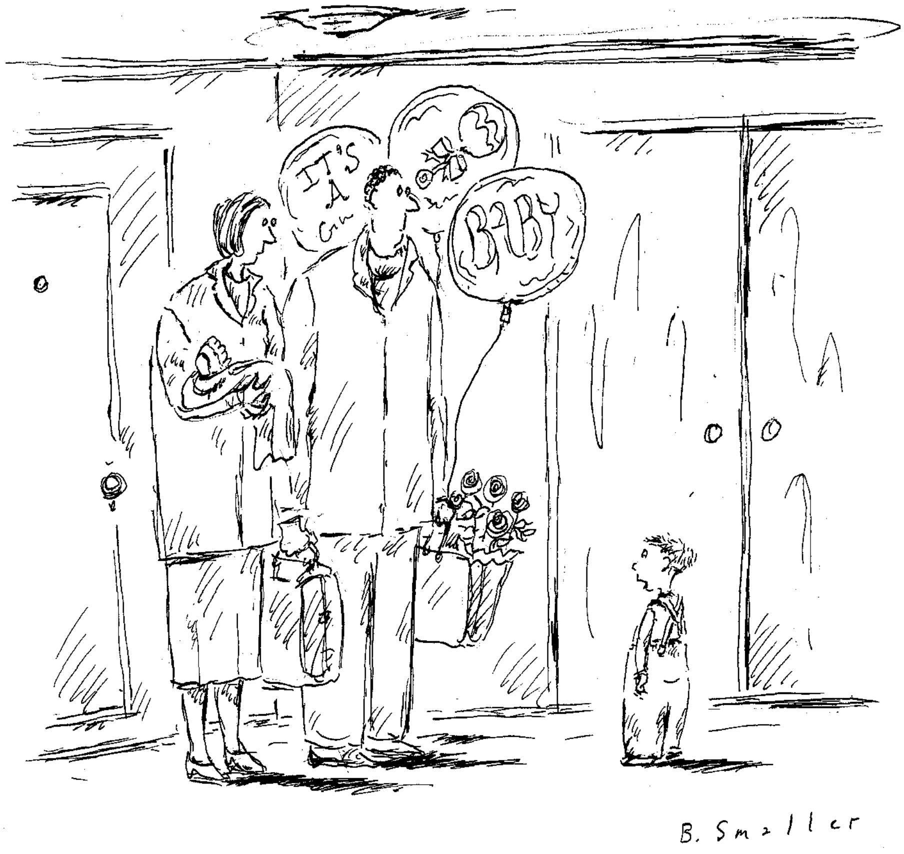
He ate for several minutes in silence, then he finished the tea that had been poured for him.

"I'd have to give in notice. I'd have to work the notice out. A month."

"Think it over before you'll do anything, Paulie."

PAULIE harbored no resentment, not being a person who easily did: going back to the farmhouse was not the end of the world. The end of the world had been to hear, in Meagher's back bar, that life on a farm did not attract Patsy Finucane.

As soon as he'd mentioned marriage that day he knew he shouldn't have. Patsy Finucane had taken fright like a nervous young greyhound would. She'd hardly heard him when he said, not knowing what else to say, "Ah well, no matter." It was a nervousness he'd taken that had caused him to make the suggestion, and as soon as he had there was no regaining her: before she looked away that was there in her soft gray eyes. "I won't go back so," he'd said, making matters worse. "I won't go back without you."



"I hope you kept the box it came in."

When they sat again in Meagher's back bar after the funeral Paulie tried to put things right; he tried to begin again, but it wasn't any good. During the third week of his working out his notice Patsy Finucane began to go out with a clerk from the post office.

IN the yard she threw down grains for the hens and remembered doing it for the first time, apprehensive then about what she'd married into. Nor had her apprehension been misplaced: more than she'd imagined, her position in the household was one of obedience and humility, and sometimes what was said, or incidents that occurred, left a sting that in private drew tears from her. Yet time, simply in passing, transformed what seemed to be immutable. Old age enfeebled on the one hand; on the other, motherhood nurtured confidence. In the farmhouse, roles were reversed.

She didn't want distress like that for any wife Paulie would eventually bring to the kitchen and the house. She would make it easier, taking a back seat from the start and be glad to do so. It was only a pity that Maureen Caslin had married the shoe-shop man, for Maureen Caslin would have suited him well. There were the sisters, of course.

During the weeks that followed Paulie's departure, the anticipated letters came from Mena and Frances and from her daughter-in-law Sharon on behalf of Kevin, and from Aidan. The accumulated content was simple, the unstated expectation stated at last, four times over in different handwriting. Aidan said he and Paulie had had a talk about it. "You are good to think of me," she wrote back, four times also.

Hartigan continued to come down regularly and a couple of times his sister accompanied him, sitting in the kitchen while he saw to any heavy work in the yard. "Would Mena have room for you?" she inquired on one of these occasions, appearing to forget that Paulie was due to return when he'd worked out his notice. Miss Hartigan always brought sultana bread when she came and they had it with butter on it. "I only mentioned Mena," she said, "in case Paulie wouldn't be keen to come back. I was thinking he maybe wouldn't."

"Why's that, Miss Hartigan?"

"It's bachelors that's in the hills now. Like himself," Miss Hartigan added, jerking her bony head in the direction of the yard, where her brother was up on a ladder, fixing a gutter support.

"Paulie's not married either, though."

"That's what I'm saying to you. What I'm saying is would he want to stop that way?"

Miss Hartigan's features were enriched by a keenness to say more, to inform and explain, to dispel the bewilderment she had caused. She did so after a pause, politely reaching for a slice of sultana bread: it might not have been noticed that these days the bachelors of the hills found it difficult to attract a wife to the modest farms they inherited.

"Excuse me for mentioning it," Miss Hartigan apologized before she left.

It was true, and it had been noticed and often remarked upon. Hartigan himself, twenty years ago, was maybe the first of the hill bachelors: by now you could count them—lone men, some of them kept company by a mother or a sister—on the slopes of Coumpeebra, on Slievenacoush, on Knockrea, on Luirc, on Clydagh.

She didn't remember putting all that from her mind when Paulie had said he would come back, but perhaps she had. She tried not to think about it, comforting herself that what had been said, and the tone of Miss Hartigan's voice, had more to do with Miss Hartigan and her brother than with the future in a neighboring farmhouse. Nor did it necessarily need to be that what had already happened would continue to happen. The Hartigans' stretch of land was worse by a long way than the land lower down on the hill; no better than the side of Slievenacoush, or Clydagh or Coumpeebra. You did the best you could, you hoped for warm summers. Paulie was a good-looking, decent boy: there was no reason at all why he wouldn't bring up a family here as his father had.

"There's two suitcases left down with the Caslins," he said when he walked in one Saturday afternoon. "When I get the car started I'll go down for them."

They didn't embrace; there'd never been much of that in the family. He sat down and she made tea and put the pan on. He told her about the journey, how a woman had been singing on the first of the two buses, how he'd fallen asleep on the second. He was serious the way he told things, his freckled face intent, sometimes not smiling much. He'd always been like that.

"Hartigan started the car a while back," she said, "to make sure it was in form."

"And it was? All right?"

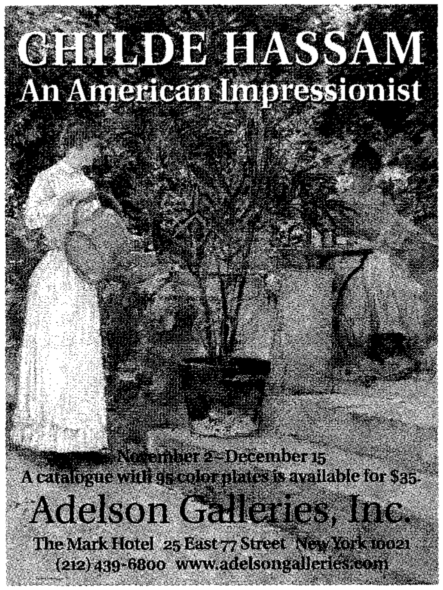
"Oh, it was, it was."

"I'll take a look at it later."

He settled in easily, and she realized as he did so that she had never known him well. He had been lost to her in the family, his shadowy place in it influenced by his father's lack of interest in him. She had never protested about that, only occasionally whispering a surreptitious word or two of comfort. It was fitting in a way that a twist of fate had made him his father's inheritor.

As if he had never been away, he went about his daily tasks knowledgeably and efficiently. He had forgotten nothing: about the winter feed for the heifers, about the work around the yard or where the fences might give way on the hills or how often to go up there after the sheep or keeping the tractor right. It seemed, which she had not suspected before, that while his presence was so often overlooked he had watched his father at work more conscientiously than his brothers had. "He'd be proud of you these days," she said once, but Paulie did not acknowledge that and she resisted making the remark again. The big field, which had been his father's pride, became his. There was another strip to the south of it that could be cleared and reclaimed, he said, and he took her out to show her where he would run the new wall. They stood in the sunshine on a warm June morning while he pointed and talked about it, the two sheepdogs obedient by him. He was as good with them as his father ever had been.

He drove her, as his father had, every three weeks down to Drunbeg, since she had never learned to drive herself. His father used to wait in the car park of Conlon's Supermarket while she shopped, but Paulie always went in with her. He pushed the trolley and sometimes she gave him a list and he added items from the shelves. "Would we go and see that?" he suggested one time when they were passing the Two-Screen


CHILDE HASSAM
An American Impressionist
November 2–December 15
A catalogue with 95 color plates is available for $35.
Adelson Galleries, Inc.
The Mark Hotel 25 East 77 Street New York 10021
(212) 439-6800 www.adelsongalleries.com

HAND FORGED LIGHTING & ACCESSORIES
crafted to last for generations
Hand forged natural wrought iron lighting fixtures, lamps and accessories available in five finishes.
FREE CATALOG
207-799-1185
from $ 299.
IRONWORKS
HAND-FORGED LIGHTING & ACCESSORIES
Dept. NYO99114 So. Portland, ME 04106

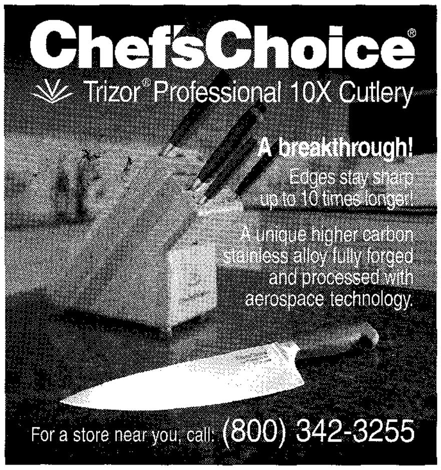
www.seeitaly.com
CARAVELLA ITALIA
EXPERIENCE THE BEST OF ITALY
SMALL GROUP TOURS • CUSTOM TOURS
toll-free 888.665.2112

RAPID, SAFE WEIGHT LOSS
Medically Supervised
Since 1939 • Durham, NC
Residential Program
1-888-RICEDIET
http://www.ricediet.com

archaeological tours
LED BY NOTED SCHOLARS
2000 TOURS Egypt, Southern India, Northern Laos & Yunnan, Desert Frontiers of Egypt, Syria & Jordan, Egypt for Children, Malta, Sardinia & Corsica, Tunisia, West Turkey, Cyprus, Crete & Santorini, Spain, Ancient China, Eastern Turkey, Etruscan Italy, Indonesia, Peru, Central Asia, Silk Road, Israel...and more.
271 Madison Ave. 904e, NY, NY 10016
(212) 986-3054

The Educated Traveler®
The only newsletter dedicated to International Specialty Travel
Cultural Tourism ❦ Museum Travel ❦ Learning Vacations
RECOMMENDED BY MIRABELLA, NY TIMES, LA TIMES AND THE WASH. POST
$48 /year, includes exclusive Directory of Museum-Sponsored Tours
Dept.-RC, P.O. Box 220822, Chantilly, VA 20153
1-800-648-5168

CASHMERE WATCHCAP
Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think.
Allows you to perform. S, M, L, XL.
One Hundred And Ten Dollars + postage
CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars
Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.
VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
650 967 3123

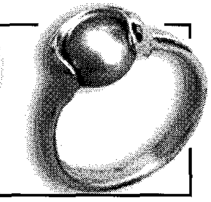


ChefsChoice®
Trizor® Professional 10X Cutlery
A breakthrough!
Edges stay sharp up to 10 times longer!
A unique higher carbon stainless alloy fully forged and processed with aerospace technology.
For a store near you, call: (800) 342-3255

LARGO PUZZLES
"Masterpieces in Mahogany"
exquisite, elegant hand-cut
wooden jigsaw puzzles
— in stock or made to your order —
1-800-549-5446 • www.largopuzzles.com

Help For The Investing Impaired
(Free Newsletter, too.)
www.theonlineinvestor.com
On AOL: keyword oli

Grace Rare Tea
THE CONNOISSEUR'S CUP OF TEA
Award-winning teas since 1959.
Free brochure.
Grace Tea Company, Ltd.
50 W. 17th St., NYC 10011 Tel/fax (212) 255-2935


moon's embrace™
lustrous pearl in 14k gold
original design©
art ring by ricco $395
888/463-6639
www.riccogallery.com

Rialto, which used to be just the Picture House before it was given a facelift. She wouldn't be bothered, she said. She'd never been inside the cinema, either in the old days or since it had become a two-screen; the television was enough for her. “Wouldn't you take one of the Caslin girls?” she said.

He took the older of them, Aileen, and often after that he drove down in the evenings to sit with her in the Master McGrath. The relationship came to an end when Aileen announced that her sister in Tralee had heard of a vacancy in a newsagent and confectioner's, that she'd been to Tralee herself to be looked over and in fact had been offered the position.

“And did you know she had intentions that way?” Paulie's mother asked him when she heard, and he said he had, in a way. He didn't seem put about, although she had assumed herself that by the look of things Aileen Caslin—stolid and on the slow side—would be the wife who'd come to the farmhouse, since her sister Maureen was no longer available. Paulie didn't talk about it, but quite soon after Aileen's departure he began to take an interest in a girl at one of the pay-outs in Conlon's. Maeve her name was, red-haired, like Paulie himself.

“Wouldn't you bring Maeve out one Sunday?” his mother suggested when the friendship had advanced, when there'd been visits to the two-screen and evenings spent together drinking, as there'd been with Aileen Caslin. Maeve was a fair bit livelier than Aileen; he could do worse.

But Maeve never came to the farmhouse. In Conlon's Paulie took to steering the trolley to one of the other pay-outs even when the queue at hers was shorter. His mother didn't ask why. He had his own life, she kept reminding herself; he had his privacy, and why shouldn't he? “Isn't he the good boy to you?” Father Kinally remarked one Sunday after Mass when Paulie was turning the car. “Isn't it grand the way it's turned out for you?”

She knew it was and gratefully gave thanks for it. Being more energetic than his father had been at the end, Paulie worked a longer day, far into the evening when it was light enough.

“I don't know did I ever speak a word to her,” she said when he began to go out with the remaining Caslin daughter. Sensible, she looked.

“AH, sure, anything,” the youngest of the three Caslin girls always said when Paulie told her what films were on and asked which she'd like to see. When the lights went down he waited a bit before he put an arm around her, as he always had with her sisters and with Maeve. He hadn't been able to wait with Patsy Finucane.

The sensible look that Paulie's mother had noted in Annie Caslin was expressed in a matter-of-fact manner. Sentiment played little part in her stalwart, steady nature. She was the tallest and in a general way the biggest of the three Caslin girls, with black hair that she curled and distinctive features that challenged one another for dominance—the slightly large nose, the wide mouth, the unblinking gaze. Paulie took her out half a dozen times before she confessed that what she wanted to do was to live in town. She'd had the roadside Master McGrath, she said; she'd had serving petrol at the pumps. “God, I don't know how you'd stand it up in the bogs,” she said before Paulie had a chance to ask her if she'd be interested in coming up to the farmhouse. Even Drunbeg would do her, she said, and got work six months later in the fertilizer factory.

Paulie asked other girls to go out with him, but by then it had become known that what he was after was marriage. One after another, they made excuses, a fact that Hartigan was aware of when he pulled up the Toyota one morning beside a gateway where Paulie was driving in posts. He didn't say anything, but often Hartigan didn't.

“Will it rain, Mr. Hartigan?” Paulie asked him.

“The first time I saw your mammy,” Hartigan said, rejecting a discussion about the weather, “she was stretching out sheets on the bushes. Six years of age I was, out after a hare.”

“A while ago, all right.”

“Amn't I saying it to you?”

Not understanding the conversation, Paulie vaguely shook his head. He struck the post he was easing into the ground another blow. Hartigan said, “I'd take the big field off you.”

“Ah no, no.”

That was why he had stopped. It might even have been that he'd driven down specially when he heard the thud of the sledgehammer on the posts, saying to himself that it was a good time for a conversation.

"I wouldn't want to sell the field, Mr. Hartigan."

"But wouldn't you do well all the same if you did? Is it a life at all for a young fellow?"

Paulie didn't say anything. He felt the post to see if it was steady yet. He struck it again, three times before he was satisfied.

"You need a bit of company, boy," Hartigan said before he backed into the gateway and drove up the hill again.

WHAT she had succeeded in keeping at bay since Miss Hartigan had spoken of it was no longer possible to evade. When Paulie told her about Patsy Finucane she was pleased that he did, glad that he didn't keep it to himself. She knew about everything else: it was all of a piece that Hartigan was trying to get the land cheap by taking advantage of the same circumstances that had left him a bachelor himself. Who could blame him? she said to herself, but even so she wondered if Paulie—so agreeable and good-hearted—would become like that in his time, if he'd become hard, as his father had been, and as grasping as Hartigan.

"I'll go to Mena," she said. "There's room there."

"Ah, there isn't."

"They'd fit me in."

"It's here that there's room."

"You want to be married, Paulie. Any man does."

"He'd take a day shifting a boulder with the tractor. He'd put a ditch through the marsh to gain another half yard. He never minded how long a thing took."

"It's now we're talking about, Paulie."

"There'd be sheep in this house within a twelvemonth if Hartigan had it, the doors taken off and made use of, and the next thing is the wind'd be shifting the slates. There'd be grazing taken out of the big field until there wasn't a blade of grass left standing. The marsh'd come in again. No one'd lift a finger."

"You didn't know what you were coming back to."

"Ah, I did. I did."

Obligingly, he lied. You'd say to yourself he was easygoing. When he'd told her about the Finucane girl he'd said it was the way things were. No matter, he'd said. Often you'd forget he wasn't easygoing at all; often she did.

"There's no need, Paulie."

"There is."

He said it quietly, the two words hanging there after he had spoken, and she realized that although it was her widowhood that had brought him back it wasn't her widowhood that made him now insist he must remain. She could argue forever and he would not go now.

"You're good, Paulie," she said, since there was nothing else left to say.

He shook his head, his red hair flopping from side to side. "Arrah, no."

"You are. You are, Paulie."

When her own death came, her other children would return, again all at the same time. The coffin would be carried down the steep stairs, out into the van in the yard, and the funeral would go through the streets of Drunbeg, and the next day there'd be the Mass. They'd go away then, leaving Paulie in the farmhouse.

"Wait till I show you," he said, and he took her out to where he was draining another half yard. He showed her how he was doing it. He showed her the temporary wall he had put up, sheets of red corrugated that had come from the old barn years ago.

"That's great," she said. "Great, Paulie."

A mist was coming in off the hills, soft and gentle, the clouds darkening above it. The high edge of Slievenacoush was lost. Somewhere over the boglands a curlew cried.

"Go in out of the drizzle," he said, when they had stood there for a few minutes.

"Don't stay out long yourself, Paulie."

Guilt was misplaced, goodness hardly came into it. Her widowing and the mood of a capricious time were not of consequence, no more than a flicker in a scheme of things that had always been there. Enduring, unchanging, the hills had waited for him, claiming one of their own. ♦

I have been attacked for the second time (May 6) in the Littleton Independent by Mark Lipsman in an op-ed guest-opinion article. I won't stoop to his level of ad-homonym rhetoric, but I will continue to correct some of his many errors—this time with references.—*Littleton (Colo.) Independent.*

Oui can sea why ad-homonym rhetoric wood be a bad idea.

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Supersoft easy care cotton fabric. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, peach, bluette, coral, navy, burgundy or teal. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160. **Sale $89.** Shipping and handling, $6.95.

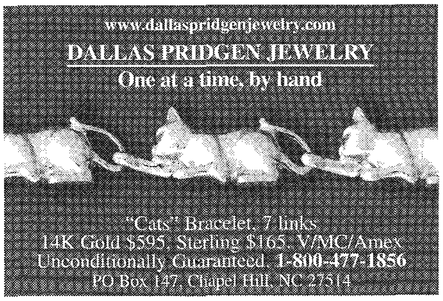
Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, bluette, teal, navy, or coral. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38. **Sale $22.** Shipping $4.95.

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7.25% tax

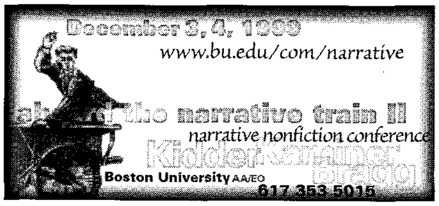
WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY/San Rafael, CA. 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 Hrs. • MC/VISA

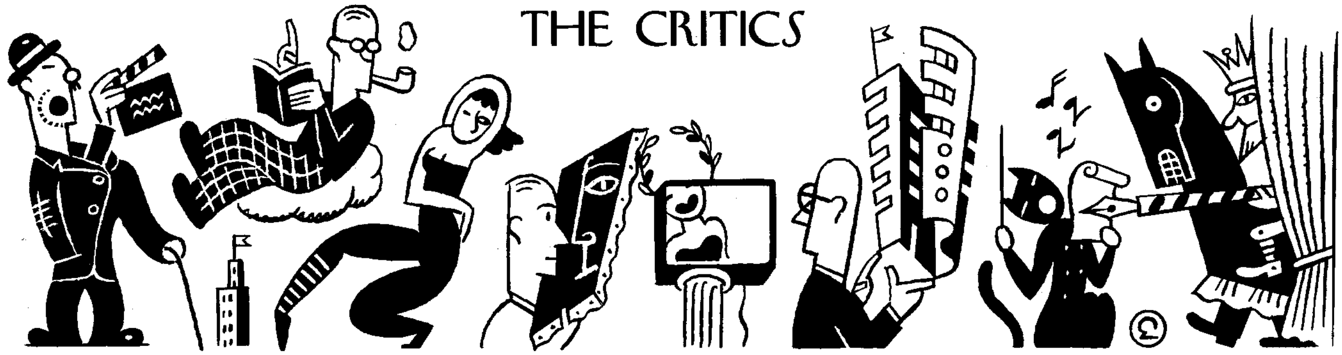

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. V/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Free Brochure!
Send a Bit of the Vermont Woods for Christmas
22 inch Balsam Wreath INCLUDES SHIPPING MC/VISA
w. red velvet bow, cones and berries, enclosed gift card . . . $26.00
Cedar-Pine "indoor" wreaths
1-800-322-YULE
Northeast Kingdom Balsam
Dept. NY98, W. Glover, VT 05875


December 3, 4, 1999
www.bu.edu/com/narrative
the narrative train II
narrative nonfiction conference
Kidder Kramer Bragg
Boston University AA/EO
617 353 5015

Tunisia
• Cultural/Historical Tours • Jewish Heritage
• Custom Itineraries • Plus Much More...
TunisUSA *The Specialists in Tunisia Travel*
(800)474-5500 • 610-995-2788
www.TunisUSA.com



BOOKS

THE OLD PORNOGRAPHER

Billy Wilder is Hollywood's cleverest moralist.

BY JOHN GREGORY DUNNE

A DOZEN or so years ago, I got a telephone call from Billy Wilder, who suggested lunch to discuss a project he had in mind. We had been casual acquaintances for years, in the way that everyone who works in Hollywood is casually acquainted with everyone else who works in Hollywood. At a black-tie New Year's Eve party in 1985, I had told him that Sam Spiegel had suffered a heart attack and died in a bathtub at a hotel in the Caribbean. Billy had not been aware of Sam's death, and he was clearly undone at this latest casualty among the legion of Middle European Jews who had beached in Hollywood in the twenties and thirties—largely innocent of English, filmmakers and hustlers in equal proportion, who created on the silver screen an America better than the one that actually was. "I know him for sixty years," Billy kept saying about Spiegel, and for sixty years he had known what an engaging brigand Sam was. "If you woke up in a motel with a dead whore who'd been stabbed, who would you call?" Billy had once asked rhetorically, and then answered, "Sam Spiegel."

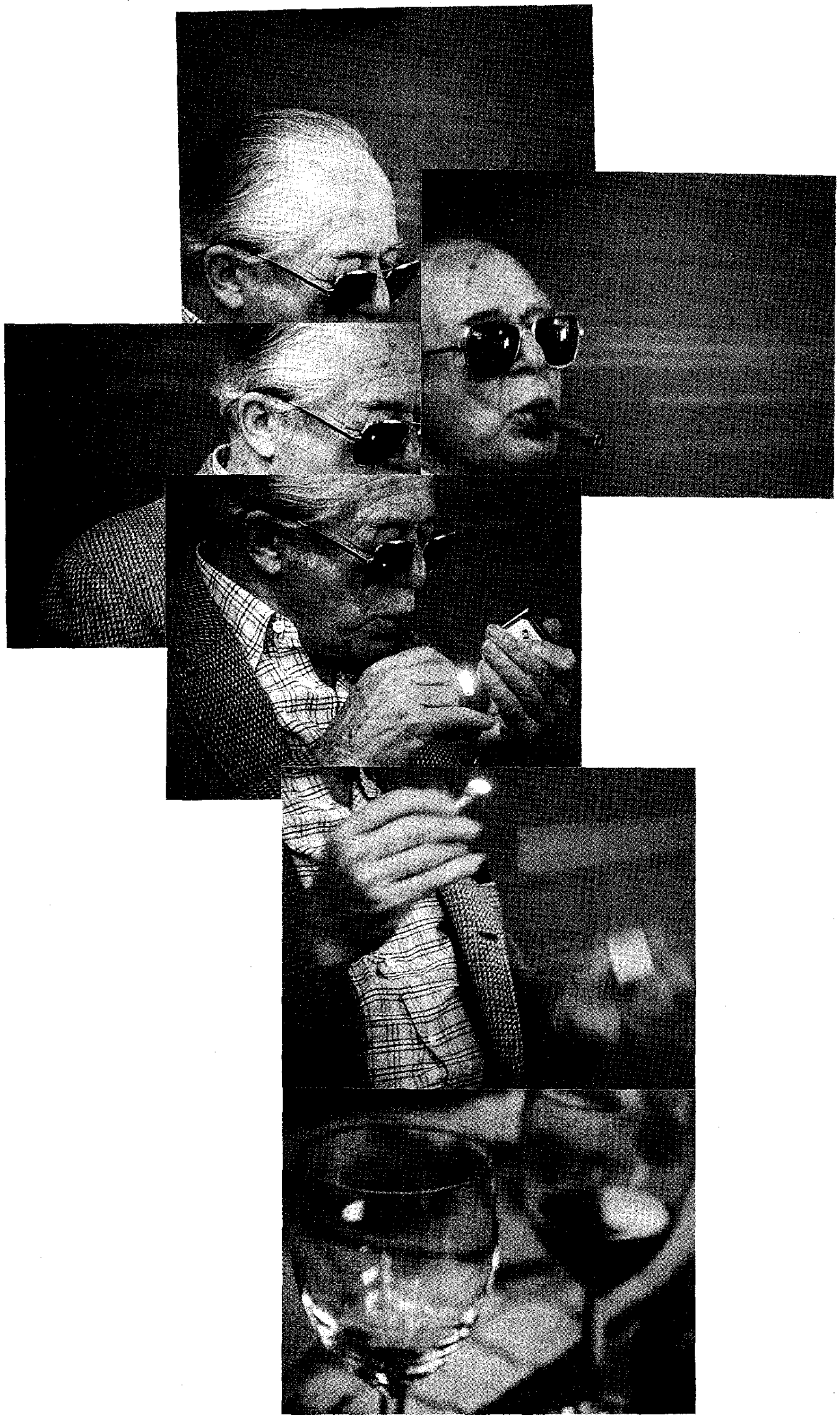
Since I was bogged down in a novel that seemed to be going nowhere, Billy's invitation to work on a screenplay was attractive. I was immensely curious, first about the project and then about why he had asked me—a question that was never answered, Billy not being one for passing out incidental information except on an extreme need-to-know basis. We met at his office in Beverly Hills. Minus the film memorabilia, it was a nondescript space where Philip Marlowe would not have felt uncomfortable, a special irony, since Wilder and Marlowe's creator, Raymond Chandler, who had worked together on the script of the noir classic "Double Indemnity," detested each other. Billy's six Oscars were stashed in a closet, along with what appeared to be dozens of lithographs rolled up and secured with rubber bands or masking tape. The lithographs were from Gemini G.E.L. in Los Angeles, where the lions and lionesses of the art world (Diebenkorn, Hockney, Albers, Johns, Ruscha, Vija Celmins, and others) worked with Gemini's master printmakers. Billy tried to buy something from every Gemini edition, which meant that the prints tossed so haphazardly in his closet must have been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Billy was eighty. He had not made a picture in six years, and had not had a hit in nearly twenty-five, but he had not grown less smart, and the day we had lunch he was full of piss and vinegar. What he had was the bones of a story in exquisitely bad taste: a movie about the making of a silent movie about the life of Christ. The twist was that in the script the silent-picture stars would lead lives that were the opposite of the lives of the characters they were playing. The actor portraying Jesus would be a lush and a libertine off camera, the Virgin Mary would screw anyone she could get her hands on, and Mary Magdalene would be a virginal priss. In the course of the production of the film within the film, the actors in their real lives would gradually assume the characters of the parts they were playing: the Virgin Mary would clean up her act, Mary Magdalene would dirty up hers. In the discussions we had about the plot's infinite possibilities for Biblical and cinematic bedlam, I was particularly struck by Billy's notion that at fadeout the drunken Casanova playing Jesus would actually walk on water without the aid of movie magic.

The script, Billy calculated, would take us a year, his timetable for the writing of any screenplay. However enticing the prospect of working with him, in the end, after much procrastination, I reluctantly decided to return to the recalcitrant novel, in which I had already invested three years, and which I knew I would abandon if it was interrupted again. What I recall most vividly about our discussions were his stories, the seamless weave of anecdote and persiflage which was not only hugely entertaining but had the additional function of acting as a baffle against intrusion. Many of the same stories appear in Cameron Crowe's "Conversations with Wilder" (Knopf; $35), the first serious investigation in print of Billy's seventy-year career as a filmmaker, an investigation in which the subject was an elusive and evasive co-conspirator. Crowe debriefing Wilder was like George Smiley debriefing a mole. It is this cat-and-mouse context that makes "Conversations with Wilder" so wonderful, and it does not gainsay the book or imply mendacity on the part of its collaborators to suggest that it is not an entirely trustworthy document. These are the reminiscences, after all, of a professional storyteller whose every instinct is to dress the set, redo the lighting, add an impeccable piece of business, and throw in a punch line. By deliberately crafting himself as someone who never takes anything seriously, Wilder has invented the perfect means of deflecting personal inquiry. No one was more aware of this than his debriefer. An Oscar-nominated screenwriter and director (for "Jerry Maguire"), and onetime rock-and-roll reporter for *Rolling Stone*, Crowe knew that "there would always be a tendency for him to run for cover within those famous anecdotes, well-honed from years of audiences of one, two, or four enthralled dinner guests."

In form, "Conversations with Wilder" resembles the famous collaboration between Alfred Hitchcock and François Truffaut which resulted in "Hitchcock/Truffaut," a film-by-film examination of Hitchcock's career in England and Hollywood. Hitchcock, however, was an enthusiastic participant, although he did share Wilder's capacity for embellishing the moment. (In 1955, when he was still an editor at *Cahiers du Cinéma*, Truffaut, along with Claude Chabrol, interviewed the director in Paris, and somehow they managed to fall into a fountain. When Hitchcock told the story, he insisted that Chabrol had been dressed as a priest and Truffaut as a gendarme.) Truffaut was also a film scholar, armed with lists of technical questions, and in his interviews he would proceed systematically, as if he were using an annotated shot list of each Hitchcock picture. Crowe, on the other hand, is the quintessential rock reporter, used to dealing with performers who may crash or go on the nod, and who are less comfortable talking about their music than about the fretless neck on their Fender, man. Because Wilder was determined to make him work for everything he got, and enjoyed the obfuscation, Crowe had to enlist stealth and deceit to penetrate Wilder's reserve, and a gadfly approach that skips back and forth from picture to picture, subject to subject. The result is often repetitive, but it was the only way to deal with a wraith not unlike Joel Grey's Master of Ceremonies in "Cabaret," someone who wishes to keep his mysteries unsolved.

Wilder was born in 1906 in what is now a part of Poland, and grew up in Vienna. His given name was Samuel, and over the years it has become accepted that his mother renamed him Billie because she was so taken with Buffalo Bill Cody's cowboys-and-Indians extravaganza. "Billie" became Billy and a newspaper reporter, in Vienna and then Berlin. There is no place like a city desk for losing any illusions one might have, and Wilder was an honor student in the gamier purviews of a reporter's life, once even posing for a story as a *thé dansant* gigolo waltzing lonely matrons around a dance floor. Life was hard, money tight. He was fired often, and sometimes slept in the waiting room of a railroad station. He also moved around the edges of the German film industry, doing treatments for silent films, and learned English from the German writer Karl May, who wrote novels about the Old West even though he had never been to



© DAVID HOCKNEY

"Billy Wilder lighting his cigar, Dec. 1982," by David Hockney.

Celebrate the Memories with The Gift of Love.

The Gift of Love is a customized book handcrafted for you.

Your photographs are digitally reproduced and elegantly presented on heirloom quality archival paper. Each richly bound volume is hand-stitched and rubbed to a fine patina.

You will always treasure *The Gift of Love.*

Toll Free 1.888.324.1244

www.celebratethememories.com

Intelligent Marketing Co. LLC 90 Dingletown Rd. Greenwich Ct. 06830

Store CDs in Style

Tired of CD towers? This ingenious CD chest organizes up to 300 CDs in compartments. Handcrafted in solid cherry, mahogany, or walnut.

Call **1.800.252.2131** for a color brochure or catalog. Online at **www.suters.com.**

Suter's

Suter's • 2610 S. Main St. • Harrisonburg, VA • 22801

Beyond the Night

A Remembrance

by Wayne Greenhaw

"...blends the New Age with the age-old in a lyrical celebration of all life."

Harper Lee, *To Kill a Mockingbird*

"...a lovely, loving bittersweet tribute to the glory of youth. ...the best writer to come out of Alabama since Harper Lee."

Winston Groom, *Forrest Gump*

BLACK BELT PRESS

In bookstores, on-line, or from the publisher,

1-800-959-3245

kovacslighting.com

The Dark Ages are over – lamp man Kovacs has taken a shine to the Web.

THE DIGITAL RESURRECTION

The Vein Treatment Center est.1982

Exclusively for Varicose & Spider Veins

327 E. 65th St. NYC • 212-249-6117

O'Shea's Irish Crackers'

THE ONES YOU PULL, NOT THE ONES YOU EAT!

Make The Holidays Go Off With A Bang! Beautifully Boxed Christmas & Millennium Party Favors from Ireland

1-877-POP-BANG goingsimplycrackers.com

America. In 1933, after the Reichstag fire, Wilder decamped to Paris and then to Hollywood, where he bunked with another Austro-Hungarian refugee, Peter Lorre. How he got across the border from Mexico is a perfect Wilder story. He did not have the proper papers, and when the American border guard asked what he did, Wilder said he wrote screenplays. The guard said, "Write some good ones," and stamped his papers. It is a movie scene, perhaps even true, although the Immigration and Naturalization Service as a font of compassion seems a bit of a stretch today.

HOLLYWOOD in the thirties quickened with émigré energy. At Paramount, the writers' building was called the Tower of Babel because of the number of European refugees under contract. For several years, Wilder, always in collaboration, worked on a series of forgettable pictures: musicals for Gloria Swanson and the opera star Gladys Swarthout, B movies for Victor McLaglen and Lew Ayres, comedies for Binnie Barnes and Deanna Durbin. It was not until Paramount paired him with Charles Brackett that his career finally took off. No two partners could have been more dissimilar: Wilder the wandering Austrian Jew with uncertain English, Brackett, fourteen years his senior, a conservative Republican pillar of the Northeastern gentry, a graduate of Williams ('15) and Harvard Law School ('20), a former diplomat (American vice-consul in Saint-Nazaire, France), a second lieutenant in the A.E.F., a bank vice-president (the Adirondack Trust Company), a partner in his own law firm, clubman (the Knickerbocker, in New York), and, when he began to write, a regular at the Algonquin Round Table. It was precisely because he and Brackett were so different, Wilder later explained, that their collaboration worked. If two people think alike, he said, it's like two men pulling at one end of a rope.

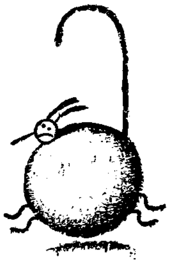
The team's first success was "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," for Ernst Lubitsch, who wanted Brackett because he did not want to be pegged as a director who worked only with other Germans; Wilder came as part of the deal. Lubitsch was the director the Hollywood Europeans most admired, and all tried to emulate what was called the "Lubitsch touch," his gracefully sophisticated way of making a point visually with a minimum of dialogue. ("How Would Lubitsch Do It?" was a sign that Crowe found still hanging above Wilder's office door when he began to interview him.) "Meeting cute" was the most enduring cliché of thirties comedies, and the scene in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" where Gary Cooper meets Claudette Colbert is famously so: at a pajama counter, Cooper wants the top and Colbert the bottom, so they divide a pair. Brackett and Wilder's next script for Lubitsch, "Ninotchka" (in which they shared the credit with Walter Reisch), garnered them an Oscar nomination. Starring Garbo and Melvyn Douglas, it is one of the great American movies, a comedy about Communism, and it provided Wilder with a classic anecdote: after a sneak screening in Long Beach, Lubitsch showed his writers a preview card that said, "Funniest picture I ever saw. So funny that I peed in my girlfriend's hand."

Brackett and Wilder were now Paramount's hottest screenwriting team, but Wilder chafed under the studio's stricture that writers stayed writers and were rarely given a chance to direct. He reserved a special loathing for Mitchell Leisen, a former set decorator who was Paramount's second-string Lubitsch, and for whom Wilder and Brackett wrote three pictures. Leisen jealously guarded his director's prerogatives, changing lines, cutting scenes, and even barring Wilder from his set. "You could get to be an old man just writing Mitch Leisen pictures," Wilder told Crowe, "but then you don't have any pride." Finally, in 1942, Paramount relented and let Wilder direct "The Major and the Minor." Wilder's agent, Leland Hayward, was having an affair with another client, Ginger Rogers, who had won an Oscar for "Kitty Foyle," and she agreed to do the film—"in the middle of a screw," according to Wilder—playing a woman masquerading as a twelve-year-old girl so she can travel half-fare on a train trip home. Complications ensue with her co-star, Ray Milland, which create a subtext of pedophilia, but the picture was a hit, and Wilder was on his way. Three years later, he and Brackett did "The Lost Weekend," a punishing look at an alcoholic (Milland), for which Wilder received his first two Oscars, for Best Director and, with Brackett, Best Screenplay.

Then, in 1950, "Sunset Boulevard." It

was planned as a comedy with Mae West, who turned it down, as did Mary Pickford. Pola Negri was another casting possibility, until George Cukor suggested Gloria Swanson for the silent-movie diva Norma Desmond. Montgomery Clift was set to play the young screenwriter whom Desmond kept as her lover and amanuensis, but he bailed out at the last moment, because the script too closely mirrored his private life. (He had once had an affair with the elderly torch singer Libby Holman.) Paramount had William Holden under contract, and he got the job three days before shooting began. At a screening of "Sunset Boulevard," Louis B. Mayer asked loudly how Wilder could betray Hollywood and bite the hand that fed him. Knowing how good the picture was, and how safe his position, Wilder did the unthinkable. "Mr. Mayer," he said, "I'm Mr. Wilder, why don't you go fuck yourself?" (Wilder did not mind piling on, once claiming to be working on a script about the Mayer family called "The Foreskin Saga.")

"Sunset Boulevard" ended the Brackett-Wilder partnership, after twelve years and thirteen pictures. Neither was willing to give a reason; theirs was a marriage that had simply worn out. Now a major director, Wilder tried out a number of script collaborators, none more than once, none who, in his estimation, cut the mustard. In his conversations with Crowe, Wilder is extremely cagey about how he worked with his partners. The best description of his method comes from Raymond Chandler, his co-writer on "Double Indemnity," which was based on James M. Cain's novel about insurance fraud, sex, murder, and betrayal. (Brackett had ducked the project as too unsavory for his white-shoe taste.) Their mutual dislike insured that Chandler and Wilder would not both be pulling on the same end of the rope. Chandler was an unhappily married drunk for whom complaint was second nature, and he said later that his collaboration with Wilder was "an agonizing experience and has probably shortened my life; but I learned from it as much about screenwriting as I am capable of learning, which is not much." In a memo to Paramount executives, quoted in Frank MacShane's "The Life of Raymond Chandler," he complained about the way Wilder treated him, and made certain demands:



> Mr. Wilder was at no time to swish under Mr. Chandler's nose or to point in his direction the thin, leather-handled malacca cane which Mr. Wilder was in the habit of waving around while they worked. Mr. Wilder was not to give Mr. Chandler orders of an arbitrary or personal nature such as, "Ray, will you open that window?" or "Ray, will you shut that door, please?"

Chandler extracted a measure of revenge in his novel "The Little Sister" by inventing a Wilder surrogate, an agent who carried a malacca cane in his office. "It could only happen in Hollywood," Philip Marlowe muses, "that an apparently sane man could walk up and down inside the house with a Piccadilly stroll and a monkey stick in his hand."

Their hostility did not work to the script's disadvantage. Cain's dialogue, Chandler said, "sounded quite colorless and tame," not unlike "a bad high school play," and the novel proceeded at a leisurely pace antithetical to Wilder's dictum that you grab the audience by the throat and don't let go. Great movie dialogue is entirely stylized, with every word written, rewritten, planed, polished, and sharpened. What makes it so immensely satisfying is that it has nothing to do with either communication or conversation, but is like a tennis match: back and forth, forehand, backhand, words skimming the net. Andrew Sarris once complained that Wilder offered no explanation of how Fred MacMurray could in a heartbeat turn from a randy womanizing insurance salesman into a cold-blooded killer. The answer has always seemed obvious to me: a murderess gave MacMurray's Walter Neff an erection, and from that moment on Neff's underdeveloped common sense took up residence in his scrotum. The scene where MacMurray meets and makes a move on Barbara Stanwyck, the calculating blonde who is measuring her husband for a coffin (and may already have killed his first wife), seethes with a confrontational innuendo that drives right through any tedious motivational pit stops:

> "There's a speed limit in this state, Mr. Neff. Forty-five miles an hour."
> "How fast was I going, Officer?"
> "I'd say around ninety."

EXPERIENCE CALIFORNIA'S SMALLER WINERIES
Each month, two bottles of award-winning wine, PLUS an informative 8-page newsletter. Only $36.00 each month (incl. shipping).
CALL 24 HOURS 800/777-4443
Visa • Mastercard • American Express
Gifts shipped in 24 hours.
Send as many months as you choose.
Cheers
The California Wine Club

SIP ON EGGNOG.
PUT YOUR FEET UP.
WAIT FOR THE DOORBELL.
www.FreshChristmasTrees.com
How do you get your tree?
Delivered to you in 3 days!
888-220-TREE

MILLENNIUM SNOWFLAKE
1 3/4"
Roman numerals MM form a six pointed star. Pin or ornament. Sterling silver $40, 14k Gold $278. Add $4 handling. Catalog (800) 767-6411
web: breakell.com
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring Street, Dept. NYMS, Newport, RI 02840

Washable Sheepskin Slippers & Boots
Aussie Connection
135 NE Third Avenue
Hillsboro, OR 97123
1-800-950-2668
for a FREE Catalog
www.aus-slippers.com

www.johnclemmer.com
"Exploring the Medium, 1940-1999"
New Orleans Museum of Art
Oct. 2 - Nov. 21
paintings sculpture works on paper

Gifts in 24
Personalized gifts for all occasions.
www.giftsin24.com

BRIEFLY NOTED

THE BOOK BORROWER, by Alice Mattison (Morrow; $24). This excellent novel weaves the story of a 1921 trolley strike, in which a girl was killed, with the friendship of two young mothers, expansive Deborah and introspective Toby, who first meet in 1975 and form a volatile and engrossing bond. Mattison is concerned with the small decisions and coincidences that alter the course of our lives. Are they accidents, or impulses born of something deeper? Her observations are so minutely compelling that each one feels like a shiny object, once lost but found unexpectedly.

BLUE AT THE MIZZEN, by Patrick O'Brian (Norton; $24). With Bonaparte finally through troubling the nations of Europe, Jack Aubrey and Stephen Maturin, the heroes of O'Brian's twenty-volume series of naval novels, are on a hydrographic and diplomatic journey to Chile. There Aubrey's crew aboard H.M.S. Surprise lends its support to the Chilean independence movement and the forces of Bernardo O'Higgins. The book contains the usual blend of nautical detail and political intrigue, savage battles and naturalists' musings, all ratified by O'Brian's seemingly effortless ability to deploy the vocabulary and idioms of the time.

THUMBSUCKER, by Walter Kirn (Broadway; $14). Raised by a father who calls his family "you people" and a mother who dreams of winning a date with Don Johnson, Justin Cobb goes straight to the one source of sustenance he can count on—his mouth. With the driven honesty of a Midwestern outsider, Justin observes himself vaulting from one oral obsession to another, and he also reveals a keen perception of "some vast American misery that it was no disgrace to be a part of." Kirn's novel is both lyrical and hip, and his ending fulfills Emily Dickinson's criterion for real writing: you may feel as though the top of your head were flying off.

HITLER'S POPE: THE SECRET HISTORY OF PIUS XII, by John Cornwell (Viking; $29.95). Hindsight gives Cornwell the advantage over Eugenio Pacelli (Pope Pius XII), infallibility notwithstanding. Working first as papal nuncio in Munich and Berlin and later as Cardinal Secretary of State for the Vatican, Pacelli was the architect of the 1933 Reich Concordat, gaining unilateral authority for the Holy See by trading away the political influence of German Catholics, and thus playing into Hitler's hands. As Pope, Pacelli failed to speak out against the Final Solution—even when the Jews of Rome were being rounded up outside his window. The author throws doubt on the suggestion that Pacelli was afraid of provoking Nazi reprisals, and he argues that the Church's plea on behalf of Jews who converted to Catholicism reveals a lack of concern for Jews who didn't. Cornwell, a journalist, gives the Pontiff such a pounding that you almost feel sorry for him; a historian might have reached equally damning conclusions, but wouldn't have enjoyed it so much.

STRANGE BEAUTY, by George Johnson (Knopf; $30). "When it comes to atoms," Niels Bohr once declared, "language can be used only as in poetry." Few physicists have displayed the poetic inspiration of the Nobelist Murray Gell-Mann, whose contributions to the nomenclature include characterizing subatomic particles by their "strangeness," describing their architecture as the "Eightfold Way," and—in the instance of his most famous theory—dipping into "Finnegans Wake" to borrow the word "quark." In this biography he emerges as brilliant and often insufferable, relentlessly curious, hopelessly pedantic, and one of the best synthetic thinkers in the history of his field. The book's occasional lapses into incomprehensible math are more than offset by its vivid sense of Gell-Mann and his contemporaries (including his collaborator and competitor Richard Feynman) at M.I.T., Caltech, and Santa Fe during the postwar decades.

JOHN SOANE: AN ACCIDENTAL ROMANTIC, by Gillian Darley (Yale; $45). This great architect's work has such compelling immediacy that it feels contemporary—like the painting of his friend Turner—so it is astonishing to discover that for more than a century after his death, in 1837, Soane was out of fashion. Darley's meticulous biography shows Soane, who was born in poverty, rising to wealth and fame in a period when architecture was defining itself as a profession. A thin-skinned, compulsive man, Soane agonized over professional disappointments, while his fury at his sons' shortcomings became obsessional. Disinheriting his descendants, he turned his house into the quirky, entrancing London museum it still is today.

THE BASQUE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, by Mark Kurlansky (Walker; $25). Taking its title from a Basque joke about a man who goes into a shop and asks for "a world map of Bilbao," this book traces the history of the Basques from their mysterious origins to their politically fraught existence in this century. If somewhat inclined to romanticize his subject, Kurlansky nonetheless convincingly shows how Basques, famed for their geographic and linguistic isolation, have played significant roles in world history—as mercenaries in ancient Greece, whalers in the Middle Ages, explorers in the Americas, and even cautious supporters of modern European integration.

END TIME CITY, by Michael Ackerman (Scalo; $49.95). In Ackerman's first book of photographs, the Indian city of Benares emerges as a spectral metropolis on the border between life and death. Ackerman is already a master of photographic chiaroscuro, and the images contained here are as elusive as they are indelible: a ghostly hand reaches out to a woman pausing in the marketplace while an oversized fly cruises past her head; a lone monkey navigates a bewildering tangle of electrical wires high above street level; and a flock of vultures throngs the riverbank, menacing and yet cartoonishly human.

"Suppose you get down off your motorcycle and give me a ticket."

"Suppose I let you off with a warning this time."

"Suppose it doesn't take."

"Suppose I have to whack you over the knuckles."

"Suppose I bust out crying and put my head on your shoulder."

"Suppose you try putting it on my husband's shoulder."

"That tears it."

Delivered at breakneck speed, this exchange is unimaginable except when performed by professional actors on a soundstage, after infinite takes to get it precisely right. Even the professionals have difficulty thinking this fast. Once, at a party in Beverly Hills, I listened to Wilder and Harry Kurnitz, another celebrated wit and Wilder's script partner on "Witness for the Prosecution," engage in conversational tennis; only one sally in ten produced a winner. What each needed was a typewriter, a wastebasket, and unlimited time.

WITHOUT a regular partner, Wilder managed to make, in the early and middle fifties, one extraordinary, and extraordinarily unsuccessful, picture ("Ace in the Hole," with Kirk Douglas as an amoral tramp newspaper reporter milking a story about a man trapped in an old Indian ruin while carrying on with the victim's wife), a good one ("Stalag 17," for which Holden won an Oscar), two amiable Broadway-based piffles ("Sabrina," with Audrey Hepburn, Humphrey Bogart, and Holden, and "The Seven Year Itch," with Marilyn Monroe), an Agatha Christie mystery ("Witness for the Prosecution," in which Charles Laughton gives the performance Wilder most admires in all his pictures), followed by one mistake ("The Spirit of St. Louis," with a geriatric James Stewart, in a henna hairpiece, playing the youthful Charles Lindbergh). Then, at a Writers' Guild Award show, Wilder was struck by the wit in one of the skits, and looked up a piece—"some very funny stuff"—by its author in the Guild's monthly magazine. The writer was I. A. L. Diamond, called Iz or Izzy by everyone in the film community. Wilder had always thought he needed an American collaborator, and Diamond, born Itek Dommnici in Romania, almost qualified as native-born. He had come to America when he was nine, graduated from Columbia

University in 1941, and went immediately to Hollywood. His credits were pedestrian ("Two Guys from Milwaukee," "Two Guys from Texas," "The Girl from Jones Beach"), but, Wilder said, "I had a hunch about him. Then I met him, and I fell in love." They worked together nearly every day for the next thirty years, until Diamond became grievously ill with cancer, to which he finally succumbed in 1988.

For the first six years, everything came up roses for Wilder and Diamond, with hits, awards, Oscar nominations, and Oscars. "Love in the Afternoon," with Gary Cooper and Hepburn, was Wilder's tribute to Lubitsch; "Some Like It Hot," with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Monroe, the classic drag comedy. In "The Apartment," with Lemmon, MacMurray, and Shirley MacLaine, Lemmon feasts ever higher on the corporate food chain by lending his apartment to executives for a quick afternoon roll in his feathers with their girlfriends; the picture won five Oscars, including Best Director, Best Original Screenplay, and Best Picture.

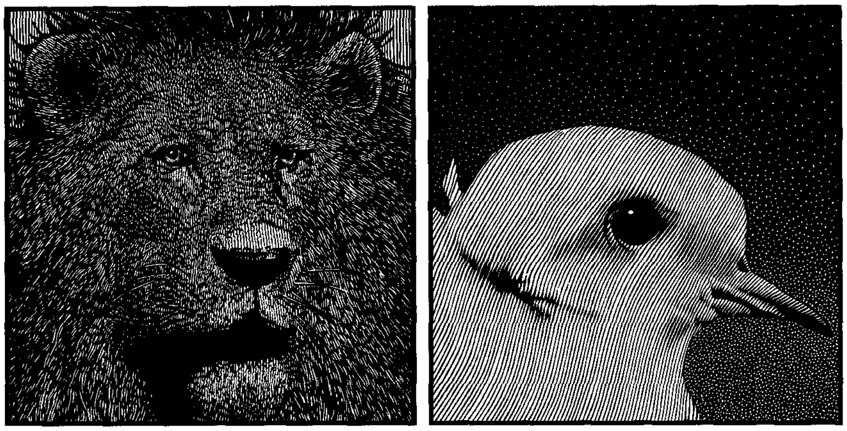
"Kiss Me, Stupid," made in 1964, was the car wreck on Wilder's career highway. It was a tale of trailer-trash sex and ambition: blue-collar songwriting husband with no talent and career dreams, his good-hearted round-heeled wife, and a tumescent lounge singer on his way to Vegas for a Bing Crosby TV special ready to steer his engine into any lubricious orifice. The critical reaction was incendiary—smut, pornography, and worse. In this magazine, Brendan Gill called it "squalid" and "repellent." An unqualified rave came in the unlikeliest venue—*Vogue*. "It is a profoundly affecting picture," the *Vogue* critic wrote, "as witnessed by the number of people who walk out on it." The *Vogue* reviewer was, coincidentally, my wife (this was long before we met Wilder), and she continued:

> The Wilder world is one seen at dawn through a hangover, a world of cheap double entendre and stale smoke, and drinks in which the ice has melted: the true country of despair. "Kiss Me, Stupid" is, in fact, suffused with the despair of an America many of us prefer not to know: the desolate glare of Las Vegas, the aridity of the desert . . . a town where only century plants grow in front of the frame bungalows and where cocktail waitresses sleep in trailers surrounded by butane tanks. It is a place where time is told by television schedules, where no one is

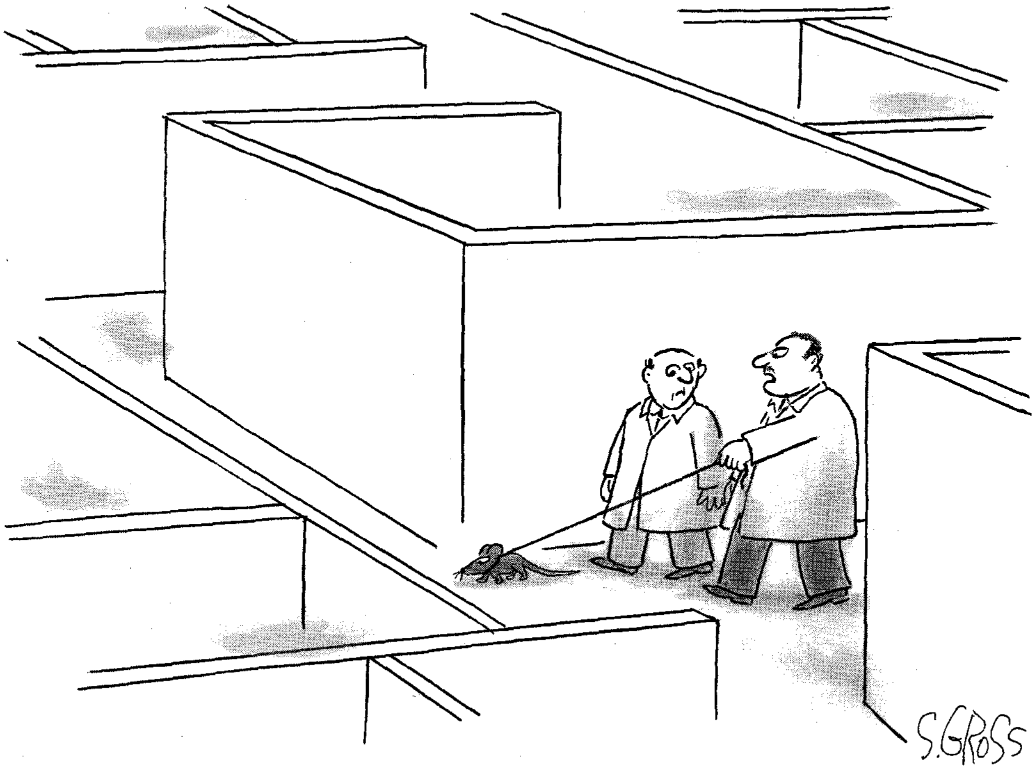
BookSearchEngine.com
Over 100,000 book-related web sites,
Referenced in over 3,900 categories,
Each classified with a title & description.
The largest, fully categorized,
book-related content,
to be found anywhere on the Web!

Quilted jackets
and vests made
in Italy.
STILE
ITALIANO
SEND FOR COLOR BROCHURE
call 1.888.444.4104 • fax 1.888.444.4120 • www.stile-italiano.com

MISSING A PIECE
OF YOUR PATTERN?®
Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*
404 261-4009
Chantilly by Gorham
Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5



THE PENNYROYAL CAXTON BIBLE
DESIGNED AND ILLUSTRATED BY BARRY MOSER
Printed in an edition of 400 handmade copies • Illustrated with 232 original engravings printed from the blocks • Two volumes, 11 x 17 inches, full limp vellum bindings • $10,000
Thirty copies of a deluxe edition, presented in seven volumes, are available at $30,000
The trade edition is from Viking Studio.
PENNYROYAL CAXTON PRESS • 413.247.9358 • CMOSER@PENNYROYAL-CAXTON.COM
HERITAGE BOOK SHOP • 310.659.3674 • HERITAGE@HERITAGEBOOKSHOP.COM
"Extraordinary...the culmination of a lifetime of artistry." —The Washington Post



"Genetic engineering got us into this mess, and genetic engineering will get us out of it."

• •

> beautiful or gifted, a town where gasoline-station attendants dream of hitting the big time, the gold record, the jackpot they will never make on the slots; a place where the flesh is urgent because nothing else is.

Today, Wilder maintains that "Kiss Me, Stupid" is no good, and that he would like to burn it, but the review in *Vogue* did not go unnoticed or unappreciated. "Dear Joan Didion," he wrote, "I read your piece in the beauty parlor while sitting under the hair-dryer, and it sure did the old pornographer's heart good. Cheers, Billy Wilder."

The "old pornographer" is the Wilder I revere. Among the twenty-six pictures he has directed, I am less enthusiastic about such big-ticket hit comedies as "Some Like It Hot" and "The Apartment" than I am about his harder-edged, and usually commercially less successful, explorations of what Edith Wharton called the underside of the social tapestry. With age, his comedies seem a bit broad, a bit soft around the edges. Not so "Double Indemnity," my favorite of his pictures, or "Sunset Boulevard," a close second, or "Ace in the Hole," which still seemed bracingly nasty when I looked at it again on video. Perhaps because of his newspaper apprenticeship, Wilder has a perfect understanding of moral elasticity, perfect pitch for the treacherous, the unseemly, the desperate, and the mendacious. Nominally a comedy, "A Foreign Affair," with Jean Arthur as a Republican congresswoman from Iowa, Marlene Dietrich as a down-at-the-heels Nazi widow, and John Lund as a wheeler-dealer Army captain a step away from Leavenworth, trumped its comic possibilities by its X-ray of the venal and tawdry black-market subworld in bombed-out 1947 Berlin. Wilder is usually accused of being a cynic, but he is less a cynic than a misanthropic moralist. "Save your messages for Western Union," the buccaneering old Hollywood moguls used to say, not suspecting that Wilder would consistently sneak his dark message about the paltry world we inhabit onto the screen by investing it with an insidious and treasonous humor.

There were six pictures after "Kiss Me, Stupid," but the taut rubber band had essentially lost its snap. With rare exceptions, directors in Hollywood become suspect after they hit sixty, and after seventy they are expected to consolidate their stock portfolios, give their scripts to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and appear, if they had any reputation at all, at retrospectives and award shows. ("Tell me about yourself, Mr. Zinnemann," a youthful studio executive asked Fred Zinnemann when the director came to pitch a movie, and Zinnemann, who worked with Wilder in Berlin in 1930 and had won Best Director Oscars for "From Here to Eternity" and "A Man for All Seasons," replied, with elaborate Viennese courtesy, "You first.") When Wilder was honored with a Life Achievement Award by the American Film Institute, Diamond brought the house down when he mentioned that the son of the Shah of Iran had said that his ambition was to regain the Peacock Throne but, failing that, he intended to become a director.

Wilder was invited everywhere, and all over Hollywood the word would get around the next morning that a party was a success because his wife, Audrey, got up and sang. Truman Capote was so partial to this image that in his uncompleted novel "Answered Prayers" he planned a chapter called "And Audrey Wilder Sang." Instead of his portfolio, Wilder consolidated his art collection, an eclectic group of Picassos and other masters which he had assembled over a lifetime, and which, in 1989, he auctioned at Christie's in New York for $32.6 million, more than he had made on all his films.

THERE are subjects Crowe does not investigate, I suspect because he recognized the warning signals: detour, danger ahead, do not enter. "I have the ability to forget that which I do not want to remember," Wilder told Crowe. He was talking about his last picture, "Buddy, Buddy," a laborious remake of a French hit-man comedy, with Lemmon and Walter Matthau, but it is a sentiment that should be chiselled on his tombstone. Jokes are his Rottweilers. In the days of the blacklist, he had the most famously unsentimental line about the Hollywood Ten, or the Unfriendly Ten, as they were also called, when they refused to testify before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Only two of them were talented, he said; the other eight were just unfriendly. Unforthcoming about public issues, he is equally so about his family. He finally admits a first wife but does not name her, and two children, neither named, one of whom died in infancy, the other now a grandmother. It is this daughter whom he imagines hectoring her grandchildren to write their great-granddad early in December to guarantee their Christmas pudding. Like so many of the Hollywood émigrés, he was not untouched by the Holocaust. His mother, stepfather, and grandmother died in the camps, and it was as a memorial to them that he wanted to make "Schindler's List," only to lose out to Steven Spielberg.

About his profession he is both loving and tart, his age and eminence allowing him to give his contrariness full vent. His favorite picture is Sergei Eisenstein's "Battleship Potemkin," so it should come as no surprise that he regards James Cameron's "Titanic" as "horseshit." About set romances, he is unequivocal: "I do not fuck a star. That's a primary rule of mine. . . . If I did have a real yen for that thing . . . then I fuck the stand-in. I go to the Valley, where the stand-in lives." He calls Charles Laughton the "greatest actor who ever lived . . . everything that you can dream of, times ten." Cary Grant was another favorite. Four times he tried to cast him (in "Ninotchka," "The Major and the Minor," "Sabrina," and "Love in the Afternoon"), but he "slipped through my net every time." His appreciation of Grant's style makes him intolerant of a certain kind of performance. "The leading men who get awards have to walk with a limp or act retarded," he told Crowe.

> They don't notice the guy who does the hard work, who is making it look easy. You can't just open a drawer beautifully and take out a tie and put on a jacket. You have to take out a gun! . . . You know very well Mr. [Dustin] Hoffman is gonna get the award if he plays the guy who is autistic in "Rain Man." He sweated so much, he worked so hard, so many things to remember. Bullshit.

At Lubitsch's funeral, Wilder sadly said to his fellow-pallbearer William Wyler, "No more Lubitsch," to which Wyler replied, "Worse, no more Lubitsch pictures." Wyler's remark now applies to Wilder. "For ninety-one, I'm sharp," he told Crowe. "But for nineteen, I'm not so sharp." His shit detector, however, still ticks like a Geiger counter. I like to think of what he would do with Columbine, and the parasitical demands of the closure and grief-counselling rackets. I like to think of what he would do with the pontificating pundit psychobabble of twenty-four-hour All News All the Time. It is delicious to contemplate Wilder's gimlet eye on Chris Matthews or Geraldo Rivera or NBC's Tim Russert, each so flatulent with self-regard that if brushed by a zephyr he would break wind and call it a thought. This is the territory of the true Wilder, "Ace in the Hole" updated.

The last time I saw Billy was two years ago, at the Beverly Hills Spago. He was having dinner with Audrey, Fred and Janet de Cordova, Connie Wald, and Ivan Moffat. Fred de Cordova for years produced the "Tonight Show with Johnny Carson" (and directed two of Izzy Diamond's early screenplays); Connie Wald was the widow of the super-producer Jerry Wald (among whose sixty-three movies were "Mildred Pierce," "An Affair to Remember," and "Key Largo"); and Ivan Moffat was a screenwriter (George Stevens's "Giant" was among his many credits) and legendary ladies' man who was the model for a character in the novel I finished in lieu of working on Billy's Biblical script. Five of the six were in their seventies or eighties, Billy over ninety. All his great contemporaries were dead—Hitchcock, Cukor, Wyler, Stevens, Howard Hawks, John Ford, Joseph Mankiewicz, and John Huston. It could have been the scene in "Sunset Boulevard" where the aging silent-picture stars Buster Keaton, Anna Q. Nilsson, and H. B. Warner play bridge with Norma Desmond: there at that front banquette at Spago was the history of Hollywood over the last sixty-five years.

"Do you have an ending for this thing?" Billy asked Crowe at one of their final interviews. "Because the perfect ending would be that I died." It was not gallows humor; it was the kind of efficient storyteller's ending

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection

THE PRIVATE AND POWER
The New York Times
THE TRUST
Susan E. Tifft
and Alex S. Jones

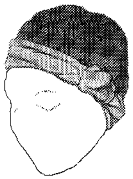
- Bestsellers on cassette
- 5,000 titles all full-length
- Call for more information

(800) 582-9666
Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.
Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

THREE COLORS YOU'LL LOOK GREAT IN.

It's the classic tri-color rolling ring in solid 14k yellow, pink & white gold - $169. Bracelet - $419. Visa/MC - S&H $6.
Call 800-725-1520
Satisfaction Guaranteed • www.marcsimon.com
Check or M.O. to: *Marc Simon Fine Jewelry*
19360 Rinaldi St., Suite #501 Porter Ranch,CA 91326

Hats for Women with Hair Loss
www.softhats.com
Call or write JUST IN TIME for a FREE brochure.
INQUIRIES FROM RETAILERS WELCOME



P.O. Box 27693, Phila., PA 19118 • (215) 247-8777

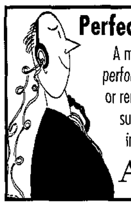
shelterize
architectural remedies
shelterinc.com
212 949 0011

PURE VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP
**Price includes shipping and handling.*

PURE MAPLE SYRUP

GRADE A MEDIUM AMBER	Area 1	Area 2
Gallons	$46.95	$49.95
½Gallons	$31.95	$32.95

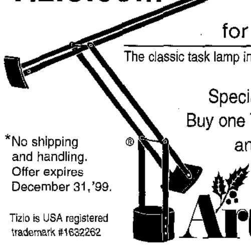
Area 1 is east of the Mississippi / Area 2 is west of the Mississippi
GREEN MOUNTAIN SUGAR HOUSE
Made by Native Vermonters
RTE.100N BOX 820, LUDLOW, VT 05149
VISIT OUR WEB SITE: www.gmsh.com
ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-643-9338



Perfect Gift for the Audiobook Listener
A magazine for the audiobook aficionado that reviews performance as well as content. Whether you buy, borrow or rent, *AudioFile* will save you time and money. A year's subscription, six issues full of recommendations and informed opinions, $19.95. Gift card. Call today:
AudioFile® *The Audiobook Review* 800-506-1212
www.audiofilemagazine.com

YEAR OF THE MILLENNIUM
DESK CALENDAR
A COLLECTION OF TWELVE PHOTOGRAPHS
BY FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR LYLE GOMES.
A WONDERFUL GIFT AT $25.
PROCEEDS BENEFIT
Healing Environments
A NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION DEDICATED
TO COMFORTING THE SUFFERING
THROUGH BEAUTY AND ART.
650.322.1428
451 LYTTON AVE, PALO ALTO, CA. 94301
WWW.HEALINGENVIRONMENTS.ORG

DALI ART ALERT!!!
This may be your last chance to acquire an exceptionally rare print by Salvador Dalí
© Robert Descharnes
CALL NOW for your
FREE COLOR CATALOG
1-800-999-DALÍ
SILVERSTATE FINE ART



Tizio.com
TIZIO
the gift of light
for you and a friend
The classic task lamp in the MOMA & MET collections
Special "net" Holidays Offer
Buy one Tizio of any model and and get the second one for half price*
*No shipping and handling. Offer expires December 31,'99.
Tizio is USA registered trademark #1632262
Happy Holidays
Artemide®

GALÁPAGOS · PERU
ANTARCTICA · TURKEY
Travel in a small group on active, upscale adventures that combine learning and luxury.
FREE BROCHURE AND VIDEO
(510) 420-1550 INCA incafloats@aol.com

6 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
125,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com

SMART IS SEXY
Date fellow graduates and faculty of The Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, UC Berkeley, medical schools and a few others.
More than 3,400 members
800-988-5288
www.rightstuffdating.com
THE RIGHT STUFF

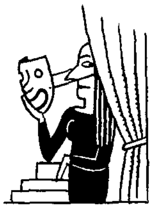
that he, Brackett, or Diamond would have crafted. "I don't want to read it," he said of the book. "That way I can always say, 'Well, he fucked it up.' " Crowe comes close to penetrating the Wilder mystery, but perhaps no one will ever come as close as Billy's friend David Hockney. Hockney made a colored-pencil drawing of Billy in which the subject doesn't appear. There is just a director's chair, and on the chair's back sling a single word, "Wilder." ♦

THE THEATRE

DANCING WITH SHADES

A new version of "The Dead" puts the music first.

BY JOHN LAHR



MOURNING becomes the Irish; it's their inheritance and their export. Their life and their laughter are forever about loss—loss through colonization, loss through emigration, loss through starvation. The boozing, the talk, the habit of song are all part of a collective need to flee the depression of the culture's systematic impoverishment. Even the giddy pennywhistle and the jaunty fiddle—those defining Irish instruments—conjure in their strains the climate of Ireland's hauntedness and refusal to suffer. Certainly, James Joyce had this sense of living death in mind when, in 1904, at the age of twenty-two, he left Ireland for Pola, on the Adriatic; he finished "Dubliners" a few years later. "One by one they were all becoming shades," he wrote of the characters in "The Dead," a masterpiece and the last of the fifteen stories that make up the book. "Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age."

Amid the convivial hubbub of the Morkan sisters' annual dance in their Dublin flat on the Feast of the Epiphany, "The Dead" dramatizes intimations of collapse—a kind of ghostliness that Joyce escaped but which clings to his literary alter ego, Gabriel Conroy, who has also married a country lass perceived to be below him. In 1987, John Huston turned the story into an exuberant, richly textured film; now Richard Nelson and the Irish composer Shaun Davey, both talented and seasoned theatricals, have come together at Playwrights Horizons to try it as an American musical. Whereas in the story and the film the music was the backdrop for the drama, now, with an all-star cast that includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, and Sally Ann Howes, the drama becomes the backdrop for the music. The result is strange: an evening of intelligence and taste which nonetheless has all the wallop of a pop gun.

Although Nelson's adaptation is meticulous, it is not always cunning. The world of Joyce's story is chill. Throughout the party, snow is falling outside; by the end of the evening, snow blankets Ireland. It's a powerful—in fact, central—metaphor for the tale, which ends on one of Joyce's most famous elegiac lines: "Snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead." These phrases are here exploited in song, which trivializes their poetry; but, more important, the snow, which is briefly alluded to at the beginning of the play, is left for a kind of third-act stage picture, with minimal thematic impact. The choice seems indicative of the adaptation's particular structural misjudgment: the audience never quite knows the stakes of play.

At the opening, in a time-saving theatrical device that leaves little for the audience to discover, Conroy (Christopher Walken) strolls around David Jenkins's handsome set locating the characters, the place, and the problem

Blair Brown and Christopher Walken as Gretta and Gabriel Conroy. Photograph by Brigitte Lacombe.

before stepping into the story. "The world, I've come to think, is like the surface of a frozen lake," he says, speaking the adapter's lines. "We walk along, we slip, we try to keep our balance and not to fall. One day there's a crack, and so we learn that underneath us—is an unimaginable depth." But where are those fissures? Where is that depth? Song, which by its very nature is an enchantment, sweeps all the disenchanting narrative threads into the background. Aunt Julia (Sally Ann Howes) is unwell and will probably die before the next party; the lost soul Freddy Malins (Stephen Spinella) is on the sauce after having taken the pledge; the fervid Molly Ivors (Alice Ripley) sounds the note of Irish nationalism, which will soon divide the land; and Conroy's beloved Gretta (Blair Brown) has encountered, in the person of one of the young musicians, a ghostly reminder of her lost first love. By the end of the play, Gretta is moved by a song to confess her love for the long-dead boy, whom Conroy didn't know about until this moment, and whose sudden intrusion into his relationship with Gretta causes him to call their long marriage into question.

Although Walken and Brown dance together tenderly at one moment, Walken, whose acting I usually admire, has an aloof, almost vacant delivery that gives no indication of what Joyce calls "Gabriel's solicitude"—the quality that makes his subsequent sense of betrayal so punishing. And Gretta, too, is blurred by dramaturgical confusion. The young musician (Dashiell Eaves) who puts her in mind of the sensitive Michael Furey—he died for love of her—is a dough-faced kid without a whiff of the delicacy she later invokes.

The co-directors, Jack Hofsiss and Nelson (who does triple duty as co-lyricist), have chosen not to mike their

used • new • rare • out-of-print
powells.com
the best prices on the best books
1-800-878-7323
Featuring **PowellsBooks.news** – "a brilliant newsletter" – "laugh-out-loud funny" – "strange and smart"

NYV09
WATERPROOF GORE-TEX® JACKET $159
FLEECE VEST
5 warm colors
Sizes SM-XXL $28
HOLIDAY SPECIAL
SAVE! 3 vests for $68
(all prices USD) Order early: get a **FREE** fleece hat & **FREE** gift box!
...this 100% Canadian Company guarantees complete satisfaction.
1-800-565-1399
FREE shipping with $68 USD Internet Orders
pacifictrekking.com
ORDER NOW FROM OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE ON-LINE!

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON
Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 171 584 8914 FAX: 823 8433
E-Mail: homefromhome@compuserve.com
Internet: www.homefromhome.co.uk

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only **22 pounds**. You can buy more than a canoe.
606-986-2336

CONSERVATION BEEF®
Steaks and Burgers
Rapturously tender
Unforgettably succulent
To order, call 877.749.7177
www.conservationbeef.org

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
FREE catalog • High quality
160 styles • 1-800-992-WIDE
HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69M Hingham, MA 02043 www.wideshoes.com

DRINK TEA?
THE FINEST TEAS AND GIFTS
WWW.TEALUXE.COM
1-888-TEALUXE

singers, which is a thrill; but, since the songs are staged as party pieces, too many of them are blocked so that the singers have their backs to us. The words simply can't be properly heard. (In the case of Walken, whose voice is so thin as to be threadbare, no sung thought can be felt.) But there are some rousing numbers. "Parnell's Plight," led by Alice Ripley, who captures Molly Ivors's renegade spirit, brings the cast together in a rambunctious, foot-stamping assault on the killjoy downstairs, who bangs on his ceiling when the shindig gets too noisy. In a poignant vaudeville number, the two Morkan sisters and their niece—Sally Ann Howes, Marni Nixon, and Emily Skinner, all with big voices—lift up their skirts to sing "Naughty Girl," a sort of whimsical soft shoe that turns into a conga as they snake through the apartment. Stephen Spinella, who plays Malins with a brilliant panic-struck frivolity, does superbly on "Wake the Dead," which ends with everyone raising the roof:

> You don't shush the singer
> You let the singer sing
> Who cares if we wake the dead.

What the production tries to convey is the spectral quality of the living, for whom the dead are always awake. There are many things to be missed in this bittersweet landscape—friends, opportunities, lost love—and added to the catalogue of loss is the missed opportunity of the musical itself, which has aimed high but fallen short. ♦

CONVERSATIONS

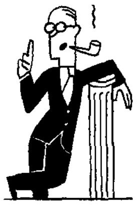
THE WILD MAN

Remembering Peckinpah.

BY PAULINE KAEL

A few weeks ago, while gathering material for a retrospective at the Austin, Texas, Film Society, I asked Pauline Kael if she'd like to write something about the director Sam Peckinpah, who died in 1984. She said that she was eighty and suffering from Parkinson's disease, and didn't feel up to it. But she was quite eager to talk about her old friend, and this is what she said.

—Charlie Sotelo

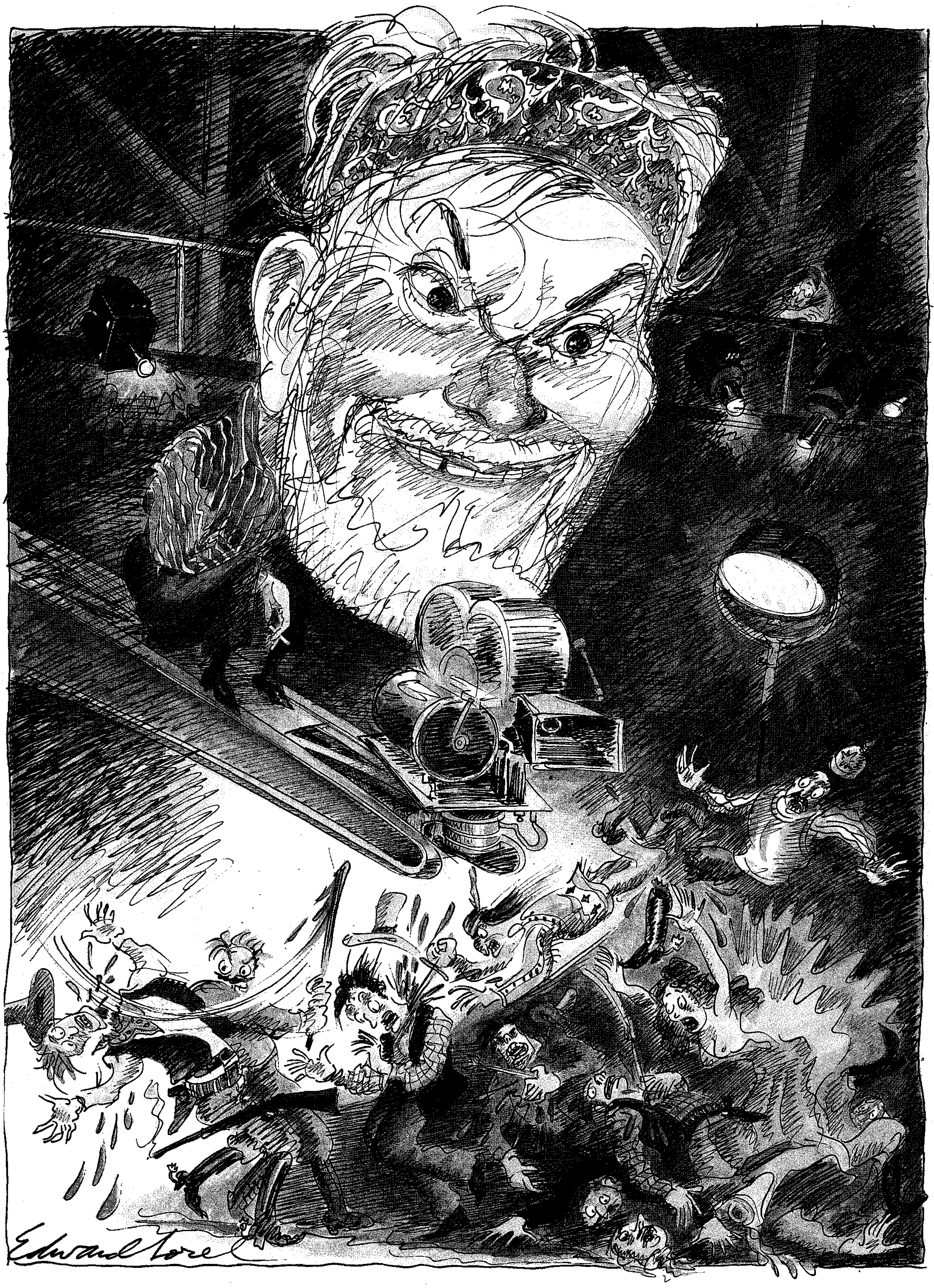


TODAY, I feel the same, almost inordinate love of his films that I felt fifteen years ago, but the turmoil has gone out of the atmosphere surrounding them. When he was making movies, it felt, for some of us, as if we were watching an ongoing street accident. We felt helpless; he was determined to be doomed. Toward the end, on a Saturday morning before the screening of a restored "Wild Bunch," he drank straight booze for breakfast and, grinning like an imp, snapped the heart device that was on the surface of his chest.

From moments like that, you might expect him to have been a swaggering showoff, but he had a reverse swagger. He backed into battles. It was his quiet that attracted attention; he was the model of the hard-luck passive-aggressive. I once saw Sam on television, and his cracked, whispering voice was barely audible. You had to lean forward to the TV set to try to hear what he was saying—which was minimal.

He often had a corps of people surrounding him, his supporting cast—actors who got upset about the things that upset him and about his illnesses, which were legendary. He wasn't ever just one of the people at a gathering. When he was in a group, the conversation was about the struggle that engaged him. I don't think we talked much about other people's movies. I don't think he was especially interested, but then very few directors are.

He was usually in such an ironic, despairing state that it was rather hard to make fun of him. Still, I wish there had been a camera to record the scene when



Peckinpah knew he had a rare film sense, and he depended on it the way a scoundrel depends on his charm.

ADVERTISEMENT

Our advertisers invite you to mark your calendars for some of the best events and promotions coming to your town in the months ahead.

ON THE town

PETER RONDINONE TO APPEAR AT BENETTON'S CAFFÉ LINDA
NOVEMBER 18, 1999 —NYC

Join Benetton and Picador USA as they celebrate the publication of Peter Rondinone's *The Digital Hood* at Benetton's Caffé Linda, in the company's flagship store in the historic Scribner building.

November 18, 1999 —6:30 PM
Benetton's Literary Salon at Caffé Linda
597 Fifth Avenue, NYC
RSVP by November 17, 1999
1.212.286.5380

GREAT GETAWAYS WITH TOYOTA AVALON

Roomier and more inviting than ever before, the new 2000 Avalon is Toyota's premier touring sedan and is ideal for getting away. From its spacious, well-conceived interior to its carefully refined styling, the Avalon possesses a quiet elegance that is both friendly and unpretentious.

Before planning your next escape, log on to **www.toyota.com/avalon** to learn how to earn a variety of rewards and travel benefits from Hilton Hotels and Princess Cruises when you purchase the all-new Avalon.

THE NEW YORKER/CHRISTIE'S CARTOON AUCTION

PREVIEW —NOVEMBER 11-15, 1999
David Yurman invites you to preview *The New Yorker*/Christie's Cartoon Auction, a celebration of 75 years of *New Yorker* cartoons to benefit PENCIL, Public Education Needs Civic Involvement in Learning, on display at:

The Tourneau Time Machine
57th Street at Madison Avenue, NYC

AUCTION—NOVEMBER 17, 1999
Auction of original *New Yorker* cartoons and other one-of-a-kind items and experiences:

CHRISTIE'S
20 Rockefeller Plaza (at 49th Street), NYC
6:00 PM cocktails and silent auction
7:30 PM live auction

For tickets and information, please call 1.212.286.5482

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

he was working on Liberace's TV program and showed up for work in bluejeans, and Liberace insisted that he wear a business suit. He got fired for his refusal. I envision Liberace in his rage shaking his sequins and his wattles and Peckinpah perfectly groomed for his role as the rebel, the outlaw—he loved dressing in frontier drag.

What's missing now in the general view of Peckinpah is the exhaustion brought on by his squabbling. He exhausted even his own supporters. But Lord, he was clever, and he was demonically intuitive, and he had such self-dramatizing brio. He liked the hopelessness of it all; the role he played was the loser. And though the competition is keen he's perhaps the greatest martyr/ham in Hollywood history.

There's a tendency among some young film enthusiasts to view him as an icon of artistic integrity. I don't think they want to understand the role he played in baiting the executives. He needed their hatred to stir up his own. He didn't want to settle fights or to compromise, or even, maybe, to win. He wanted to draw a line and humiliate the executives. He simply wasn't a reasonable person. He made it impossible for the executives to keep their dignity.

Here are excerpts from a letter he wrote me dated December 14, 1976. It was about the making of "Cross of Iron," but it might have been about almost any of his productions:

> It is now at the uncomfortable hour of 9 A.M. and I am driving across the Serpentine on my way to Elstree Studios. This is a collection of aging bungalows and mildewed cutting rooms that contains 500,000 feet of "Cross of Iron" film.
>
> Elstree Studios is known as the garden spot of London suburbia, and contains one john (handheld), and a cold water tap, ice, rain and snow and a three year old edition of *Punch*.
>
> At the present time I am suffering from fallen arches, fifteen different varieties of skin rash, styes, boils, walking pneumonia, ulcers and acute depression, plus tremendous, unbelievable assortments of hemorrhoids (in full metrocolor) that has so far baffled London. I am almost ready to leave for Mexico to take my private chile cure. But I must not forget instant receding gums, falling arches, sagging face, loss of hair and terminal sinusitis. Generally I am in the shape that attends most people beginning their third month as a teetotaller.
>
> If God had not meant man to drink he would not have invented the grape or the process known as distillation. Actually I feel very well (that is a lie). I enjoy living a life of sobriety and piety and do not look forward to the 17th of this month when my liver will give me the okay to begin again my needed ways of self destruction. But I have found that being sober constantly is somewhat of a let down, as I have been waking up without a hangover (the one I have been nursing so carefully for some 20 odd years). I feel like I have lost an old friend, but he is just one of many that I have lost on this film. . . .
>
> I do not like Germany nor German producers. In particular Wolfgang Hartwig, whom we call in terms of gentle endearment "asshole." (Sentimental fools that we are.) . . . How he ever managed to con people into this picture I do not know. I also don't know how we ever finished it, but it looks like it will shortly be released somewhere. . . .
>
> I don't know what kind of picture we have made but it was a decent and reasonably sober attempt to examine relationships of the common soldier no matter what his insignia. I don't know if I have succeeded. In any case, we have learned a great deal *again* about how not to make films.
>
> I am looking forward to getting my ass out of Europe and back into the good old USA, and particularly to New Mexico and "Convoy." I think it's a great subject and a great song, and I liked the people that I worked with at EMI. They were the one bit of sanity in an absolute madhouse. I feel particularly upset about this madhouse because I put in nearly half of my salary to pay for the technicians and staff to come over from the US. I see no sign of ever getting the money back for that, but I know that without their help the picture would have never been made at all.
>
> I will again be involved in suits, trials, etc., with Rapid Film representatives, so that should enliven my declining years. . . .
>
> PS: It's the 17th and beast is loose again.

On another project, he had given the name Chicken Little to his (American) producer. He had sent me copies of some of their correspondence. It included this exchange:

> CHICKEN LITTLE: I have no idea why you singled me out as an adversary . . .
>
> PECKINPAH: My problem is, I do not suffer fools graciously and detest petty thievery and incompetence. Other than that, I found you charming, and on occasion, mildly entertaining.

It's as if each time he went to work he was determined never to work in the industry again. He wound up in business with producers whose reputations had sunk even lower than his own.

SAM was trim and handsome, and, like many directors, he started as an actor. I thought his roots were as much in the Huntington Park Civic Theatre, where he did his early work, as in the

Old West. He was, though, the son and grandson and brother of judges, and he had a judge's acuteness. He was scarily quick to judge people. He was overalert, overobservant, which fed his paranoia. Did he judge himself? I don't know, and I don't think the people who loved his work judged him, either. They were too worried about him.

It seems to me that for those who write about his work the martyrdom has sometimes served as blinders. I was there when Peckinpah told the producer that he was walking out on the editing of "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid." As I see it, the film has no motor impulse, no drive. It's a woozy, druggy piece of work. But it is now widely regarded as a mutilated masterpiece. I saw it assembled before Sam left the editing; he may have left it partly because it was too shapeless for him to attempt to pull it together. It's very likely that on this film, as on several others, his imagination was distracted by his financial embroilments. Usually, elegies come at the end of a career; Peckinpah's elegies were followed by confusion—sometimes within the same film.

SAM'S strength as a director? It came from that mystery known as a film sense. His was rich and voluptuous. It fused his movies. A true film sense is rare, and he knew he had it; he depended on it the way a scoundrel depends on his charm. It didn't let him down very often, but it did, I think, in his lighter moods, such as passages in "The Ballad of Cable Hogue," because he likes the characters too much—he basks in his affection. They haven't earned all this affection, and the results are muted and sentimental.

"Ride the High Country," on the other hand, feels pure. It doesn't have the anger and contempt that muddle later work yet give it its unholy power. I don't think he ever treated a woman as sensitively again as he did Mariette Hartley in "Ride the High Country"—she was the young bride who was expected to service other men in the groom's family. Her terror when she discovers what's expected of her is a terror that Peckinpah responds to with great delicacy. As viewers, we feel as if we're under her skin. I doubt if any feminist filmmaker has matched this scene. But the only other woman character in his movies who really stands out is the slut played by Susan George in "Straw Dogs." By then, he had also changed in his personal behavior. With me, for instance, he had always been courteous and convivial, and he still was when we were alone. But later, when there were other people around, and he was making a show of his drunkenness, he would lunge at me lewdly. He readily played the bad boy. The idea was to embarrass me for having brains and tits, too.

Right before the audience's eyes, he grew into Sam Peckinpah. His love-hate for moviemaking is right up there on the screen in the later pictures; it swamps the stories. Yet it can also bring something ecstatic to his Western elegies.

I remember his talking to me, when he was planning "The Wild Bunch," saying that he was going to make a picture so ferocious that it would rub people's noses in the ugliness of violence. They would never want to see anything violent again. But when the picture came out and there were insensitive people who cheered the bloodshed, he seemed delighted—he acted vindicated.

The phenomenon of moviegoers responding crudely is not surprising. Some people loved what they regarded as warm family values in the "Godfather" movies—they wanted to be part of that life, though Coppola's work was far more clear-cut in its horror of killing than "The Wild Bunch" was. If the director is ambivalent, as Kubrick was in the "Singin' in the Rain" sequence of "A Clockwork Orange," the bullies out there will be gratified. The question is, Is Kubrick secretly in cahoots with them? And the question comes up with Peckinpah, because he romanticizes his bunch of killers. Peckinpah made a deeply cynical movie, yet, confusingly, it's a great one. I'm not sure what "The Wild Bunch" says to us, except that filmmaking can be a glorious high. ♦

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From Country Life*]

Have other readers noticed the substantial reduction in the number of insects killed on the forward facing parts of their cars?

This suggests a significant decline in the insect population. It may well have a damaging effect on animals and birds which live directly on insects. Does it also indicate a danger to human life in the longer term?

ALL-BLUE
Stunning potato with deep blue skin and flesh. Outstanding flavor and moist texture. Perfect in salads, baked or boiled.
YUKON GOLD
European-style yellow-fleshed potato renowned for outstanding flavor and dry texture. Perfect baked, boiled, mashed or fried.
REDCLOUD
Beautiful crimson potato is uncommonly dry and delicious baked or boiled.

Maine Potato
Sampler of the Month
15 Varieties!
Organically Grown

WoodPrairie Farm
4991 Kinney Rd.
Bridgewater, Maine 04735

E-mail: jim@woodprairie.com
www.woodprairie.com

FREE CATALOG
(800)829-9765

BookPricer.com

Find the lowest price
for any book,
In under 30 seconds!

It's Free, Fast &
Saves You Money!

Shoes For Troubled Feet

Aching, tired, swollen feet don't have to keep you down. SAFEET shoes cradle and support feet in soft, expandable comfort. Fully washable and 100% guaranteed.

Sizes	Small	Medium	Large	X-Large	XXLarge
Men	5-6	7-8	9-10	11-12	13-14
Women	7-8	9-10	11-12		

$49.95 Plus $4.95 Shipping

SAFEET
The Ideal Gift!

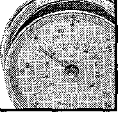
800-455-2540
www.safeetshoes.com
SAFEET, INC. 1238-A NW Glisan St. Portland, OR 97209

TENNIS FANS
Follow your favorite tennis players to the Australian, French, Italian, Ericsson and U.S.Open's; Wimbledon, Davis Cup, Newsweek Champions Cup, Monte-Carlo and Chase Championships.
For a vacation to remember...call for a free brochure.
Grand Slam Tennis Tours
1-800-289-3333

FRENCHWARE
Classic French Sailor Shirts
Imported from Brittany 100% Heavyweight Cotton
Fine French Dry Goods for the Francophile
ALSO Enamel Plaques, TINTIN products, Music
100% Wool Navy Sailor Sweaters, ASTERIX
BABAR, Bistrot Porcelaine, Wool Navy Pea Coats
Visit us at 98 Thompson Street, SOHO, NYC
1-(800)-340-PIAF (7423) CATALOG
www.frenchware.net

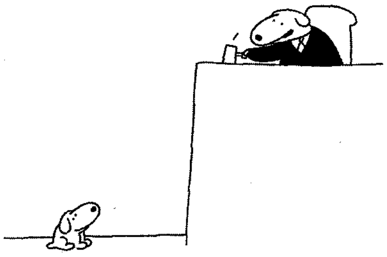
Get the Maximum weather information.
Individual or matched stations of beautiful wind and weather instruments. 6½" brass cases. Free catalog.

MAXIMUM® INC.



30-NY Barnet Blvd., New Bedford, MA 02745
(508) 995-2200 www.maximum-inc.com

The Artist.
The Philosophy.
The Funny Business.



"Not guilty, because puppies do these things."

Over 100 essential drawings, plus an appreciation and interview by Lee Lorenz.

Wherever Books Are Sold
WORKMAN
www.workmanweb.com

Healthy Solutions for Losing Weight
STRUCTURE · HOUSE ·
◆ Physical Health
◆ Emotional Renewal
◆ Beautiful Surroundings
◆ Personal Support
800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com

Explore Exotic Turkey
Treasures of Türkiye
Tour Information
800.572.0526
Intimate groups 12 person max.
www.treasuresofturkey.com

NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
ALL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED:
FICTION, BIOGRAPHY, POETRY, RELIGION, CHILDREN'S
AUTHORS WORLDWIDE INVITED
WRITE OR SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO:
MINERVA PUBLISHING CO.
1001 BRICKELL BAY DR., #2310, MIAMI, FL 33131

LONDON FLATS
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
personally selected by
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048

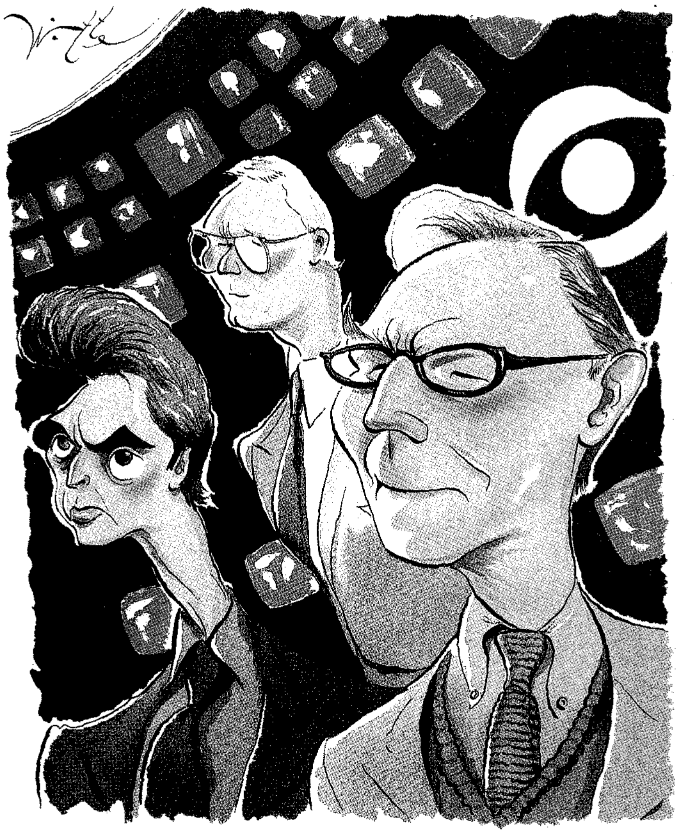
THE CURRENT CINEMA

THE ODD COUPLE

A cigarette executive and a news producer take on big tobacco.

BY DAVID DENBY

THROUGHOUT the two hours and forty minutes of "The Insider," the circuits never stop burning. Midnight calls, clandestine meetings, urgent patch-throughs, threatening E-mail messages, and importunate faxes, not to mention cell phones used as obsessively as lance and shield in a jousting epic: the movie has the snap and flow of advanced communication, a near-erotic intensity of aroused electrons. "The Insider" is about big-time journalism and corporate villainy, and the momentous jabber fuels a mood of gradually increasing rage. It may not be a great or particularly original movie—there's more prose than poetry in it—but it's easily the most vivid public-affairs melodrama since "All the President's Men." Michael Mann, whose direction is juicy and effective, based the screenplay (Eric Roth collaborated) on actual events and on Marie Brenner's detailed reporting in a 1996 *Vanity Fair* piece called "The Man Who Knew Too Much." The heroes are the stolid corporate whistle-blower Jeffrey Wigand (Russell Crowe), who had devastating things to say about his former employer, the tobacco giant Brown & Williamson; and the volatile news producer Lowell Bergman (Al Pacino), of CBS's "60 Minutes," who wanted to bring Wigand's information to the public. The movie is bitterly angry about two betrayals—of the American people by big tobacco, and of CBS News by its corporate parent, which forced the network news division to drop Mike Wallace's revealing interview with Wigand in 1995. The good guys do win in the end, but uncertainly and unhappily, and many of us may come out of "The Insider" more apprehensive than reassured.



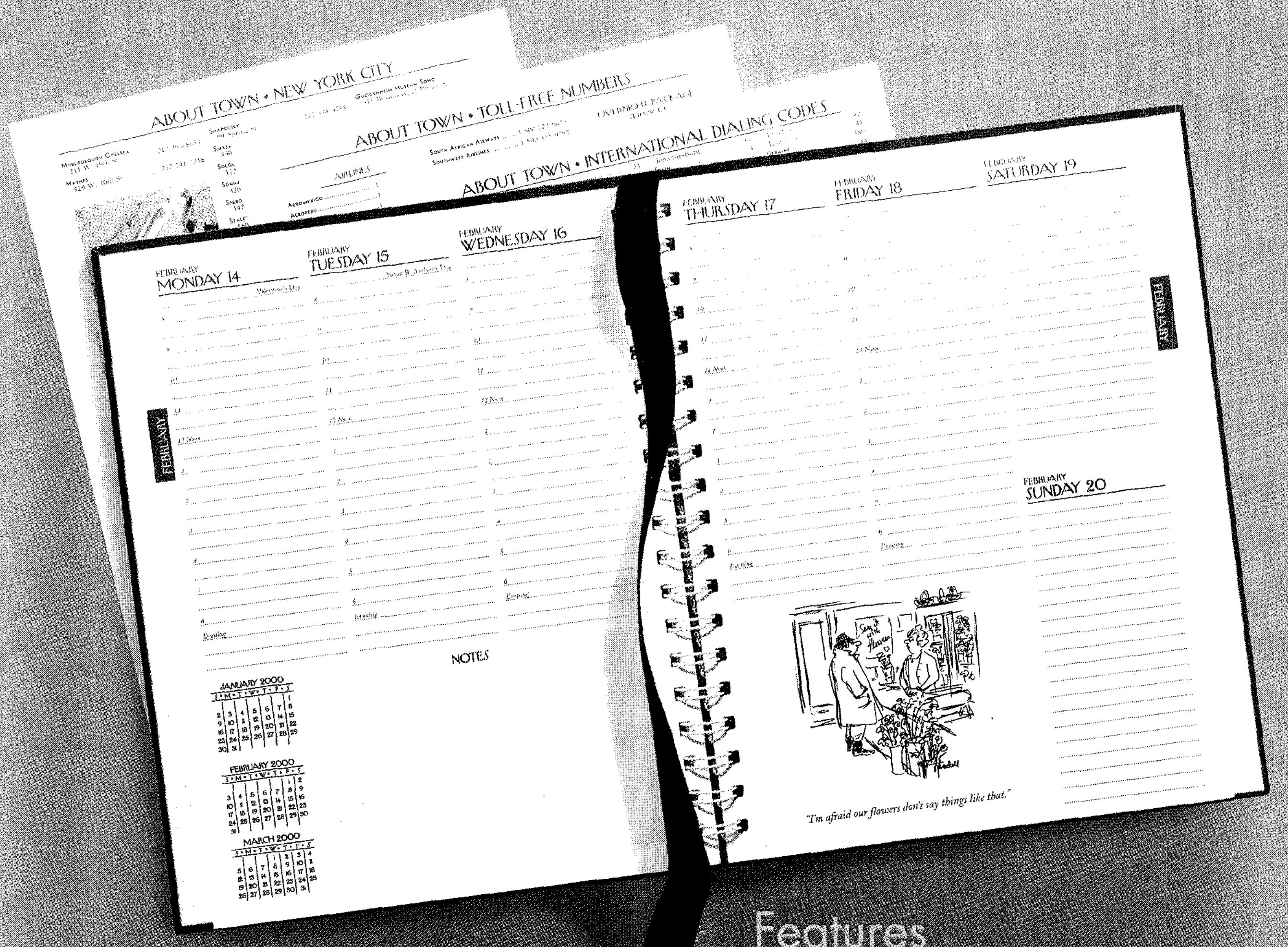
Blowing the whistle on corporate villainy: Al Pacino, Russell Crowe, and Christopher Plummer in "The Insider."

As "The Insider" tells it, Jeffrey Wigand was not cut out for rebellion. Born in the Bronx, he earned a doctorate in biochemistry and then worked himself up through corporate jobs to a vice-presidency for research and development at Brown & Williamson. Living in Louisville in the early nineties,

THE NEW YORKER DESK DIARY 2000

Who to see. Where to go. When to meet. How to get there.
Make a date with The New Yorker Desk Diary 2000.

Seen on all the best desktops coast to coast, The New Yorker Desk Diary displays a calendar for each week along with a quintessential cartoon to brighten any day.


ABOUT TOWN • NEW YORK CITY
ABOUT TOWN • TOLL-FREE NUMBERS
ABOUT TOWN • INTERNATIONAL DIALING CODES
FEBRUARY MONDAY 14
FEBRUARY TUESDAY 15
FEBRUARY WEDNESDAY 16
FEBRUARY THURSDAY 17
FEBRUARY FRIDAY 18
FEBRUARY SATURDAY 19
FEBRUARY SUNDAY 20
FEBRUARY
NOTES
JANUARY 2000
FEBRUARY 2000
MARCH 2000
"I'm afraid our flowers don't say things like that."

Features

- Travel-related toll-free numbers
- New York City listings and maps
- Expanded address section
- Reinforced pocket for notes and receipts

TO ORDER BY CREDIT CARD, CALL TOLL-FREE 1.800.336.5510

or send check or money order with your name and address to:
The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept. 237925-023, Des Moines, IA 50381-0214

Yours for only $27.95 for the standard diary or $31.95* for the personalized version, plus $3.50 in the US ($6.75 in Canada) for shipping and handling. For personalized diaries please specify the name(s) to be imprinted (limited to 22 letters/spaces).*

*Residents of CA, CO, GA, LA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, and OH add applicable sales tax. Canada 7% GST. Offer only available in US and Canada. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

©1999 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved.

advertisement

***The New Yorker*'s advertisers invite you to find out more about their products and services. Visit their website or call them at their 800-number listed below.**

ALIBRIS
(Rare, used and hard-to-find books)
www.alibris.com

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS
1.800.888.5563
www.bviwelcome.com

CHARLESTON CVB
www.charlestoncvb.com

HYATT
1.800.233.1234
www.hyatt.com

LANDS' END
1.800.881.6899
www.landsend.com

PACIFICTREKKING.COM
1.800.565.1399
www.pacifictrekking.com

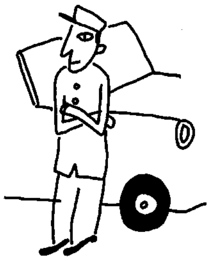
ROGER NICHOLS
1.800.235.0471
www.rnstudios.com

SHELL OIL COMPANY
1.800.376.0200
www.countonshell.com

THE ECONOMIST
1.800.456.6086
www.economist.com

TIAA-CREF
www.tiaa-cref.org

For more information, log on to
www.newyorkerreaderlink.com



he was making three hundred grand a year and was married to an elegant woman (Diane Venora) who enjoyed the pleasant golf-and-charity-ball social routine of tobacco-executive wives. Wigand, however, was miserable; he couldn't go along with such B. & W. practices as putting ammonia and other additives into cigarettes in order to speed nicotine to the brain. His objections were not so much ideological as ethical and personal; he's a bit of a tough nut, a little mulish and prickly, and outraged as hell when he's lied to. As the movie begins, he's just been fired by B. & W., and soon afterward the company, threatening to withhold severance pay and medical benefits, blackmails him into signing an expanded confidentiality agreement. The Australian actor Russell Crowe, who was the violent cop in "L.A. Confidential," has the powerful but thickly unfashionable body of a thirties star like Spencer Tracy or Pat O'Brien, and a face that, at first, seems a little too rounded and doughy. But the longer one looks at Crowe the more defined and complex his consciousness appears. As the conflicting pressures on Wigand mount, and his life begins to crack apart, anguish pours out of Crowe's flesh—at times, he seems to implode. But then his anger bursts free, and he becomes acid and frighteningly violent. In part, his Wigand is exasperated to discover that his desire for a normal, prosperous life has been overtaken by the necessity of martyrdom. He doesn't *want* to be a moral hero.

If Wigand is temperamentally unfortified for opposition, Bergman, a former sixties leftist and *Ramparts* contributor, is overfortified—the experience of both siege and resistance animates his moods. Bergman is very quick, a demon for clarity. It's the kind of role that Dustin Hoffman owned in the past—the hard-driving Jewish striver, moralistic, overexplicit, and perhaps no more than barely sufferable as a human being except in electric professional circumstances. Pacino performs with a burnished theatricality: his eyes glow in his haggard face, and he has indignant hair (it stands up). He rants, but he doesn't go over the top, as he has in the past; he convinces us that this man could team up successfully with Mike Wallace (Christopher Plummer) for fourteen years. In the working relationship of these two, Bergman the producer, it is clear, does the hard labor of preparation, and Wallace comes in for the kill—interviewing Wigand, for instance, in a New York studio. Christopher Plummer may not look much like Wallace, but he has a comparable baleful, weighted presence. The treatment of the star newsman is lightly but firmly satirical: in everything he does, Wallace is aware of his power position at CBS and of how to hold on to it (a talent we're not meant to confuse with genuine distinction or courage).

Moviegoers who recall the gleaming-black rain-soaked Chicago of "Thief," the soft-glow pastels of "Miami Vice," and the imperial virgin forests of "The Last of the Mohicans" know that Michael Mann can do pretty much whatever he wants to with color, a mobile camera, and open spaces (especially when he's working, as he is here, with the cinematographer Dante Spinotti). How does a virtuoso director, who loves action and harbors borderline slick tendencies, make this sort of lawyer's and journalist's talk exciting? Through most of "The Insider" Mann works quietly—for instance, subtly altering the color around Wigand to capture the changing tenor of his isolation and rage. As much as possible, he takes us into Wigand's soul-heaviness, his sense of despair and loss. The dynamism of the movie comes from the editing, which carries us back and forth between Bergman and Wigand with ferocious intensity: the cell phones are like oxygen lines barely keeping the two men alive. They maul each other like warring lovers.

As Wigand and his family receive death threats, and his wife leaves him, and CBS keeps up its pressure, the tension rises in a series of arcs that overleap one another. Then Mann and Roth add another element: lawyers working for the State of Mississippi, preparing to sue the tobacco companies in order to recover Medicaid costs, ask Wigand to be a witness. Suddenly, history is about to overtake unhappy Jeffrey Wigand, whether he wants it to or not. As Wigand ponders, Mann gives us a fine long pause—a kind of caesura in the movie's frantic pace—until Wigand yields himself to the flow of events with a resigned "Fuck it." When he testifies, he speaks quietly; we still long for a moment of release, and we get it at last as one of the Mississippi lawyers (Bruce McGill) delivers a magnificent denunciation of a Brown & Williamson attorney who attempts to shut Wigand up. The heavy-browed Bruce McGill builds the lawyer's outburst like a master.

In contrast with the Mississippi lawyers, CBS's vulpine chief counsel (Gina Gershon) is a smooth killer. "Tortious interference"—that's what she says CBS could be hit with, in a suit by Brown & Williamson, if the network airs the Wigand interview. After all, Bergman persuaded Wigand to violate his confidentiality agreement. The corporate timidity is presented as a devastating betrayal: Bergman, having messed up Wigand's life, has to tell him the interview won't run. Yet it's a little hard for the audience to figure out whether CBS's fears are realistic or just a cover. At this key moment, Mann and Roth's script turns oddly vague. We are told that Laurence Tisch, who owned CBS, was preparing to sell the company to Westinghouse, and therefore hated to face a huge lawsuit. In a curious omission, however, Mann and Roth fail to inform us that Tisch may have had another reason to fear Wigand's interview: Tisch also owned a tobacco company, Lorillard, which in 1995 was in negotiation with Brown & Williamson to buy some of the latter's discount brands. It's possible, of course, that no one at CBS knew of the deal, but, if the filmmakers are insinuating that Tisch manipulated CBS News, then why not raise the issue? As for Wigand, CBS, after being insulted by the *Times*, and after Wigand's charges had become part of the public record, reversed itself and put the whistle-blower on the air. But that hardly reassures us on the issue of conglomerate control of journalism: "The Insider" is, among other things, an elegy for a formerly peerless operation, CBS News.

The movie turns away from the serious public matters it dramatizes in order to complete its fable of moral heroism: Wigand and Berman, the tortoise and the hare, form an uneasy and touching friendship and wind up collaborating in a historic moment. At the end, they are still warming the air with cell-phone calls, though each man, having experienced treachery, is more disillusioned than triumphant. And the rest of us, though perhaps grateful for the developing attack on big tobacco, are left wondering what kind of corporate malfeasance gets reported and what kind doesn't, and why.

The camera crowds in behind Rosetta (Emilie Dequenne), a girl maybe seventeen or eighteen, as she goes about her furious, mole-like economic activity, selling mended clothes, fishing in a miserable swamp, running back and forth between the trailer camp in which she lives and the waffle stands of a rain-soaked Belgian city. "Rosetta," which was written and directed by Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne, and which won the Palme d'Or at Cannes last summer, is a masterpiece of purposeful observation and moral inquiry. Despite the heaviness of her rounded peasant face, Rosetta would be pretty if she ever smiled. She can't smile, however, or show any expression at all, without making herself vulnerable. She's an appalling girl, relentless, cut off, suspicious of everyone, even of the nice young man who tries to help her, but she's also remarkable—a teen-ager whose drive for a job and a place in the world is so single-minded that it has brought her close to extinction and glory at the same time. The Dardenne brothers, who made the wonderful "La Promesse" (1996), appear to be Marxists without a program: this, they are saying, is the kind of pleasureless, other-annihilating personality that the capitalist system produces. Yet they make Rosetta a person, not an economic integer, and their physical re-creation of her life is an outstanding imaginative feat. Born in different circumstances, Rosetta might have had a terrific future as a store manager or even as a corporate pile-driver in a tailored suit. As it is, we await, with excited curiosity, those stirrings of Rosetta's consciousness which might suggest that she has emerged from the mud of her life for a breath of fresh air. ♦

NOT ALL HEADS ARE CREATED EQUAL

BROOCH AND NECKLACE ENHANCER (ACTUAL SIZE 1 1/2") THE REVIVAL COLLECTION®

MEDUSA- AFFIXED TO THE SHIELD OF THE GODDESS ATHENA. AUTHENTIC REPRODUCTION FROM ANCIENT GREECE.

14KT - $425 (code 11K)
18KT Plate - $175 (code 11P)
1-800-494-6372

GASP Inc.,202 North St.,
Harrisburg, PA, 17101
All designs protected by Copyright

Free Shipping
30 day return policy
VISA and MC

BookPricer.com

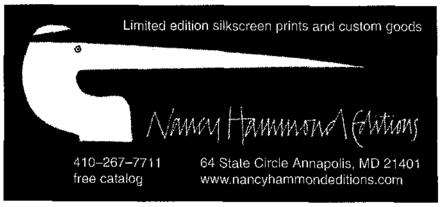
Find the lowest price for any book, In under 30 seconds!

It's Free, Fast & Saves You Money!

IMAGINE YOURSELF IMMORTALIZED IN THE POP ART STYLE OF THE 60'S & 70'S . . .
Then Call Us
(630) 953-2033
Brilliantly colored acrylic & silkscreen on canvas.
Neo 60 Studios

SANTONS DE PROVENCE
Create a Provençal world with traditional figures from our renowned artists.
Free brochure
Le Paradou • Box 21 • Geneva, IL 60134
Ph 1.800.256.7725 • Fx 630.896.9744
E-mail leparadou@aol.com
WWW.LEPARADOU.COM

Limited edition silkscreen prints and custom goods

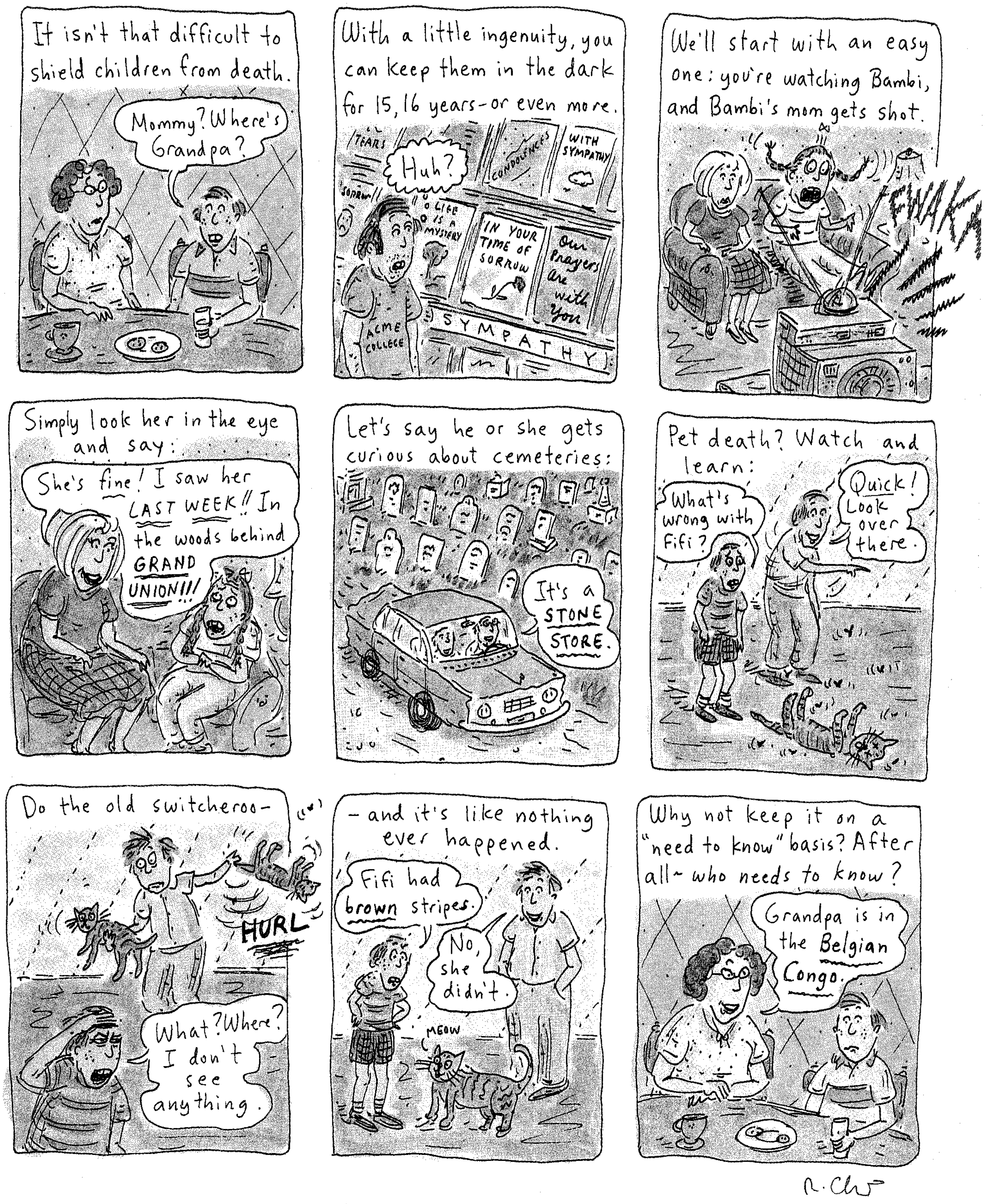


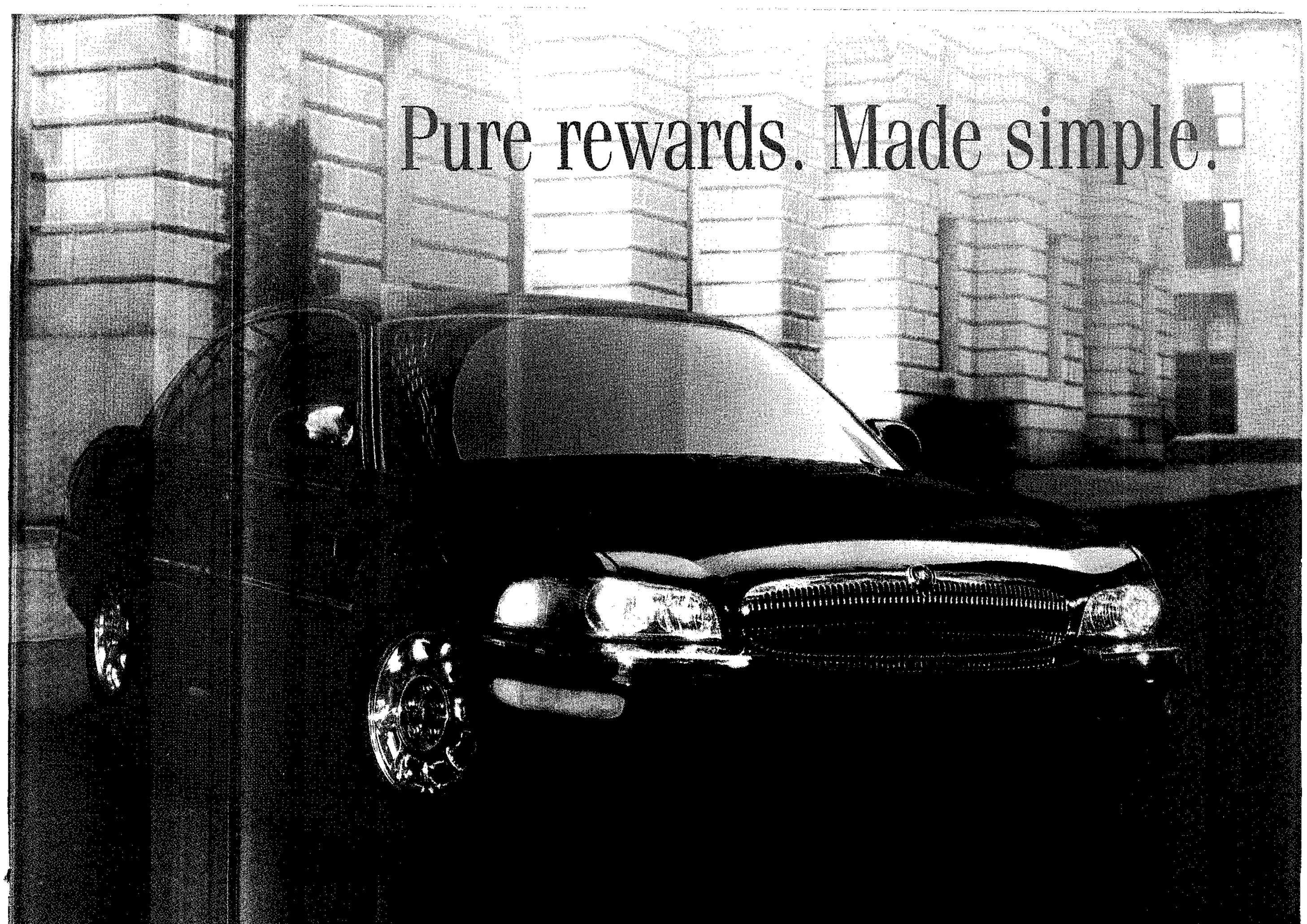
Nancy Hammond Editions
410-267-7711
free catalog
64 State Circle Annapolis, MD 21401
www.nancyhammondeditions.com

HOLIDAY GIFT SPECIAL
A U.S. and A State Flag
$49.95 3'x 5' U.S. Flag, Sewn-stripes and any 3'x 5' State Flag*
Free Shipping!
*EXCEPT WA & OR
Toll Free 888-404-3524
Huge Selection of Flags Online: www.flagnet.com

THE BACK PAGE BY ROZ CHAST

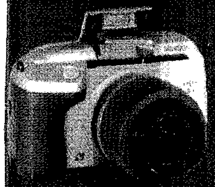
FOR THEIR OWN GOOD


It isn't that difficult to shield children from death.
Mommy? Where's Grandpa?
With a little ingenuity, you can keep them in the dark for 15, 16 years—or even more.
TEARS
SORROW
Huh?
CONDOLENCES
WITH SYMPATHY
LIFE IS A MYSTERY
IN YOUR TIME OF SORROW
Our Prayers Are with You
ACME COLLEGE
SYMPATHY
We'll start with an easy one: you're watching Bambi, and Bambi's mom gets shot.
FWAK
Simply look her in the eye and say:
She's fine! I saw her LAST WEEK!! In the woods behind GRAND UNION!!!
Let's say he or she gets curious about cemeteries:
It's a STONE STORE.
Pet death? Watch and learn:
What's wrong with Fifi?
Quick! Look over there.
Do the old switcheroo—
HURL
What? Where? I don't see anything.
—and it's like nothing ever happened.
Fifi had brown stripes.
No, she didn't.
MEOW
Why not keep it on a "need to know" basis? After all—who needs to know?
Grandpa is in the Belgian Congo.
R. Chast



Purchase a new 2000 Park Avenue or Park Avenue Ultra and take your pick of one of these Luxury Rewards.

It's simple. Purchase Park Avenue by Buick now through November 14, 1999 and you'll drive away with even more ways to enjoy pure luxury – your choice of any Park Avenue Luxury Reward.

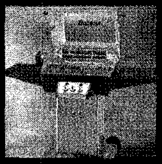


Plus, purchase a Park Avenue Ultra and receive a Minolta® Vectis S-1 Camera in addition to your Luxury Reward.

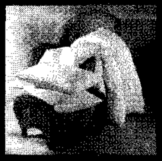
Find out more about Luxury Rewards. Visit your Buick dealer, log-on to www.parkavenuerewards.buick.com or call 1-800-539-8588.

Power
Taylor Made® Clubs
Golf bag not included

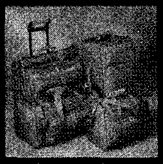
Taste
Premium Ducane® Gas Grill



Comfort
Scandia Down® Collection



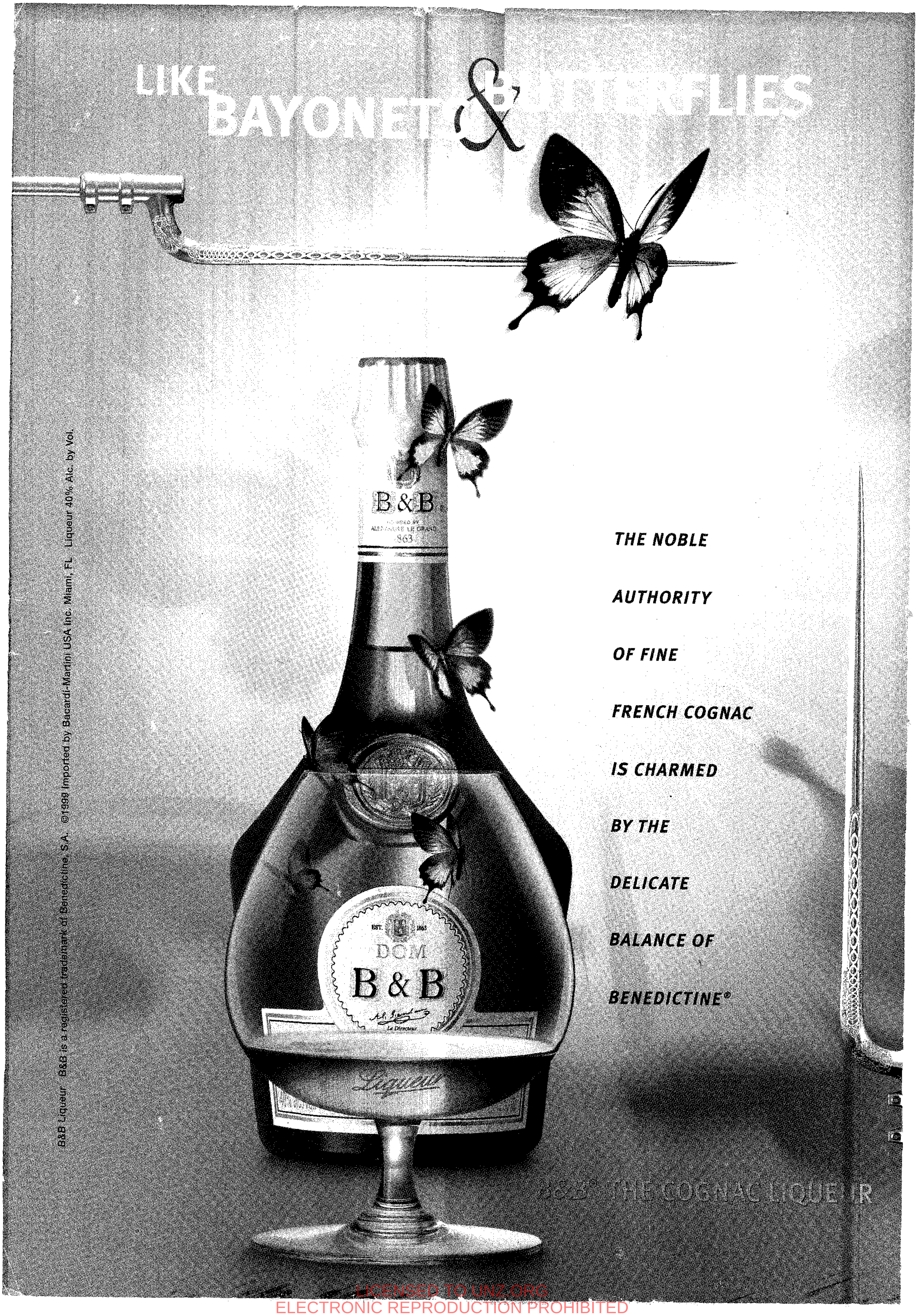
Style
Hartmann® Luggage
Intensity Collection



Offer valid only with the purchase of any new and unused 2000 Park Avenue or Park Avenue Ultra. Only one Luxury Reward offer per customer, per eligible purchase. You must take retail delivery from participating dealer stock between 9/1/99 and 11/14/99. Completed business reply card must be received by 12/31/99. Offer is non-negotiable and not redeemable for cash. Offer may not be combined with special GMAC financing or special GMAC SmartLease® offers. Other limitations may apply. See your Buick dealer for details. GM ©1999 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Park Avenue is a registered trademark of GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

Park Avenue by Buick
luxury. pure and simple.™

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


LIKE
BAYONETS & BUTTERFLIES
B&B
DOM
B & B
Liqueur

THE NOBLE

AUTHORITY

OF FINE

FRENCH COGNAC

IS CHARMED

BY THE

DELICATE

BALANCE OF

BENEDICTINE®

B&B® THE COGNAC LIQUEUR

B&B Liqueur B&B is a registered trademark of Benedictine, S.A. ©1999 Imported by Bacardi-Martini USA Inc. Miami, FL Liqueur 40% Alc. by Vol.